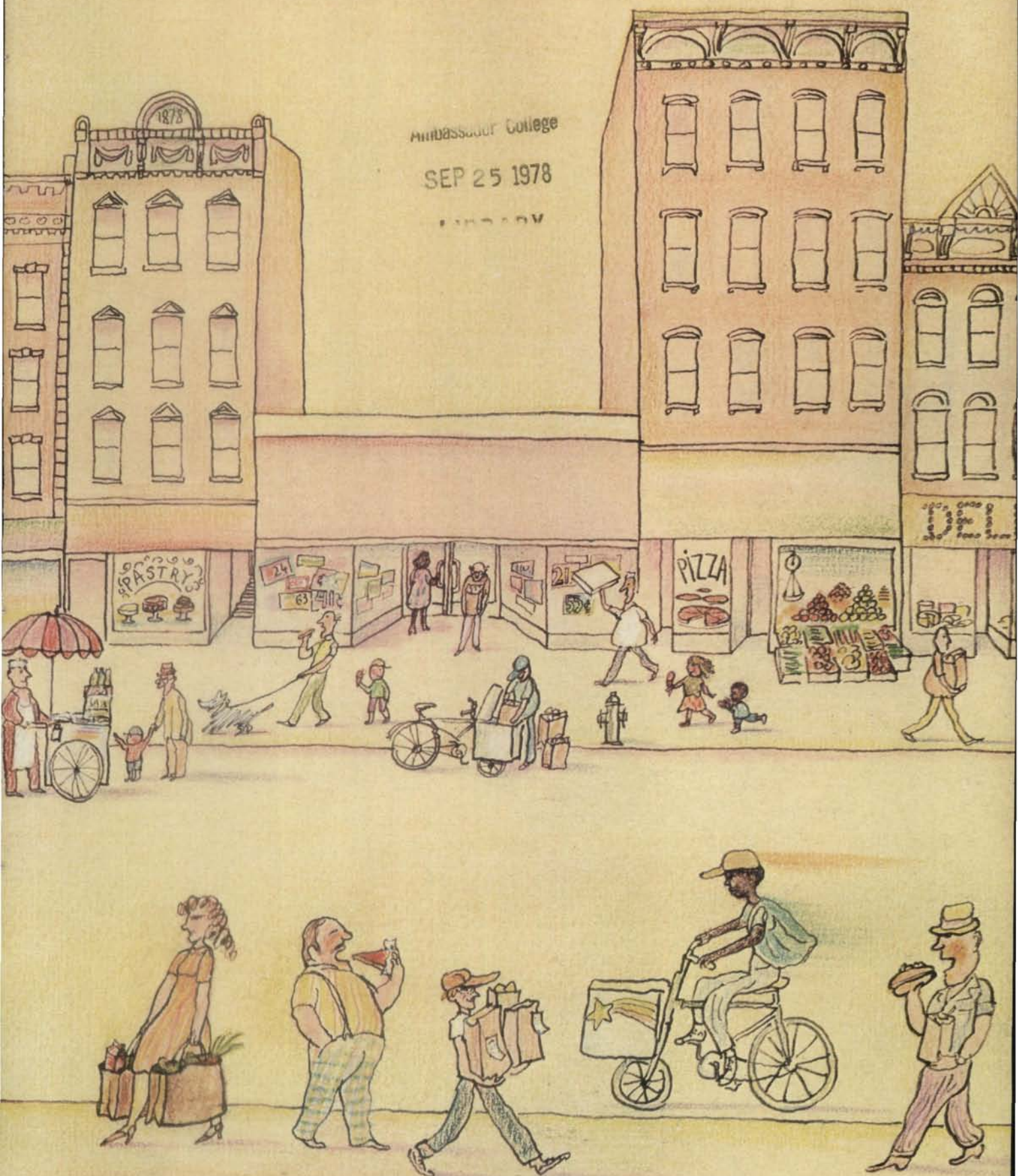


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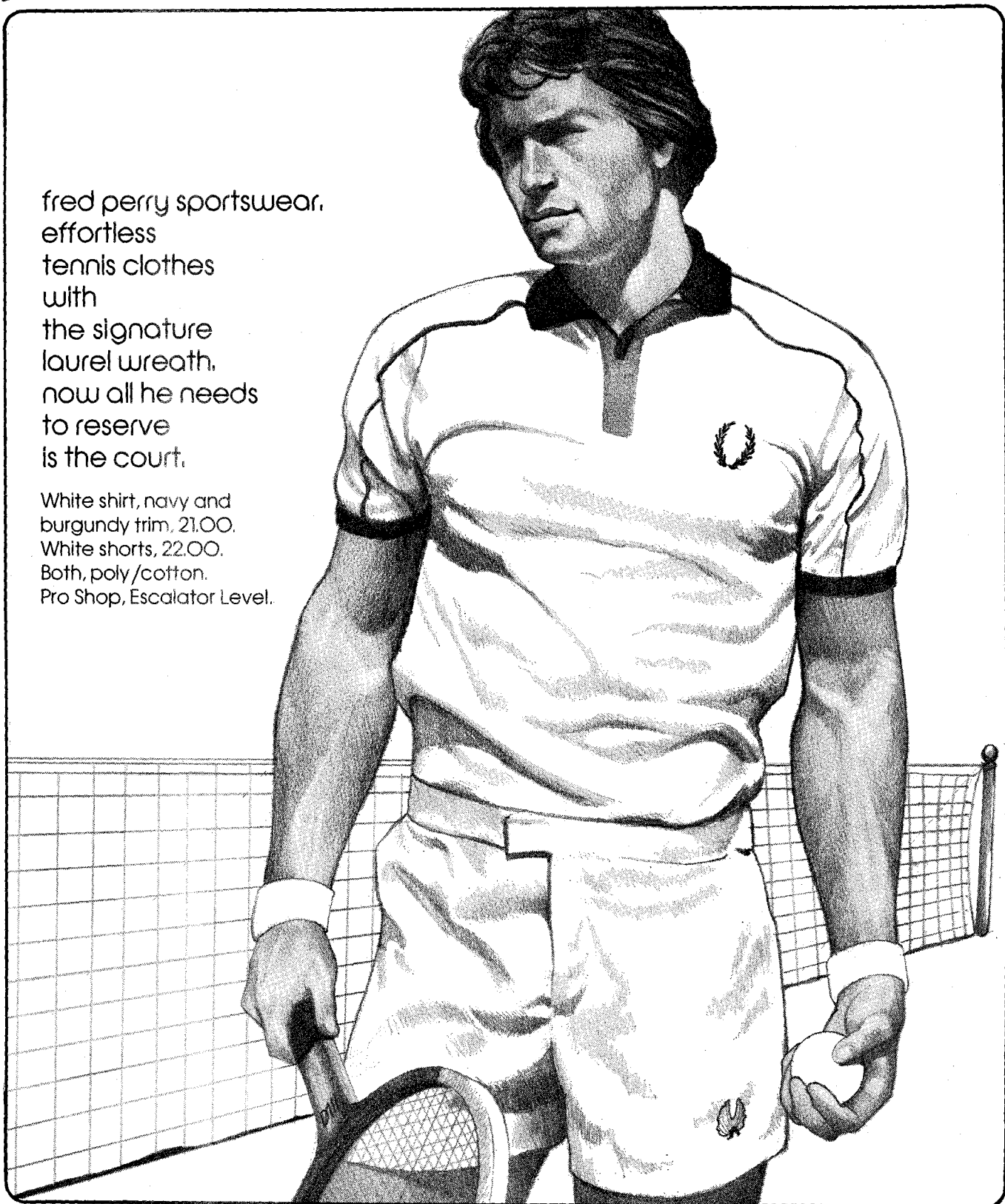
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

THE ACT—Liza Minnelli brings this old-fashioned musical to life. Her costumes, by Halston, provide the only wit in an evening of star turns à la Vegas. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/7/77.) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'—A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (5/22/78) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS—A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch, and about the political and sexual mores of our Superstate. Tommy Tune was the choreographer; Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (5/1/78) (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinéés Sundays at 3.)

THE BIKO INQUEST—The script of this documentary is an edited version of the transcript of the trial that followed the death in prison of the black South African leader Stephen Biko. Whatever dramatic tension there is is supplied by the fine actors assembled, notably the distinguished Fritz Weaver as the lawyer for the Biko family. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinéés Sundays at 3.)

BLEACHER BUMS—We are in the presence of eight raffish Chicago Cub fans in a corner of Wrigley Field during all nine innings of a game against the Cardinals. The action—a matter of small bits—is sometimes funny, sometimes not, and almost always ear-splitting. The actors, members of the Organic Theatre of Chicago, do quite well; Michael Saad, as a blind man, does very well. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

CATSPRAY—István Orkény's comedy—about the trials and eventual triumph of a spunky, feisty widow in Budapest whose lover is snatched away from her—makes an entertaining evening, under Lynne Meadow's capable direction. (4/24/78) (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinéés Sundays at 3 and Saturday, June 10, at 2.)

CHAPTER TWO—Neil Simon specializes in couples, some of which are odder than others. The two couples in this rueful comedy are full of troubles, which pass while being joked about. (12/12/77) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

CITY SUGAR—A play by Stephen Poliakoff. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 765-1281. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinéés Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 18.)

DA—In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. Brian Murray is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da, and both are in top form. (3/27/78) (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

DANCIN'—An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic com-

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posers. (4/10/78) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DEATHTRAP—A superb cast, headed by John Wood, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosités of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough to make a marvellous evening in the theatre. (3/13/78) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

DRACULA—The five-hundred-year-old count from Transylvania never looked rosier. Frank Langella heads a competent cast, and the lovely, creepy sets and costumes are by Edward Gorey. (10/31/77) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Satur-

days at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

FAMILY BUSINESS—A wealthy old Jewish manufacturer dies of a heart attack at the end of Act I, and the two remaining acts are given over to his grown sons' squabbles and quarrels over money and other matters. (4/24/78) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinéés Sundays at 3.)

THE 5TH OF JULY—A number of former activists of the nineteen-sixties and their friends gather at a farm in Missouri in 1977 and talk your ear off, to no discernible purpose. (5/8/78) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S. at Sheridan Square. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinéés Sundays at 3.)

THE GIN GAME—An often hilarious comedy about the misery of life in an old people's home. Sounds implausible, but D. L. Coburn performs the feat with ease. The cast consists of Jessica Tandy and E. G. Marshall, who

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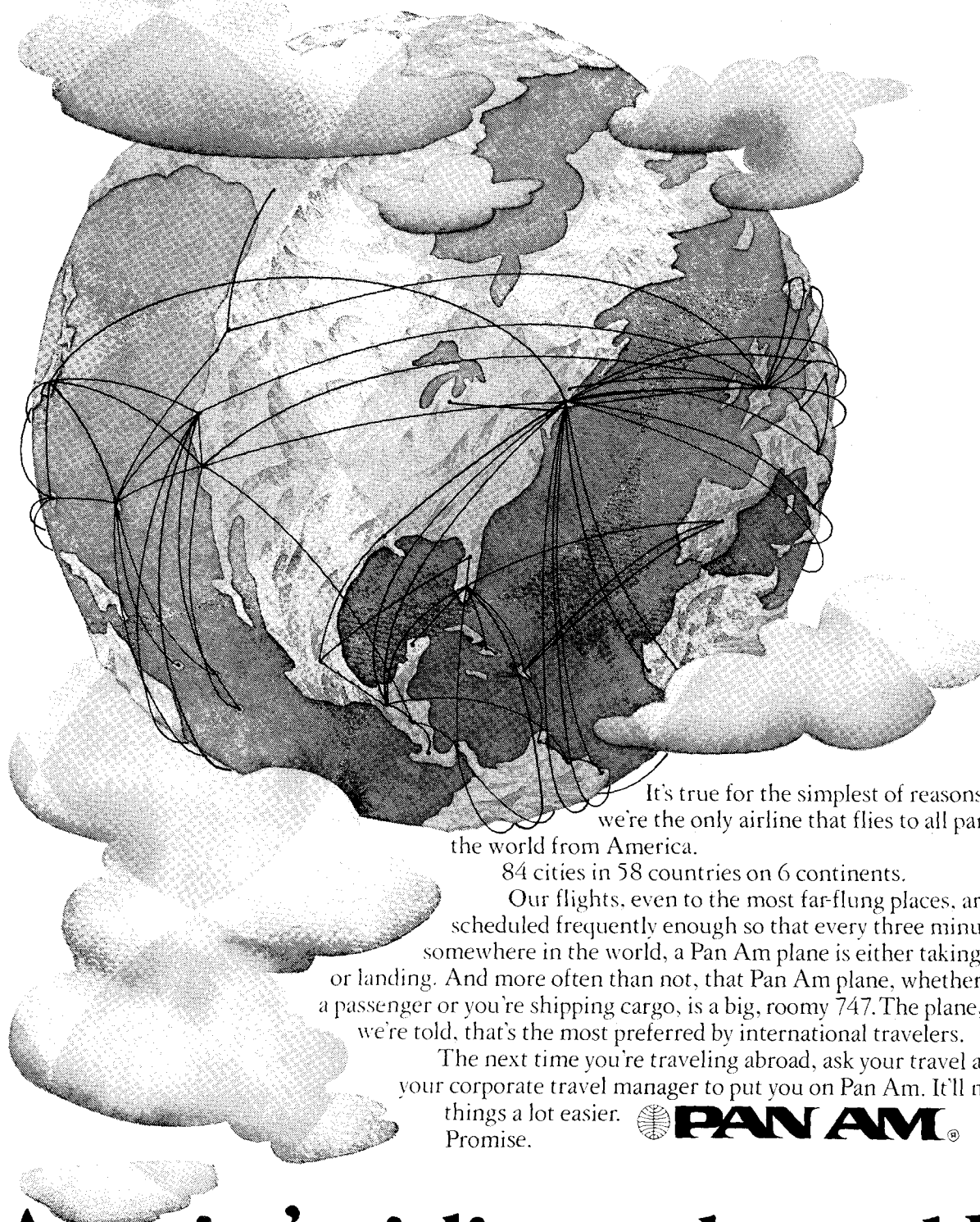
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

has just replaced Hume Cronyn. (10/17/77) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

HELLO, DOLLY!—Carol Channing in command of a vehicle that (truth to tell) begins to look much older than its years. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A LIFE IN THE THEATRE—David Mamet's loving tribute to the theatre in the form of a collage of the offstage conversations between a seasoned actor and a younger one, and of their onstage dialogues in brief parodies of every conceivable kind of scene. With José Ferrer and James McDonnell as the actors. (10/31/77) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

MAHALIA—This musical, still in workshop form, brims over with music—the late Miss Jackson's gospel songs, and new songs by John Lewis, of the Modern Jazz Quartet—and with dancing, singing, and acting, all of a high order, and with words, words, words. The performance, under Oz Scott's direction, is both disciplined and inspiring. (Harry De Jur Henry Street Settlement Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Wednesday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 11. Free.)

MAN-WO-MAN—A pair of one-acters—subject as stated. In the first, "Michael," an ironic and funny "dramatic fragment" by Ed Bulfinch, a worldly composer and arranger on a visit to a black college is wooed and won by an innocent-seeming student. In the second, the kaleidoscopic "Passion Without Reason," by Neil Harris, a black man and woman assume any number of male and female roles. (5/22/78) (New Heritage Repertory Theatre, 43 E. 125th St. 876-3272. Thursday through Saturday at 8. Matinee Sunday at 4. Closes Sunday, June 11.)

MOLIÈRE IN SPITE OF HIMSELF—A play adapted (and directed) by Michael Lessac from a play by Mikhail Bulgakov. (3/20/78) (Colonades, 428 Lafayette St. 673-2222. Wednesday through Saturday, June 7-10, at 7:30.)

ONCE IN A LIFETIME—A revival of Moss Hart's and George S. Kaufman's play, with George S. Irving, John Lithgow, Deborah May, Treat Williams, and Max Wright. Directed by Tom Moore. Previews through Wednesday, June 14. Opens officially on Thursday, June 15, and will run through Sunday, Aug. 27. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

ON THE TWENTIETH CENTURY—A curiously musty musical version of the old Hecht-MacArthur comedy. Book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, music by Cy Coleman. (3/6/78) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

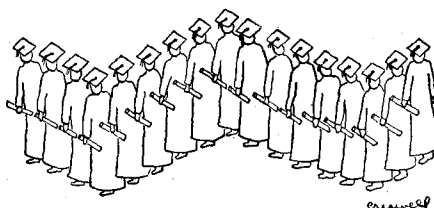
THE PASSION OF DRACULA—An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters, Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (10/10/77) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

P.S. YOUR CAT IS DEAD!—A (rewritten) revival of a play by James Kirkwood. (4/3/78) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleeker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

RIB CAGE—A play by Larry Ketron. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesday through Sunday at 8. Closes Sunday, June 11.)

RUNAWAYS—Elizabeth Swados' musical about the plight of runaway children in this city is, paradoxically, quite exhilarating. The members of the cast, most of them unknown, range in age from eleven to their early twenties. (3/20/78) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

THE SHOW-OFF—Paul Rudd and Polly Rowles in



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a revival of George Kelly's comedy. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

STRAWBERRY FIELDS—A play by Stephen Poliakoff. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 18.)

TIMBUKTU!—Gorgeous costumes and sets, many lithe dancers, and the silliest book in the world. With Eartha Kitt and Melba Moore. (3/13/78) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

TRIBUTE—Jack Lemmon heads the cast of a play by Bernard Slade. Arthur Storch directed. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

WAITING FOR GODOT—Samuel Beckett's drama, presented by the BAM Theatre Company, with Milo O'Shea, Austin Pendleton, Sam Waterston, and Michael Egan. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 18.)

WORD OF MOUTH—A merry revue, conceived and directed by Denise A. Gordon, with music by John Lewis, and sketches by new American humorists. (Reviewed in this issue.) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Thursdays and Fridays at 10, and Sundays and Mondays at 8.)

YALE REPERTORY THEATRE—A four-week engagement of two productions: *SGANARELLE*, consisting of four short Molière farces, translated by Albert Bermel and directed by Andrei Serban, opens Wednesday, June 7, at 6:45, and will run through Sunday, June 18. ...

Arthur Kopit's *WINGS*, directed by John Madden, will follow, starting Tuesday, June 20, and closing Sunday, July 2. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—ANNIE: Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ...

A CHORUS LINE: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ...

THE FANTASTICKS: 7,528 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleeker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ...

FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE: The marvellous poems and prose of the American writer Ntozake Shange are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5.) ...

GEMINI: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is

actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father and Anne DeSalvo and Jonathan Harty, among other good actors. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ...

GREASE: A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ...

I LOVE MY WIFE: A mild musical examination of the sexual revolution in Trenton. Cy Coleman wrote the score. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ...

THE KING AND I: Yul Brynner is incandescent in this admirable revival of the Rodgers-Hammerstein musical. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ...

THE MAGIC SHOW: A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, June 8, at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Thursday, June 8, at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) ...

MUMMENSCHAUZ: A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ...

OH! CALCUTTA!: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays, except Thursday, June 15, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3 and Wednesday, June 14, at 2.) ...

SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR: Bernard Slade has invented an Erector set of one-liners that should last a lifetime. With Betsy Palmer and Monte Markham, directed by Gene Saks. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ...

VANITIES: In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) ...

THE WIZ: An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

BEATLEMANIA—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

BIG APPLE CIRCUS—A one-ring tent circus, sponsored by the New York School for Circus Arts. Comedy jugglers, acrobats, clowns, trapeze artists, and gymnasts. Opens Wednesday, June 7, and will run through Sunday, Sept. 10. (Eighth Ave. and 50th St., on the site of the old Madison Square Garden. 581-9186. Wednesdays at 11:15 and 2:15; Thursdays through Saturdays at 2:15 and 7:30; and Sundays at 1 and 4.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, June 7, and Friday, June 9, at 8: "Coppelia." ... Thursday, June 8, at 8, and Saturday, June 10, at 2: An unnamed ballet (premiere), "Divertimento No. 15," and "Symphony in Three Movements." ... Saturday, June 10, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Stars and Stripes." ... Sunday, June 11, at 1: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony." ... Sunday, June 11, at 7: "The Goldberg Variations," "Chansons Madécasses," and "An Evening's Waltzes." ... Tuesday,

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day, June 13, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations," and "Tricolore."... Wednesday, June 14, at 8: The new ballet, "Square Dance," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2."... Thursday, June 15, at 8: "Stars and Stripes," "Tricolore," and "Union Jack."... Friday, June 16, at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "In G Major," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2."... Saturday, June 17, at 2: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony."... Saturday, June 17, at 8: "Jewels." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, July 2.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday and Thursday evenings, June 7-8, and Saturday matinee and evening, June 10: "Don Quixote; or, Kitri's Wedding."... Friday evening, June 9: "Gemini," "Spartacus Pas de Deux," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Firebird." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinee at 2.)

BALLET NACIONAL DE CUBA—With Alicia Alonso in the opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Saturday, June 24, by a company appearing here for the first time—Tuesday evening, June 13; Wednesday matinee, June 14, and Saturday evening, June 17: "Giselle."... Wednesday evening, June 14: "Les Sylphides," "Canto Vital" (première), "Swan Lake Pas de Deux," and "Blood Wedding" (première).... Thursday evening, June 15, and Saturday matinee, June 17: "Coppélia."... Friday evening, June 16: "Les Sylphides," "Canto Vital," "Tarde en la Siesta" (première), and "Blood Wedding." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinees at 2.)

PAUL TAYLOR DANCE COMPANY—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, June 7, and Friday, June 9: "Aureole," "3 Epitaphs," "Runes," and "Esplanade."... Thursday, June 8, and Saturday, June 10: "Polaris," "Aphrodismanian," and "Dust."... Sunday, June 11: "Cloven Kingdom," "Images," and "Airs." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8.)

JOSÉ LIMÓN DANCE COMPANY—With Erik Bruhn in a one-week engagement—"Choreographic Offering," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Missa Brevis." (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 678-6900. Wednesday, June 7; Thursday, June 8—a benefit performance—and Friday and Saturday, June 9-10, all at 8.)

MANUEL ALUM DANCE COMPANY—A program of contemporary dance. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2020. Thursday, June 8, and Saturday, June 10, at 8, and Sunday, June 11, at 2.)

BALLET FELIX BLASKA—A one-week engagement by an eight-member contemporary ballet company from France that is making its first appearance here—Monday, June 12, at 7, and Tuesday and Wednesday, June 13-14, at 8: "Quatre Pièces," "Échappée du Sommeil," "The Ringmaster," and "Tu Es Cela."... Thursday through Sunday, June 15-18, at 8: "L'Histoire du Soldat" and "Tu Es Cela." (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. For information about tickets, call 850-4065.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Several notches above your simple, basic SoHo jazz loft in its amenities and in the consistent quality of the musicians who perform. Jay Clayton, an out-there vocalist, performs with her quartet through Saturday, June 10; on Tuesday, June 13, pianist **DON PULLEN** will arrive with a quartet. Mondays are turned over to trumpeter Ted Daniel and Energy, his gangly, free-form, accessible fourteen-piece band. Music from about ten.

BALLROOM, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—Novella Nelson, whose stylized and ultra-dramatic way with a song has won her many admirers, appears Tuesdays through Saturdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Dinner.

BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—The music corner here is in the sidewalk picture window, so you can check out the musicians on your way in. **ROLAND HANNA**, who helped to establish the piano as a strong solo instrument in the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band, and who is still, now that he's on his own, a fiery, percussive player, works with first-rate bass accompaniment from **GEORGE MRAZ** through Saturday, June 10; Wednesday through Saturday, June 14-17, drummer Zahir Batin will lead a sextet. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

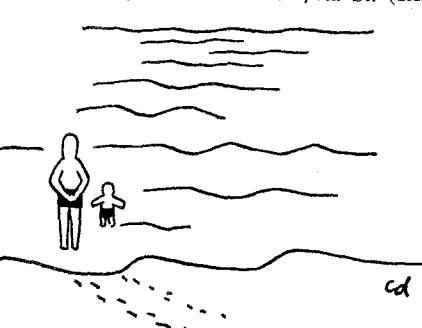
BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Here's the lineup: Singer Marlana Shaw trades sets with pianist Gap Mangione on Wednesday, June 7; on Thursday, June 8, the comedy duo of Proctor and Bergman will perform opposite George Gerdes, a folksinger and humorist with a good, tight mid-sixties-folk-rock quartet backing him up; on Friday and Saturday, June 9-10, English rock guitarist John Miles will be present; on Sunday, June 11, Television, a punk-rock band led by a locally admired singer-guitarist named Tom Verlaine—Verlaine cites as his main influences Ravel, Albert Ayler, and the Stones' song "19th Nervous Breakdown"—will be onstage; Monday and Tuesday, June 12-13, will belong to Cheap Trick, a rock quartet from Chicago; on Wednesday, June 14, soul singer Peter Brown will perform; on Thursday and Friday, June 15-16, British punk-rocker Tom Robinson will be here with his band; and Saturday, June 17, will belong to Fotomaker, a rock group. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A narrow ground-floor town-house bar with a concert-hall-sized clientele. The music is nearly always fine, but it's hard to get close enough to it to hear it. Pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ** are a team through Saturday, June 10; on Monday, June 12, **ROLAND HANNA** and **GEORGE MRAZ** (see Beefsteak Charlie's, above) will move in from around the corner. Music from ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—An elegant second-floor night club that seems to overlook Rio, Corcovado, and the outlying suburbs—it's all done with cleverly angled mirrored walls which reflect small electric lamps placed all over the room. One can listen while sitting on light-gray couches or dance to live Brazilian music performed by a trio and a vocalist (after eleven). Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and carnival music. The club is open Tuesdays through Sundays from eight to four. Dinner.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BERNIE LEIGHTON** is an expert cocktail pianist of the old school and a dazzling, driving jazz pianist who works in the single-note vineyards of Art Tatum and Nat Cole. **JIM MITCHELL** is on guitar and **RON MARKOWITZ** on bass. Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one. Dinner and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH



4-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** holds court, which includes his two aides, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **GENE GAMMAGE**, in the Café Carlyle. They're ready Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-thirty. Singer-pianist Michael Carney appears Mondays after nine-thirty. Dinner and supper.... **MARIAN MC PARTLAND** is in the Bemelmans Bar for a couple of months, and she has brought with her a set list that includes tunes composed by Evelyn Danzig, Alberta Nichols, Ann Ronell, Kay Swift, Carole King, and Carol Sager. She is at the piano weeknights from nine-forty-five to one.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (PL 7-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS** is here, playing the great August Förster piano with driving serenity. He does everything in his power to stay out of the listener's way, and he does everything in his power to swing. Weeknights from eight until midnight. Dinner.

CASSIDY'S, 303 E. 53rd St., near Second Ave. (755-8050)—A cheerful, cozy restaurant with Leroy Nieman paintings lining the brick and wood-paneled walls and real live jocks lining the bar, but it's not necessary for one to be a sports fanatic to find the place appealing. Pianist Nina Sheldon performs with a bassist, and sometimes with a singer or a saxophonist, too, Tuesdays through Fridays from nine to one. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. Dinner.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The audiences here look preppier and preppier every week, but onstage, affectedly sinister young musicians—dark glasses, torn T-shirts, leather jackets, and smirking expressions—continue to pound out punk rock, which is for the most part mid-sixties (and in some cases mid-fifties) rock that has come around again on the guitar. Music most nights from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—The legendary blues singer **ALBERTA HUNTER**, who is funny, rocking, and altogether charming, is singing "Downhearted Blues," which she wrote in 1922, and "I Want a Two-Fisted, Double-Jointed, Rough-and-Ready Man," which she wrote in 1976. She works with pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Al Hall weeknights. Sundays, **ROSE MURPHY** sings her thirty-and-more-year-old hits "I Can't Give You Anything But Chichi" and "Button Up Your Chichi." With support from bassist Morris Edwards. Music Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen; and Sundays from eight to one. Dining.

CRAWDADDY, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—The white tiled floors echo the conversation in this sprawling place, and it's sometimes hard to hear the music. Pianist **RED RICHARDS** leads a trio Mondays through Fridays from six-thirty to eleven-thirty. Dinner.

DAVID K'S, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON**, the international café-society singer-pianist, has settled in with his collection of Cole Porter, Noël Coward, and Stevie Wonder tunes. He performs Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to two.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Bobby Gordon, Vic Dickenson, Ed Polcer, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) are the traditionalists who usually make up the house band. The music begins weeknights after nine-thirty. Monday through Saturday, June 12-17, soprano saxophonist **KENNY DAVERN** will sit in with the regulars. On Sunday, June 11, **SCOTT HAMILTON**, a young, swing-inspired tenor saxophonist, will lead a quintet, from eight-thirty. Dinner.

FORTUNE GARDEN, 1160 Third Ave., at 68th St. (744-1212)—Called Larson's only a couple of months ago, this club is still the residence of the **BROOKS KERR** trio—drummer **SONNY GREER** and saxophonist **EDDIE BAREFIELD** are Kerr's distinguished sidemen. (On Tuesdays and Wednesdays, Kerr and Greer go it alone.) Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** works Wednesdays through Sundays with admirable sidemen guitarist **JOE PUMA** and bassist **FRANK LUTHER**, and a conscientious vocalist, Alicia Sherman. Their hours are ten to three, except

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on Sundays, when they begin at seven. Mondays, **AL HAIG**, **MORRIS EDWARDS**, and **AL GAGA** perform piano-bass-guitar bebop variations from ten. Tuesdays, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio from ten. Weeknights from seven to ten are given over to pianist **Loumell Morgan** and bassist **Morris Edwards**.

HOPPER'S, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Canadian vibraphonist **Hagood Hardy** is leading a mainstream quintet here through Saturday, June 10; on Monday, June 12, alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** and pianist **HAL GALPER** will begin co-piloting a quintet. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE**, the resident legend, performs with assistance from drummer **Eddie Locke**, pianist **Johnny Morris**, bassist **Ted Sturgis**, trombonist **Bobby Pratt**, and clarinetist **Joe Muranyi**. On Mondays, **Max Kaminsky** heads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, **Kaminsky** directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

LONE STAR CAFE, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—When **Jack Elliott**, the itinerant Brooklyn cowboy, played here last week, he said, "This place isn't a bit like Texas. It's too quiet." Naturally, the audience immediately broke into hoots and yells to prove him incorrect. On Sunday, June 11, and Wednesday, June 14, folkie and humorist **Kinky Friedman**, who has been singing many of the same songs concerning his plight as a Texas Jewish cowboy for years, will be here. Music weeknights from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

LES MAREYEURS, 908 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (628-3333)—**RONNY WHYTE**, a debonair, straight-arrow baritone and his own capable accompanist—dig his left hand—is back at the piano in this front-room bar. In a town chock-full of singer-pianists, **Whyte** is wonderfully good. He does **Rodgers** and **Hart's** "Manhattan," **Billy Joel's** "New York State of Mind," and nearly everything in between. He's here Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight to midnight.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—When English critic **George Melly** isn't writing or criticizing, he's singing old jazz and music-hall numbers like "My Canary Has Circles Under His Eyes" and "Dr. Jazz." He's here with jazz historian and trumpeter **John Chilton's** Feetwarmers through Saturday, June 10. On Tuesday, June 13, singer **Irene Kral** will come in with a backup group. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, **Woody Allen** comes and goes, talking of **Lorenzo Tio**. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A crowded and animated upper West Side music bar that draws rhythm-and-blues, jazz-rock, disco-funk, and, sometimes, jazz bands. Pianist **DAVE MATTHEWS** heads up his twelve-piece band Thursday through Saturday, June 8-10; Monday through Wednesday, June 12-14, guitarist **Barry Finnerty** will bring in his jazz-rock ensemble **Space Age**. Music from ten until two. Dinner.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A reformed coffeehouse: tables and chairs instead of benches; Perrier and even headier stuff instead of ice cream and tea; and, occasionally, jazz and rock instead of folk music. **Geoff Muldaur**, a folkie and a Tin Pan Alley eclectic, and guitarist **Amos Garrett** are on deck Thursday through Saturday, June 8-10; Wednesday through Saturday, June 14-17, comedian **Jackie Mason** will perform here, which is a long way from **Caesar's Palace**. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. PL 7-9090—What a room, what a view! **SY OLIVER** is back and in charge of a dance septet that plays Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (601-0900)—Don't be put off by the new blue-plastic-tufted walls in the foyer—it's still a nice place. **Holly Woodlawn**, a torch-singing female impersonator, goes on after **Monteith** and **Rand**, an improvisational-comedy team,

open the nine o'clock show; singer **Michael Leeds** has the eleven-thirty shift. Through Saturday, June 10. On Tuesday, June 13, jubilant soul singer **CISSY HOUSTON** will arrive with her band. Dining.

SIBI, 151 E. 50th St. (753-3429)—**BOBBY COLE**, a pianist with a sure, subtle touch and a singer with a hoarse, raspy voice, is found upstairs, in a quiet, formal room far from the Vegas-style doings on the first floor. Mondays through Thursdays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten, twelve, and one-thirty.

SIDESTREET, 314 E. 70th St., near Second Ave. (879-4220)—Guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** are sequestered in this small restaurant Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, from eight-thirty to one. **Bertoncini's** classical playing is moving, and he makes it look effortless; **Moore's** solos and backup work are as astounding as ever.

STORYTOWNE, 41 E. 58th St., near Madison Ave. (755-1640)—Tenor saxophonist **ARNETT COBB** played with territorial bands in the Southwest in the thirties and with **Lionel Hampton** in the forties. After he left Hampton, he was billed as "The Wildest Tenorman in the World." Today, **Cobb** sounds like an old-fashioned, breathy, curving, and honking R. & B. player, and one doesn't run across that very often anymore. Thursday through Saturday, June 8-10, from about nine.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Drummer **RASHIED ALI** heads up a quintet through Saturday, June 10; Sunday and Monday, June 11-12, saxophonist **GERRY NIEWOOD**, whose phrasing is Desmond-like, will lead a quartet; and on Tuesday, June 13, **DAVID AMRAM**, a multinational multi-instrumentalist—he plays French horn, piano, guitar, and wooden flutes, and his music comes from his travels through Latin America, the Middle East, the conservatory, and the street—will arrive with a quintet. Music from about nine-thirty. Dinner.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Seventy-second Street may not be **Laurel Canyon Boulevard**, but this showcase club features a lot of West Coast-influenced rock bands every night but Sunday, usually at midnight and two. Dinner.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—The large, L-shaped upstairs room has been redecorated, and now looks dark and very Victorian. Pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** will drop by with his trio on Fridays and Saturdays at ten; on Sundays from seven to eleven. **Bob January** is in charge of a dance orchestra; on Thursdays, from nine to midnight, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** leads a trio. Dinner.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (AL 5-4037)—The oldest, funkier, and best jazz club in the city. **ZOOT SIMS**, who plays wonderful, dancing tenor solos, leads a quartet through Sunday, June 11; on Tuesday, June 13, pianist **BILL EVANS**, who has lately been working with drummer **PHILLY JOE JONES**, will take over. The **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** big-band machine is back from touring, taking

its Monday-night R. and R. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Outside: dark, lonely streets and hundreds of parked semis. Inside: a cheerful bar and reputable soul-food restaurant with an anachronistic sawdust on the floor. Another asset is pianist **Sonelius Smith**, who plays "Nature Boy," "Over the Rainbow," **Red Garland's** version of "Billy Boy," and other selections in a tongue-in-cheek variety of overlapping styles—he can coast like a cocktail pianist or noodle like **Keith Jarrett** or attack like **Cecil Taylor**. He is here Mondays through Wednesdays; **Armen Donelian**, who also knows what he's doing, is here Thursdays through Sundays. Music from eight until two.

WEST END CAFE, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—This Columbia-student habitat also lures in famous swing musicians. Alto saxophonist and clarinetist **RUSSELL PROCOPE**, who played with the **Ellington** band for years, will lead a quintet through some **Ellingtonia** on Friday and Saturday, June 9-10. Sunday through Friday, June 11-16, trumpeter **Franc Williams** will head up a quartet; and on Saturday, June 17, tenor saxophonist **George Kelly's** Jazz Sultans will take over the bandstand. Live music every night but Mondays from nine to one-thirty.

W.P.A., 152 Spring St., near West Broadway. (226-3444)—A friendly bar and candlelit back-room restaurant in beautiful downtown SoHo. But don't expect an evening of artist-watching—most of the patrons look strictly from uptown. Pianist **HAROLD DANKO**, who holds the **Roland Hanna Chair of Distinguished Minor Arpeggios** with the **Thad Jones-Mel Lewis** organization, and his bassist dazzle their audiences with just about everything, from "Blue Skies" to "Monk's Dream" to "Maiden Voyage." Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one.

DISCOTHEQUES

IPANEMA, 240 W. 52nd St. (765-8025)—A Plexiglas dance floor over colored lights. Live Latin music on Tuesdays; recorded disco music Thursdays through Saturdays, and recorded disco and Brazilian music on Sundays. Music from nine most nights; from six on Thursdays. Closed Mondays and Wednesdays.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK, 33 W. 52nd St. (245-2400)—A lighting man and a licensed laser officer are in charge of the special effects: laser beams projected onto a screen; moving, spinning, colored spotlights; and a fog machine. From ten nightly.

RÉGINE'S, 502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (826-0990)—An Art Deco interior carried out in tones of aubergine and silver. Dancing from ten-thirty. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

STUDIO 54, 254 W. 54th St. (489-7667)—This place was built in 1927 as the **Fortune Opera House**; now it accommodates large numbers of dancers. From ten. Closed Mondays. (Many private parties are held here; therefore, the nights on which the facilities are open to the public may vary.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

EDDIE PALMIERI, **CHEO FELICIANO**, and **TIPICA '73**—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Wednesday, June 7, at 8.

PARLIAMENT-FUNKADELIC, **THE BAR-KAYS**, and **PETER BROWN**—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday, June 8, at 8.

TAHUANTINSUYO—Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Friday, June 9, at 8.

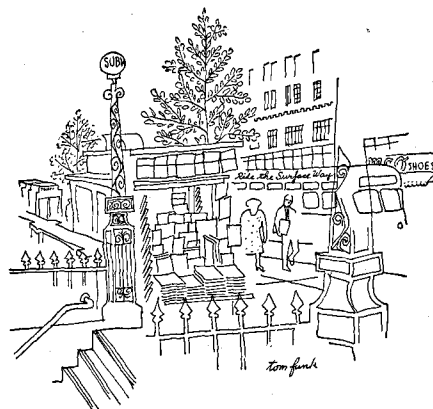
NANCY WILSON and **STANLEY TURRENTINE**—Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Friday, June 9, at 8:30 and at midnight.

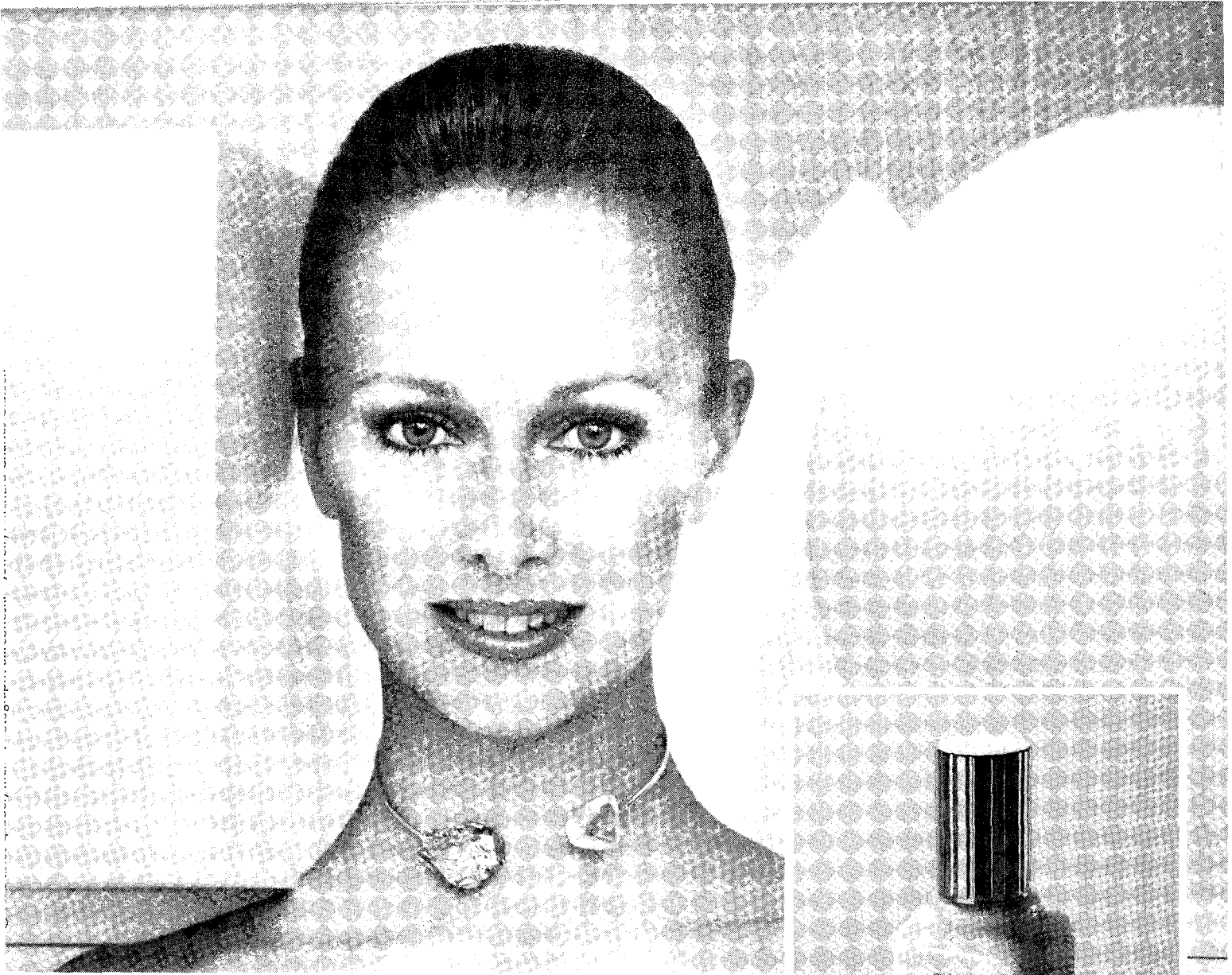
ANTHONY DAVIS QUARTET and **THE CHICO FREEMAN QUARTET**—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Friday, June 9, at 10:30.

AIR and **MARION BROWN**—Public Theatre. Saturday, June 10, at 10:30.

TRIBUTE TO LIONEL HAMPTON—Mr. Hampton will be there, along with **Buddy Tate**, **Phil Bodner**, **Doc Cheatham**, **George Duvivier**, and **Grady Tate**. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Wednesday, June 14, at 8.)

WALTER DAVIS, JR., **TRIO**, **BARRY HARRIS TRIO**, and **DUKE JORDAN TRIO**—Cami Hall, 165 W. 57th





Now: Estée Lauder
and today's technology bring you
Swiss Performing Extract. Its amazing
capabilities can help your skin look better from now on.

Fact: Swiss Performing Extract is more than a moisturizer. It is a super nourishing lotion blended in the U.S.A. with natural ingredients including soluble protein: a substance plentiful in young skin.

Fact: Science tells us this natural substance has outstanding capabilities. It sinks right down into the skin's surface to help promote resilience, good tone and to maintain optimum moisture balance.

Fact: Swiss Performing Extract performs 24-hours a day. Use it under moisturizer or under makeup, and before bedtime. Specifically, dryness lines will become less noticeable instantly and you will be on your way to better looking skin. Estée Lauder skin.

Swiss Performing Extract. Because makeup and moisturizers can't do it all.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St. JU 2-4090. Friday, June 16, at 7 and 9:45.
JULIUS HEMPHILL QUINTET and JEROME COOPER—Public Theatre. Friday, June 16, at 10:30.
BOB MARLEY & THE WALLERS and STANLEY CLARKE & SCHOOL DAYS—Madison Square Garden. Saturday, June 17, at 8.
LEROY JENKINS QUARTET—Public Theatre. Saturday, June 17, at 10:30.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

VINCENZO AGNETTI—Manifestos by an Italian Conceptualist, and photographic compositions that illustrate, or at least touch upon, his major points. Through Saturday, June 17. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)
CAROL ANTHONY—Beach scenes on Block Island and portraits of hamburgers, done in Craypas, enamel, and pastels. Through Saturday, June 10. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)
ELIZABETH BART—Oil paintings in which elegantly colored abstract forms are fitted together. Through Friday, June 16. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)
R. O. BLECHMAN/EDWARD SOREL—Small, lively watercolors, plus several works that were used as covers for this magazine. / Trenchant, funny, and expertly drawn political cartoons and satirical posters. Through Friday, June 16. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)
CLARENCE CARTER/PIERRE SOULAGES—Cornfields shimmering in the heat, bleak country houses, run-down factories, all done in watercolors between 1927 and 1949 by a contemporary of Burchfield and Hopper. Through Saturday, June 17. / Small paintings and graphics by the French Expressionist. Through July 14. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)
JOSÉ LUIS CUEVAS—Grotesqueries in wash, watercolors, and a spidery ink line. Through Friday, June 9. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)
MARTHA MAYER ERLEBACHER—Oil paintings celebrating the female figure, together with several first-rate still-lives and some liturgical paintings. Through Friday, June 9. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)
BOB FOWLER—Collages in which pieces of painted steel and aluminum are bolted together into compositions that have much of the quality of paintings. Through Saturday, June 10. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)
GEORGE GROSZ (1893-1959)—Joe Louis pounding a punching bag is one of the gentler subjects in this exhibit, which ranges from the artist's well-known horrors-of-war drawings to scenes of wicked prewar Berlin. Through Saturday, June 10. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)
SUZI MALIN—Jet-set figures, mostly, depicted in various forms by this versatile young English artist. Elton John, David Hockney, and Henry Geldzahler, for instance, are presented in a triptych painted with tempera on gold leaf, and British punk stars are seen in clever collages. Through Saturday, June 17. (Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)
MEXICAN ART—A two-gallery exhibit of works, covering twelve millennia, on loan from the Mexican National Museums. At the **KNOEDLER**, 19 E. 70th St., pre-Columbian and colonial objects, among them breastplates, pottery, jewelry, paintings, and a nearly six-foot-tall Olmec stone head at the gallery entrance. (Through July 22. Daily, 10 to 5:30.)
 ... At the **HAMMER**, 51 E. 57th St., paintings by three important twentieth-century artists: Rivera, Orozco, and Siqueiros. (Through July 23. Daily, 10 to 5.) A single admission (two dollars) covers both shows.
GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 79th St.: One of Franz Kline's black-and-white thunderclaps, ten feet tall, and a purple Jules Olitski panel nearly fourteen feet long dominate the big back room of this gallery, and the relative newcomers, like David Parrish and his motorcycles and Richard Estes and his diners, are in the front room, along with a menacing leather-jacketed life-size figure by Duane Hanson. Through Friday, June 9.
BLUM-HELMAN, 13 E. 75th St.: Drawings by Ellsworth Kelly, Richard Diebenkorn, and

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Roy Lichtenstein. Through June 20. ... **FORUM**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Drawings by Manuel Ayaso, Laura Shechter, and George Staempfli. Through June 23. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)
 ... **NICHOLLS**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Food and drink of every sort and class are the subjects of this selection of drawings by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, George Booth, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, George Price, Charles Saxon, William Steig, James Stevenson, Richard Taylor, and Barney Tobey. Through July 14. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)
 ... **SHEPHERD**, 21 E. 84th St.: Nineteenth-century English paintings and drawings, heavy on the Pre-Raphaelites. Through June 30. (Open Mondays.)
 ... **WILLARD**, 29 E. 72nd St.: A ceramic snake with a human skull by Daisy Youngblood; a construction involving fabric, wire fencing, and ink splotches on a plywood background by Michael Luchs; and a collage incorporating wood, tar, Masonite, and linoleum by Donald Sultan are included in an exhibit here. Through June 30. (Closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

LEONARD BASKIN—Mythic figures in wood or bronze, plus drawings of wild-eyed sibyls and prophets and of human figures with the heads of crows, all of them recent works. Through Friday, June 9. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)
SEYMOUR BOARDMAN/RHODA GREENES—Two-dimensional rectangular forms outlined in color on white canvas or blocked in with a pencil on pebbly-surfaced paper. / Small abstract sculptures, classical in tone, carved of Carrara marble. Through June 20. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)
SUSAN CRILE—Large abstract charcoal or pastel drawings, some based on figurative elements; the largest is twenty feet long and a little over five feet high. Through Saturday, June 17. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)
JIM DINE—New works, most of them studies of sparkling arrays of glassware. Through Friday, June 9. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)
MICHAEL GILLEN—Two large abstract sculptures made of painted aluminum, and a number of smaller pieces—projected works—with tiny figures beside them to give a sense of scale. Through Saturday, June 17. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)
HAROLD GREGOR—A new series of paintings and works on paper of Midwestern farmland. Through June 22. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)
SAMIA HALABY—Diagonal stripes in unusual combinations of colors. Through Thursday, June 15. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)
LILA KATZEN—Metal sculptures in a range of sizes: indoors at the Cortella, 41 E. 57th St. (through Saturday, June 17), and outdoors at Fordham University's Lincoln Center campus (through Sept. 1.)
BERNHARD LÜTHI/JOEL PERLMAN—Large diptychs in which each panel offers a half-erased smudge of pastel on a dark background. / Vertical painted-steel constructions that suggest gateways. Through Friday, June 16. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)
CHARLES SELIGER—Small abstract patterns painted with acrylics on unstretched linen canvas. Through June 24. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)
PATTI SMITH/ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE—New graphite and colored-pencil drawings by the artist-singer. / Photographs of Patti Smith. Through June 24. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)
H. C. WESTERMANN—A dustpan growing out of the muzzle of a double-barrelled shotgun made of laminated plywood is one of the works on display, along with three poster studies for his current retrospective at the Whitney Museum. This show through June

30. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

KIM WHANKI (1913-74)—Abstract paintings from his last ten years. Through June 30. (Dintenfuss, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALONZO**, 30 W. 57th St.: Gallery artists Don David and Jan McCartin are among the artists exhibiting works whose general topic is animals. Through Friday, June 16. (Closed Saturdays.)
 ... **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: Forty-three drawings by Beatrice Wood are the centerpiece of a show that also includes photographs and other works by her associates Sheeler, Man Ray, John Covert. Through Friday, June 16.
 ... **GETLER-PALL**, 50 W. 57th St.: Rosenquist, Ruscha, and other experimenters from the University of South Florida's Graphicstudio in a show running concurrently with one at the Brooklyn Museum. Through June 30.
 ... **HEIDENBERG**, 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and graphics by Karel Appel, Henry Moore, Saul Steinberg, and others. Through Saturday, June 17.
 ... **LONG**, 7 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Goodnough, Noland, Motherwell, and others. Through June 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)
 ... **MARLBOROUGH**, 40 W. 57th St.: Two shows here. "Masters of Modern Sculpture" includes pieces by Rodin, Lipchitz, and David Smith; "John Marin, New York Drawings" has forty-one works. Through Saturday, June 17.
 ... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: A show of still-life and flower painting includes a bouquet of coleus, anemones, and jasmine by Julien Binford; an arrangement of tropical flowers by Charles Coiner; and a greenhouse interior by Maurice Freedman. Through June 23. (Open Mondays.)
 ... **PARSONS-DREYFUSS**, 24 W. 57th St.: A group show entitled "The Line" includes small compositions sewn into paper with silk thread by Ellen Tuchman (a tiny sample is left unframed, so visitors can enjoy its tactile qualities); collages of hand-somely colored Swiss cotton by Marischa Burkhardt; and a procession of pins that crawls from the baseboard up one wall and part way across the ceiling by Sibyl Weil. Through Saturday, June 17.

SCULPTURE—One work each by Arp, Archipenko, Nevelson, Noguchi, and Nadelman.

¶ In a separate gallery, sculptor Mary Frank is exhibiting works made by cutting white paper with a razor and scissors. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) Both exhibits through June 30.

GALLERIES—SoHo

DEBORAH K. BUTTERFIELD/JOHN KACERE—Four life-size horses and several smaller ones, all of them uncannily realistic considering that they are made of twigs and branches woven together and caked with mud. / Female hips clad in synthetic underwear and depicted with air-brush realism. Through Saturday, June 17. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)
DAN FLAVIN—Drawings and prints made by the artist between 1972 and 1975, some of them blueprints for his light sculptures, others landscapes and still-lives. An installation consisting of two columns of fluorescent rings of light—fourteen cool-colored ones on one side, and thirteen warm-colored ones on the other—completes the exhibit. Through June 24. (Friedrich, 393 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)
ANGELO SAVELLI—Two shows in adjacent galleries: Three huge white constructions, one eighteen feet tall, on the gallery's first floor, and, in the basement, a vast, dazzling, snowy environment, studded with eighty-four frosted tree stumps. (Sculpture Now, 142 Greene St.)
 ... ¶ White-on-white paintings. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.) Both shows through Saturday, June 10.
TANIA SCHREIBER—Paintings, collages, and sculptures. Through July 15. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)
DRAWINGS FOR ANIMATED FILMS—A survey of this genre which includes drawings and cels from films done by studio artists (from Disney, Warner Brothers, Hubley) as well as by independent artists. Of special note are the very first Mickey Mouse and ten pen-and-ink drawings from Winsor McCay's 1914 "Gertie the Dinosaur." Through Saturday, June 10. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St.)
GROUP SHOWS—At 55 MERCER STREET GALLERY: An exhibition of contemporary masks by seven-

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- 3-speed windshield wiper (intermittent feature)
- Automatic maintenance warning system

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

teen artists includes a larger-than-lifesize (and lifelike) lobster costume, by Ralph Lee; forty-two casts of her own visage, in varying moods, by Theodora Skipitares; and several knitted masks—a dog, Medusa, a fire-breathing monster—by Nicki Edson. Through Saturday, June 10. . . . **HOFFMAN**, 429 West Broadway; Drawings by seven contemporary French artists. Through July 12.

OTHER GALLERIES

MAUDE BOLTZ—Geometric patterns painted on twelve-foot banners of nylon fabric. Through June 30. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GEORGE SUGARMAN—"Yellow Ascending," a twenty-four-foot sculpture of enamelled welded-steel units, erupts from a base in front of City Hall, where it will remain through November.

KRZYSZTOF WODICZKO/ROBERTA ALLEN—Distorted slide projections that explore the art in propaganda and, conversely, the propaganda in art./A deliberately confusing arrangement of directional arrows intended for an empty swimming pool. Through Saturday, June 10. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St. Opens at 1.)

NEW WORK/NEW YORK—A group show of local artists who haven't been seen much—Susan Dallas, Lynne Elton, Steve Keister, David Middaugh, Fred Smith, and Jeff Way. Through July 8. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **FREIDUS**, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.: Five sculptures created for the gallery's roof space by Tom Doyle, Alan Finkel, Winifred Lutz, Michael Norton, and Patsy Norvell. Also, indoors, drawings and sculptures by these and other artists. Through July 28. . . . **PRATT MANHATTAN CENTER**, 160 Lexington Ave., at 30th St.: Cartoons by former Pratt Institute students: Edward Koren, Lee Lorenz, Robert Weber, John Fischetti, David Levine, Thomas Flannery, J. C. Suarez, and Gene Basset. Through Wednesday, June 14. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

JAMES ABBE (1883-1973)—A group of photographs centered on the rise of European militarism in the thirties. Portraits of Franco, Hitler, and Mussolini are included. Through July 21. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

BRUCE BARNBAUM—Nature scenes; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, June 10. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

JERRY DANTZIC—Color prints of mesas, buttes, bridges, each about six feet across and made with a Victorian rotating view camera, in a show now current at the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

HARRY P. FISCHER—In 1901, this photographer opened a studio in Marietta, Ohio, and for close to fifty years he recorded events big and small that took place there—Theodore Roosevelt addressing a crowd at City Park, three men posing with their trophies after a deer hunt, a lone bride holding a bouquet. Through June 24. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

CLARENCE JOHN LAUGHLIN—This Louisiana photographer is showing pictures of deserted ante-bellum mansions on the banks of the Mississippi, as well as a set of prints depicting Victorian architecture in Chicago, Milwaukee, and cities in the Southwest. Through Saturday, June 17. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

PHILLIP LEONIAN/LYNN LENNON—Pictures of people walking, by a photographer who has been obsessively watching walkers for the last ten years./Self-portraits. Through June 24. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

STEPHEN SHORE—The Yankees in spring training by a photographer whose last previous assignment was to document Monet's gardens at Giverny for the Metropolitan Museum. Through June 24. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

JEAN-PIERRE SUDRE—Still-lives; first one-man show in New York. Through Friday, June 9. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

EDMUND TESKE/ANTON BRUEHL—Sepia-toned solarizations and multiple images./Portraits (of Peter Lorre, Marlene Dietrich, Edward G.

Robinson); a series on Mexico in the thirties; and color prints made for advertisements. Through June 24. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CASTELLI UPTOWN**, 4 E. 77th St.: Photographs of moonlit, deserted parking lots, quarry sites, airport runways, and industrial scenes by Robert Adams, Robert Levin, Elliot Schwartz, and Lewis Baltz. As a comment on all this, the gallery has mounted a lush nineteenth-century landscape by C. E. Watkins. Through June 24. . . . **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Works by Lisette Model, Jack Manning, W. Eugene Smith, and sixty or so other members of the Photo League, a New York-based organization formed in 1936 and dedicated to achieving social change through photography. It was black-listed in 1947, and four years later it disbanded. Through July 9. (Open daily, except Mondays.) . . . **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**: Nearly two hundred prints made by contemporaries of Alfred Stieglitz and collected by him—Strand, Steichen, Käsebier, de Meyer. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times. . . . **VARCRO**, third floor, 22 E. 54th St.: Photographic blowups (the negatives are in the Library of Congress) of Caribbean life as seen by island visitors between 1880 and 1910. Through Aug. 18. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4; Saturdays, noon to 4.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

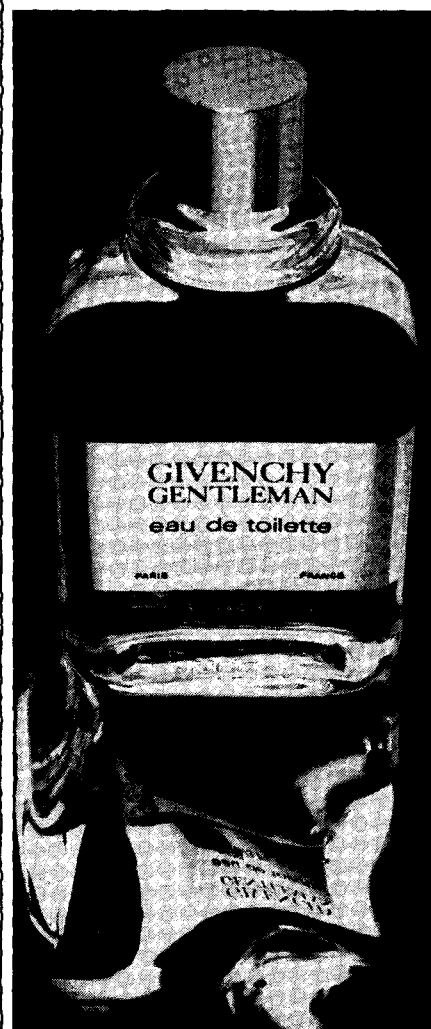
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit of eighty-one paintings that Claude Monet did of his surroundings at Giverny. Through July 9. . . . "The Arts Under Napoleon" is an exhibit that outlines the influence of Napoleon on French craftsmen of the period, with objects ranging from furniture and firearms to silk and silver. Through July 30. . . . "Fifteenth-century Italian drawings, many of them shown in sixteenth-century frames, from the Robert Lehman Collection. Through June 18. . . . An exhibit of about five hundred fancies and frivolities from the costume collection. Through Aug. 27. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Two hundred prints from the Alfred Stieglitz Collection. Through July 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of a hundred and eighty twentieth-century American and European drawings (School of Paris to Abstract Expressionism) recently acquired by the museum from the Joan and Lester Avnet Collection. Through July 4. . . . An exhibit of etchings by Jim Dine. Through Sept. 5. . . . A survey of Mexican art. Through June 29. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Color landscapes by Jerry Dantzic. Through July 30. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **NOTE**: The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Informal concerts Fridays and Saturdays at 8: jazz, new musical compositions, and so forth.

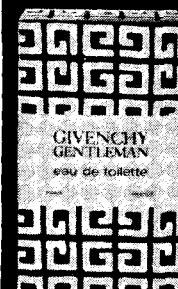
GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the oil paintings of Attilio Salemm. Through July 4. . . . Works in a variety of mediums by thirteen young American artists. Through Friday, June 16. . . . Forty-five paintings and sculptures, chiefly by Europeans (Calder and Archipenko are the exceptions; Léger, Bombois, and Matisse are some of the painters), from the Evelyn Sharp Collection. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A Saul Steinberg retrospective of watercolors, drawings, collages and other works. Through July 9. . . . The retrospective of H. C. Westermann contains his familiar sculptures combining disparate materials, and also drawings, watercolors, and letters. Through July 16. A complementary show is at the Allan Frumkin Gallery, 50 W. 57th St. (The museum is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 2 to 9, with no admission charge Tuesdays after 6; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A show of prints by Jim Dine, Lee Friedlander, Adja Yunkers, and others, made under the auspices of the University of South Florida's Graphicstudio. Through July 16. A complementary show is at Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St. (The



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

museum is open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit called "Ice Age Art," installed in a new gallery on the third floor, contains, for instance, prehistoric implements and a rock engraving as well as replicas of carvings done as early as 35,000 B.C. and photomurals of cave paintings at Altamira and Lascaux. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—A show of works by newly elected members and by recipients of this year's awards. Manuscripts and scores by, among others, Donald Barthelme, John Malcolm Brinnin, Jacob Druckman, Renata Adler, Peter Taylor, and John Peck. Also paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Marisol, Robert Rauschenberg, Clyfford Still, and others. Through Sunday, June 11. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Embroidery Through the Ages," a show of textiles reaching back to the fourteenth century, taken from the museum's collection or on loan from the Musée des Arts Décoratifs. It includes examples for ecclesiastical, household, and personal use. Through Sept. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

JAPAN HOUSE, 333 E. 47th St.—A display of Japanese genre folding screens on loan from the Suntory Museum of Art. Panoramic views of public festivities cover many of the screens; one simple pair is devoted solely to kimonos carefully placed on racks. Through July 9. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of seventy works (paintings, manuscripts, album leaves), medieval in aspect and all produced by an unknown artist called the Spanish Forger, who might have lived as recently as 1900. ... A drawing of four demons by Luca Signorelli and a large study for the Delacroix altarpiece "Jacob Wrestling with the Angel" are two of the drawings in the exhibit "Devils, Demons, and Fantastic Creatures." ... Books and manuscripts dating from 1400 to 1950 (first editions include "Treasure Island," "Cecilia," and "Charles Grandison") from the collection of Miss Tessie Jones. (Open daily, except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) All shows through July 29.

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—Paintings, quilts, weathervanes, furniture, and other articles either recently acquired or from the permanent collection. Through Sunday, June 11. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—An encyclopedic accounting of footwear (chopines, high-button shoes, Indian moccasins, Japanese clogs, sneakers). Through June 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Patrons & Publishers: The Economics of English Literature" is the theme of an exhibit of letters, manuscripts, and early editions from the Berg Collection. (The library is open daily except Thursdays and Sundays. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 9. The Berg Collection, however, always closes at 6.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A retrospective of the oils and drawings of Beauford Delaney, a Tennessee-born artist who worked in Paris between 1953 and 1971. Through July 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911.)

OPERA

MANHATTAN OPERA SINGERS—Lois Albright directing a performance of Strauss's "Die Fledermaus," staged by Christian Smith, with the Players Orchestra of New York. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, June 15, at 8.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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dermaus," staged by Christian Smith, with the Players Orchestra of New York. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, June 15, at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Erich Leinsdorf conducting a series of concerts of repertory favorites. (Avery Fisher Hall. Thursday, June 8, and Saturday, June 10, at 8, both with Pinchas Zukerman, violin; Tuesday, June 13, at 8, an all-Wagner program, no soloists; and Saturday, June 17, and Monday, June 19, at 8, no soloists.)

SCHUBERT FEST—At Carnegie Hall, Sergiu Comissiona conducting the American Symphony Orchestra in five all-Schubert programs. Each is divided into three parts: a chamber-music prelude, an orchestral concert, and a post-concert lieder recital. Tuesday, June 13: Eugene Istomin, piano, at 7. Orchestral works at 8:15. John Aler, tenor, and Sharon Moe, horn, at 10:15. ... Wednesday, June 14: Ernst Wallfisch, violin and viola, and Lory Wallfisch, piano, at 7. Orchestral works, with Claude Frank, piano, at 8:15. Kristine Ciesinski, soprano, at 10:15. ... Thursday, June 15: Lilian Kallir, piano; Arnold Steinhardt, violin; and Jules Eskin, cello, at 7. Orchestral works, with Charles Treger, violin; Kristine Ciesinski, soprano; Katherine Ciesinski, alto; John Aler, tenor; David Clatworthy, baritone; Paul Payko, organ; and the Orpheon Chorale, at 8:15. Katherine Ciesinski, mezzo-soprano, at 10:15. ... Friday, June 16: Lilian Kallir and Claude Frank, piano, at 7. Orchestral works at 8:15. Kristine Ciesinski, soprano; Katherine Ciesinski, mezzo-soprano; and David Clatworthy, baritone, at 10:15. ... Saturday, June 17: Robert Rudié, violin; Elizabeth Wright, piano; John Feeley, guitar; Paul Dunkel, flute; Janet Hill, viola; and Chaim Zemach, cello, at 7. Orchestral works at 8:15. David Clatworthy, baritone, at 10:15.

RECITALS

MARIA LUISA RANGEL—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, June 10, at 8.)

THRUSTON JOHNSON—Violin, in a program called "Springtime in Old Vienna." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, June 10, at 8:30.)

IN THE COUNTRY

CARAMOOR FESTIVAL—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 20—Saturday, June 17, at 9: Brian Priestman conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra in a benefit concert, with Garrick Ohlsson, piano. ... Sunday, June 18, at 5:30: The New York Renaissance Band in a program entitled "Festival Music of the High Renaissance." (Katonah, N.Y. For information about tickets, call 914 232-4206.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

BASEBALL—METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. Los Angeles, Wednesday, June 7, at 8:05. ... San Francisco, Friday, June 9, at 8:05, and Saturday and Sunday, June 10-11, at 2:05. ... **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Oakland, Monday and Tuesday, June 12-13, at 8. ... Seattle, Wednesday and Thursday, June 14-15, at 8. ... California, Friday and Saturday, June 16-17, at 8.

CREW—Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. Saturday, June 10, starting at 11; varsity race at 1.)

RACING—At BELMONT: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Saturday, July 29. The Belmont, Saturday, June 10; the Mother Goose, Sunday, June 11; the Youthful, Wednesday, June 14; and the Bowling Green Handicap, Saturday, June 17. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) ... **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Sept. 4. (A special train

leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:35.)

SOCCER—CLOSED-CIRCUIT TV AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Seven elimination matches for the World Cup soccer championship, televised from Argentina. Brazil vs. Spain, Wednesday, June 7, at 12:45, in the Arena. ... Peru vs. the Netherlands, Wednesday, June 7, at 3:45, in the Arena. ... France vs. Hungary, Saturday, June 10, at 12:45, in Felt Forum. ... Mexico vs. Poland, Saturday, June 10, at 3:45, in Felt Forum. ... Italy vs. Argentina, Saturday, June 10, at 6:15, in the Arena. ... Brazil vs. Austria, Sunday, June 11, at 12:45, in Felt Forum. ... Scotland vs. the Netherlands, Sunday, June 11, at 3:45, in Felt Forum. ... **GIANTS STADIUM**, the Meadowlands: Cosmos vs. Philadelphia. (Sunday, June 11, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

PRO TENNIS—World Team Tennis at Madison Square Garden: Apples vs. Phoenix, Monday, June 12, in Felt Forum. ... Apples vs. Golden Gaters, Tuesday, June 13, in the Arena. ... Apples vs. Boston, Thursday, June 15, in the Arena. (Games begin at 7:30.)

TROTting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, July 8. ... **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 18. ... **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK**: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 5.

YACHTING—Start of the Newport-to-Bermuda race, Friday, June 16.

ET ALIA

AUCTIONS—At SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, June 7, at 10:15 and 2: Old Master paintings by Lucas Cranach, Tintoretto, Marten Ryckaert, and others; from the Corcoran Gallery, in Washington, and from other sources. ... Thursday, June 8, at 10:15 and 2, and Friday, June 9, at 10:15: Russian works of art, from many collectors. ... Friday, June 9, at 2: Oriental rugs, from a number of owners. ... Tuesday, June 13, at 2: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from many owners. Exhibition starts Thursday, June 8. ... Wednesday and Thursday, June 14-15, at 10:15 and 2: *Objets de vertu*, antique jewelry, watches, coins, and American, English, and Continental silver; from various owners. Exhibition starts Thursday, June 8. ... **CHRISTIE'S**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Friday, June 9, at 10:30 and 2: Old Master paintings by such artists as Veronese, David Teniers the Younger, and Agnolo Gaddi.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 755-4100, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

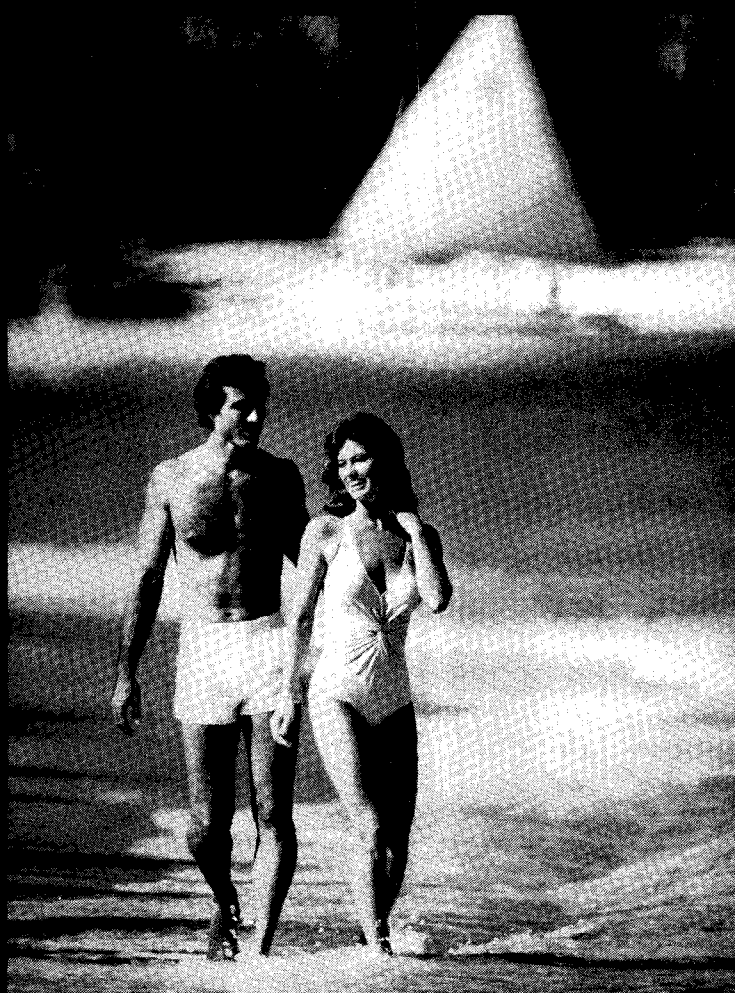
METROPOLITAN OPERA, CONCERT PRODUCTIONS—**CENTRAL PARK'S SHEEP MEADOW**: Tuesday, June 13, at 8:30 (rain date, June 15). "Il Trovatore," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Viorica Cortez, Giuseppe Giacomini, Louis Quilico, and James Morris; conducted by David Stiven-der. ... **CLOVE LAKES PARK**, Staten Island: Wednesday, June 14, at 8:30 (rain date, June 15). "Rigoletto," with Gail Robinson, Isola Jones, Cornell MacNeil, Jerome Hines, and Vern Shinnall; Gianfranco Masini. ... **PROSPECT PARK**, Brooklyn: Friday, June 16, at 8:30 (rain date, June 18). "Il Trovatore," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Viorica Cortez, Giuseppe Giacomini, Louis Quilico, and James Morris; David Stiven-der. ... **CUNNINGHAM PARK**, Queens: Saturday, June 17, at 8:30 (rain date, June 18). "Rigoletto," with Gail Robinson, Isola Jones, Cornell MacNeil, Jerome Hines, and Vern Shinnall; Gianfranco Masini.

WASHINGTON SQUARE OUTDOOR ART EXHIBIT—The semiannual show will be on view Saturday and Sunday, June 10-11, from noon until sundown.

DEEP BREATHING—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 10 to 4 Mondays through Fridays, and from 7 to 11 Monday through Thursday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays and Sundays.

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ROCKRESORTS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"The Man Who Loved Women."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through June 8: "Cria!"
From June 9: "American Graffiti."

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 13: "House Calls."
From June 14: "Coming Home."

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Thank God It's Friday."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"An Unmarried Woman."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through June 8: "The Greek Tycoon."
From June 9: "Damien: Omen II."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"F.I.S.T."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Dear Detective."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Capricorn One."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Madame Rosa."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through June 13: "The End."
From June 14: "A Different Story."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Pretty Baby."

59TH ST. EAST, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Savage Is Loose."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Saturday Night Fever."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Cat and Mouse."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through June 10: "Nunzio."
From June 11: "Bonjour Amour."

COLUMBIA II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Servant and Mistress."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"An Unmarried Woman."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"House Calls."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"If Ever I See You Again."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through June 13: "Coming Home."
From June 14: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through June 13: "Coming Home."
From June 14: "The End."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Capricorn One."

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Thank God It's Friday."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through June 8: "The Greek Tycoon."
From June 9: "Damien: Omen II."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"F.I.S.T."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"American Graffiti."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Close Encounters of the Third Kind."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Capricorn One."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Coming Home."

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "High Anxiety."
Theatre 2: Through June 8: "A Woman of Paris" and "The Great Dictator." From June 9: "The Punk Rock Movie."
Theatre 3: Through June 13: "Dersu Uzala." From June 14: "The End."
Theatre 4: "American Graffiti."

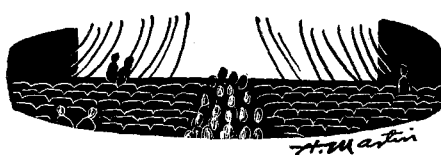
GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Turning Point."

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Fantasia."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Last Waltz."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
June 7: "American Graffiti."
From June 8: "The Chess Players."

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through June 8: "Annie Hall."
From June 9: "American Graffiti."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
June 7: "The Chess Players."
From June 8: "A Woman at Her Window."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands."

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"An Unmarried Woman."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"An Unmarried Woman."

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through June 8: "Pirosmami."
From June 9: "The Harder They Come" and "Yellow Submarine."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Joseph Andrews."

LOEWS 83RD TRIPLEX, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "American Graffiti."
Theatre 2: "Coming Home."
Theatre 3: "Capricorn One."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Saturday Night Fever" and "Looking for Mr. Goodbar."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through June 8: "Annie Hall" and "Where's Poppa?"
From June 9: "American Graffiti" and "Let the Good Times Roll."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Through June 8: A program of films from the Middle East. For information about film titles and time schedules, our best advice is to phone the theatre.
June 9-10: "Five Easy Pieces" (1970), directed by Bob Rafelson, with Jack Nicholson; and "The Last Detail" (1974), directed by Hal Ashby, with Jack Nicholson, Otis Young, and Randy Quaid.
June 11-12: "The Battle of Chile." (†)
June 13: "Onibaba" (1963) and "Kuronoko" (1968), both films in Japanese, directed by Kaneto Shindo.
June 14: "Weekend" (†) and "Pravda." (†)
June 15: "Where's Poppa?" (†); and "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz" (1974), directed by Ted Kotcheff, with Richard Dreyfuss, Jack Warden, and Joseph Wiseman.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
June 7: "Closely Watched Trains" (1966) and "Capricious Summer" (1968), both films in Czech, directed by Jiri Menzel.
June 8: "The Spiders, Parts I and II" (1919-20), a German silent film, directed by Fritz Lang; and "Beyond a Reasonable Doubt" (1956), directed by Fritz Lang, with Dana Andrews and Joan Fontaine.
June 9: "Wild Strawberries" (†) and "Providence." (†)
June 10: "Women in Love" (1970), directed by Ken Russell, with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed; and "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (1959), in French, directed

by Marc Allegret, with Danielle Darrieux, Erno Crisa, and Leo Genn.

June 11: "Roberta" (1935), directed by William Seiter, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Irene Dunne, Randolph Scott, and Helen Westley; and "Show Boat" (1936), directed by James Whale, with Irene Dunne, Helen Morgan, Allan Jones, and Paul Robeson.

June 12: A program of three Russian films by Nikita Mikhalkov.

June 13: "La Femme Infidèle" (1969), in French, directed by Claude Chabrol, with Stéphane Audran, Michel Bouquet, and Maurice Ronet; and "This Man Must Die" (1969), in French, directed by Claude Chabrol, with Michel Duchaussoy and Jean Yanne.

June 14: "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice" (†); and "Blume in Love" (1973), directed by Paul Mazursky, with George Segal, Susan Anspach, and Kris Kristofferson.

June 15: "Jules and Jim" (†) and "The Bride Wore Black." (†)

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through June 8: "The Pawnbroker" (1965), directed by Sidney Lumet, with Rod Steiger, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Brock Peters, and Jaime Sanchez; and "Ship of Fools" (1965), directed by Stanley Kramer, with Vivien Leigh, Simone Signoret, Oskar Werner, José Ferrer, Elizabeth Ashley, George Segal, Michael Dunn, and Lee Marvin.

June 9-10: "200 Motels" (1971), with Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention; and "Greaser's Palace." (†)

June 11-12: "A Little Night Music" (†) and "Smiles of a Summer Night." (†)

June 13: "Midnight Cowboy" (1969), directed by John Schlesinger, with Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight; and "The Last Detail" (1974), directed by Hal Ashby, with Jack Nicholson, Otis Young, and Randy Quaid.

June 14-15: "Let Joy Reign Supreme" (†) and "The Clockmaker." (†)

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; opens at six, Mondays through Fridays.)
Through June 8: "A Touch of Class" (1973), directed by Melvin Frank, with George Segal and Glenda Jackson; and "Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow" (1964), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni.

June 9-10: "History Is Made at Night" (†); and "To Be or Not to Be" (1942), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Carole Lombard, Jack Benny, Robert Stack, and Felix Bressart.

June 11-12: "Marry Me! Marry Me!" (†) and "Love in the Afternoon." (†)

June 13-14: A program of W. C. Fields short films; and "The Great Chase" (1962), a medley of old movie chases, running from 1903 to 1927.

From June 15: "Too Many Girls" (1940), directed by George Abbott, with Lucille Ball, Richard Carlson, Ann Miller, and Desi Arnaz; and "Vivacious Lady." (†)

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
June 7: "From Here to Eternity" (1953), directed by Fred Zinnemann, with Burt Lancaster, Montgomery Clift, Frank Sinatra, Deborah Kerr, and Donna Reed; and "On the Waterfront" (1954), directed by Elia Kazan, with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger.

June 8-10: "Giant" (1956), directed by George Stevens, with Elizabeth Taylor, Rock Hudson, James Dean, and Mercedes McCambridge.

June 11-12: "Raintree County" (1957), directed by Edward Dmytryk, with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Eva Marie Saint.

June 13-14: "Judgment at Nuremberg." (†)
From June 15: "A Place in the Sun" (†) and "The Search." (†)

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through June 8: "Ugetsu" (1953), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi, with Masayuki Mori and Machiko Kyo; and "Street of Shame" (1956), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi, with Machiko Kyo.

June 9-10: "Swept Away" (1975) and "Seven Beauties" (1976), both films in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller, with Giancarlo Giannini.

June 11-12: "The Adventures of Robin

Hood" (†) and "Robin and Marian." (†)
 June 13: "Proud Valley" (1940), directed by Pen Tennyson, with Paul Robeson, Edward Chapman, Edward Rigby, and Simon Lack; and "Song of Freedom" (1936), an English musical, directed by James Elder Wills, with Paul Robeson and Elisabeth Welch.
 June 14-15: "Boy Slaves" (1939), directed by P. J. Wolfson, with Anne Shirley, Roger Daniel, James McCallion, and Alan Baxter; and "Wild Boys of the Road." (†)
THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
 June 7: "Call Her Savage" (1932), directed by John Francis Dillon, with Clara Bow, Gilbert Roland, Thelma Todd, Estelle Taylor, and Monroe Owsley; and "Wings" (1927), a silent film, directed by William A. Wellman, with Clara Bow and Buddy Rogers.
 June 8: "Diabolique" (1955), in French, directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot, with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse; and "Panique" (1946), in French, directed by Julien Duvivier, with Michel Simon, Viviane Romance, and Paul Bernard.
 June 9-10: "The Bishop Murder Case" (1930), directed by Nick Grinde, with Basil Rathbone, Leila Hyams, Roland Young, and George Marion; and "Arsène Lupin." (†)
 June 11-12: "Palm Beach Story" (†) and "Hail the Conquering Hero." (†)
 June 13: "A Farewell to Arms" (†) and "The North Star." (†)
 June 14: "Rose Marie" (1936), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, Allan Jones, and Reginald Owen; and "New Moon" (1940), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, and Mary Boland.
 June 15: "Tales of Manhattan" (†) and "If I Had a Million." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC

ROY AND NIUTA TITUS AUDITORIUM, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—June 8 at 2:30: "Bar Saloon" (1973), a Québécois film, in French, directed by André

Forcier, with Guy L'Ecuyer; English subtitles. . . . June 8 at 6: "Once Upon a Time in the East" (1974), a Québécois film, in French, directed by André Brassard, with Denise Filatrout; English subtitles. . . . June 8 at 8:30: "The Sun Rises Late" (1977), a Québécois film, in French, directed by André Brassard, with Rita LaFontaine and Denise Filatrout; no English subtitles. . . . June 9 at 2:30: "The Last Betrothal" (1974), a Québécois film, in French, directed by Jean-Pierre Lefebvre, with Marthe Nadeau, J-Leo Gagnon, and Marcel Sabourin; English subtitles. . . . June 9 at 6: "The Arizona Express" (1924), directed by Thomas Buckingham, with Pauline Starke, Evelyn Brent, and David Butler. . . . June 10 at noon: "The General" (1924), directed by Buster Keaton and Clyde Bruckman, with Mr. Keaton. . . . June 10 at 2:30: "Les Ordres" (1974), a Québécois film, in French, directed by Michel Brault, with Hélène Loiselle and Guy Provost; English subtitles. . . . June 10 at 5: "Rejeanne Padovani" (1973), a Québécois film, in French, directed by Denys Arcand, with Ronique Le Flaguais; English subtitles. . . . June 11 at noon: "The General." . . . June 11 at 2:30: "Dream Life" (1972), a Québécois film, in French, directed by Mireille Dansereau, with Liliane Lemaitre and Véronique Le Flaguais; English subtitles. . . . June 11 at 5: "The Lady Eve" (1941), directed by Preston Sturges, with Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda, and Charles Coburn. . . . June 12 at noon: "Some American Feminists" (1978), a Québécois film, directed by Luce Guilbeault, Nicole Brossard, and Margot Wescott, interviews in English with Rita Mae Brown, Kate Millett, Betty Friedan, and others. . . . June 12 at 2:30: "Rejeanne Padovani." . . . June 12 at 6: "Little Boy" (1978), directed by Danny Lyon. . . . June 13 at noon: "Glimpses of China" (1974), a Québécois film, directed by Marcel Carrière, with views of Peking, Canton, Shanghai, and Shenyang. . . . June 13 at 2:30: "Arsenal" (1929), a Russian silent film, directed by Alexander Dovzhenki; Russian inter-titles. . . . June 13 at 8: "Some American Feminists." . . . June 15 at 2:30: "Night Cap" (1974), a Québécois film, in French, directed by An-

dré Forcier, no English titles; and "My Name Is Susan Yee" (1975), a Québécois film, in English, directed by Beverly Shaefer. . . . June 15 at 6: "Les Créoles" (1976), directed by Michel Brault and André Gladu, and "Ntési Nana Shepen: On Disait que C'était Notre Terre" (1976), directed by Arthur Lamothe, both Québécois documentary films, in French, with no English subtitles. . . . June 15 at 8:30: "C'était un Québécois en Bretagne, Madame!" (1976), directed by Pierre Perrault and Bernard Gosselin, and "Ma Chère Terre: Les Cajuns" (1976), directed by Michel Brault and André Gladu; both Québécois documentary films, in French, with no English subtitles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through June 11: "You Do the Crime You Do the Time" (1971-77), videotapes by Martine Barrat. Continuous showings Wednesday through Friday from three to 8:45 and Saturday and Sunday from noon to 5:45. . . . Starting June 13: "The Popovich Brothers of South Chicago" (1978), directed by Jill Godmillow. Showings Tuesday through Friday at 3, 4:30, 6, and 7:30 and Saturday and Sunday at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30. Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Mekas, Sharits, Garten, and others. Showings June 7 at 7:30; June 8-9 at 7 and 9; June 10 at 2:30, 7, and 9; June 11 at 8; and June 13-15 at 7 and 9.

FILM FORUM, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—June 8-11: "A Geisha" (1953), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi; English subtitles. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/5/78.) . . . Starting June 15: A program of six short films by Pat O'Neill. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350)—"Tomorrow" (1972), directed by Joseph Anthony, with Robert Duval and Olga Bellin. Showings Thursdays at 6:30 and 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10; Saturdays at 6, 8, and 10; and Sundays at 6 and 8.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD (1938)—One of the most popular of all adventure films—stirring for children and intensely nostalgic for adults. As Robin, Errol Flynn slings a deer across his shoulders with exuberant aplomb; he achieves a mixture of daring and self-mockery, like that of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., in the twenties. The film gives the legend a light, satirical edge: everyone is a bit too much of what he is. (The archetypal roles that the actors played here clung to their later performances.) With improbably pretty Olivia de Havilland as Maid Marian, Alan Hale as Little John, Ian Hunter as Richard the Lion-Hearted, Basil Rathbone and Claude Rains as the villains, and Herbert Mundin, Patric Knowles, Melville Cooper, Una O'Connor, Montague Love, and Robert Warwick. The story is clear, the color ravishing, the acting simple and crude. Erich Wolfgang Korngold did the marvelous score; the script is by Norman Reilly Raine and Seton I. Miller; the rousing, buoyant direction is credited to Michael Curtiz and William Keighley, the former having replaced the latter. (Thalia; June 11-12.)

AMERICAN GRAFFITI (1973)—The second feature film by the young George Lucas, about the teen-age world of 1962 in small-town northern California. We again inhabit the post-McCarthy, pre-Vietnam-protest land of drive-ins, old cars dangerously raced, Elvis haircuts, ritual necking. We live through a long night and dawn with the kids, but the next day comes up, and decisions have to be made about taking planes East to college and hiding homesickness. Flashy photography, perhaps more film knowledge than the film can use, but worth seeing. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . Festival; June 7. . . . St. Marks Cinema, Playboy, and Olympia; starting June 9.)

ANNIE HALL (1977)—Woody Allen's film is very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton, for whom Mr. Allen has writ-

ten a splendidly funny and loving part. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/25/77.) (Playboy, and Olympia; through June 8.)

ARSÈNE LUPIN (1932)—John Barrymore as a suave jewel thief who poses as a duke in Paris in order to fleece the rich; his techniques are unconvincingly easy—at one point he saunters out of the Louvre with the Mona Lisa tucked under his arm. Lionel Barrymore plays an agonized, limping detective on the thief's trail. The contrast should be more entertaining than it is; the movie isn't much fun. Directed by Jack Conway. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 9-10.)

THE BATTLE OF CHILE—A great three-hour-and-ten-minute documentary about the events leading to the fall of Allende; this cross-section view of a collapsing government is surely unprecedented—we actually see the country cracking open. The young director, Patricio Guzmán, and his team have put a strict Marxist vise on the material; the film is structured to demonstrate that workers have to be prepared to use force of arms to defend their legally won gains, and much of what is presented as fact is highly questionable. But as a piece of epic filmmaking it is superb, and the editing is so subtle and fluid that the second half has the effect of one long, continuous shot. (1/23/78) (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 11-12.)

BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE (1969)—A lively, unabashedly commercial American comedy on the subject of modern sexual mores—the first feature directed by Paul Mazursky. The period is late 1969, when the concept of legal marriage is being undermined and southern California middle-class people are culturally uneasy about clinging to something square, and personally tantalized by thoughts of the sex possibilities they're missing; swinging is in the air. The film contrasts the marriage of Robert Culp, as a documentary filmmaker, and his wife, Natalie Wood, with the mismatch of Dyan Cannon and her lawyer-husband, Elliott Gould—she's bored and he's bewildered. Mazursky and his co-writer, Larry Tucker, who served as producer, designed the

picture as a series of sketches, letting the rhythm of the actors' interplay develop as it does in satiric improvisational-revue theatre. Natalie Wood is the wrong kind of actress for this material; she's still doing what she was doing as a child—still telegraphing us that she's being cute—and when she tries hard she just becomes an agitated iron butterfly. But the scenes involving Gould and Cannon are small miracles of timing; Cannon (who looks a bit like Lauren Bacall and a bit like Jeanne Moreau, but the wrong bits) is also remarkably funny in her scenes with an analyst (played by the analyst Donald F. Muhich). You can feel something new in the comic spirit of this film—in the way Mazursky gets laughs by the rhythm of clichés, defenses, and little verbal aggressions. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 14.)

BONJOUR AMOUR—With Pascal Meynier and Guilhaine Dubos, directed by Roger Andrieux. In French. (Cinema II; starting June 11.)

THE BRIDE WORE BLACK (1968)—Truffaut's film in homage to Hitchcock, with Jeanne Moreau as the racked and elegant widow of a bridegroom shot on the steps of the church. Photographed by Raoul Coutard. The hero-worshipping of Hitchcock seems a bit wasteful, for Truffaut is the infinitely greater filmmaker, and imbues even this mechanical story with something finely detailed and lyric about love. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 15.)

CAPRICORN ONE—With Elliott Gould, James Brolin, Brenda Vaccaro, Sam Waterston, O. J. Simpson, and Hal Holbrook; directed by Peter Hyams. (Trans-Lux East, U.A. East, Waverly, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

CAT AND MOUSE—Lelouch at his most tricky and fake lyric, making a thriller with the inappropriately intelligent and beautiful Michèle Morgan as the wife of a film producer and high-rise builder. The plot involves rude and rich servants, an insurance man who turns up at a race track, and a charming, rotten detective, played by Serge Reggiani. His attempts at being keen-eyed are rather sloth-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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ful, for what he really wants to be is a novelist. The film is spoiled by a moony benevolence. In French. (5/22/78) (Cinema I.)

THE CHESS PLAYERS—The great Satyajit Ray making his first picture in Urdu (with some English) after a career of directing in Bengali. The hero is the king of the remaining portion of the princely state of Oudh, in 1856; he is a man given to ruling, but his crown was taken away from him in 1851 for the Great Exhibition and is now about to be taken away from him again by the British, represented by an intelligent-spoken British Resident, played by Richard Attenborough. Alongside this hapless battle goes a leisurely chess game played endlessly between two plump noblemen. They will play anywhere: in their regal rooms, in a mustard field, in a house offered by a little boy who has remained in a lonely town to see the British redcoats take over. The last twenty minutes of this magnificent film, which exactly catches the relationship between Indians and British, are piercing about the ends of things, about managing on less and less. (5/22/78) (Little Carnegie; June 7.... Festival; starting June 8.)

THE CLOCKMAKER (1976)—Bertrand Tavernier's remarkable first film, from a Simenon novel. Philippe Noiret plays—beyond praise—a clockmaker in Lyons. He speaks of the matters of life as meticulously as if he were inspecting them through his watchmaker's glass. It is therefore all the more terrible for him that his young grownup son has committed chaos by murdering a right-wing informant. His son is not even political-minded; he simply feels suffocated by the existing rules. A splendid, sober film. Among new directors, Tavernier is one of the best we have. In French. (8/9/76) (Cinema Village; June 14-15.)

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND—This celebration of the wonders up there in the skies is the best-humored of all technological-magical fantasies. It has visionary magic, along with a love of surprises and a skeptical, let's-try-it-on-spirit. Written and directed by Steven Spielberg. (11/28/77) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

COMING HOME—The time is 1968; the place is Los Angeles. Jane Fonda plays the proper, repressed wife of a hawkish Marine captain (Bruce Dern); after her husband leaves for Vietnam she volunteers for work in a veterans' hospital and meets a paraplegic (Jon Voight), who is in a rage of helplessness. Hal Ashby directed this intuitive yet amorphous movie, which falls apart when he resorts to melodramatic crosscutting. (2/20/78) (Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex.... 72nd Street East, and Trans-Lux 85th St.; through June 13.... Gramercy; starting June 14.)

CRÍA! (1977)—A moving Spanish film, set in Madrid, with Ana Torrent as a nine-year-old called Ana. She has the sort of gravity that only grownups with no memory call unchild-like. Her mother and her adult self are both played with great beauty by Geraldine Chaplin. Carlos Saura directed, and wrote the screenplay himself. Surrounded by deaths—of her mother, her father (discovered by her in bed with her mother's best friend), her guinea pig, the extinction that her paralyzed and mute beloved grandmother badly wishes for—the child has a delicate sense of play; there is a marvellous scene in which she and her sisters dress up and make up and talk as they imagine grownups do when alone together. In Spanish. (6/6/77) (St. Marks Cinema; through June 8.)

DAMIEN: OMEN II—With William Holden, Lee Grant, and Jonathan Scott-Taylor; directed by Don Taylor. (34th St. East, and Loews Ciné; starting June 9.)

DEAR DETECTIVE—Philippe de Broca's film, silly in the Comédie Française tradition of friskiness. Philippe Noiret plays an eager eater and oratorio singer; the admirable Annie Girardot is a detective who is made to scurry about endlessly and to ask men anxiously what they think of her hairdo. In French. (5/1/78) (Sutton.)

DERSU UZALA—A Soviet-Japanese co-production, directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Russian. (Quad Cinema; through June 13.)

A DIFFERENT STORY—With Perry King and Meg Foster, directed by Paul Aaron. (Baronet; starting June 14.)

DONA FLOR AND HER TWO HUSBANDS—Directed by Bruno Barreto. In Portuguese. (Paris.)

THE END—With Burt Reynolds, Dom DeLuise, and Sally Field; directed by Mr. Reynolds.

(Baronet; through June 13.... Trans-Lux 85th St., and Quad Cinema; starting June 14.)

FANTASIA (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (among them Stokowski, who did it voluntarily, and Stravinsky, who was brought in involuntarily), and the film—a grab bag of ambitious animated shorts—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. Disney's animators provided visual interpretations of Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D Minor (in Stokowski's transcription, which is a precursor of the musical processing in "2001") and of hyped-up excerpts from "The Nutcracker Suite," "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," "The Rite of Spring," the "Pastoral Symphony," "The Dance of the Hours," and "A Night on Bald Mountain" (which somehow leads into the "Ave Maria"). Volcanoes erupt and dinosaurs battle during "The Rite of Spring"; garlanded girl centaurs cavort during Beethoven's "Pastoral." Initially, the film was a box-office failure, but it proved successful in revivals, especially in the early seventies, when it became a popular head film because of such ingredients as the abstract first section, the mushroom dance during "The Nutcracker" (one of the liveliest sequences), and the overly bright—somewhat psychedelic—color. "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," featuring Mickey Mouse, and parts of other sequences are first-rate Disney, but the total effect is grotesquely kitschy. (Music Hall.)

A FAREWELL TO ARMS (1932)—The American lieutenant in this early version is played by Gary Cooper—the young Gary Cooper, before he became repulsively earnest and folksy—and he's the definitive Hemingway hero. Frank Borzage, who directed, has a feeling for the tenderness of young lovers and considerable skill, but the picture, which retains much of Hemingway's dialogue, while tidying up the plot and making it obvious, is rather small-scale, low-key, and unexciting. Part of the problem may be Helen Hayes as the English nurse. Even in 1932, she was already so damnably appealing—so wistful and whimsical and touchingly forlorn. It's strange that an actress with the endurance of an ox and probably with as much energy as Mickey Rooney should be so wan and so lacking in force. Rinaldi is played by Adolphe Menjou. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 13.)

F.I.S.T.—A long-winded film set between the thirties and the fifties, directed by Norman Jewison, about a fictional union called the Federation of Interstate Truckers, presumably based on the Teamsters. The man who rises to its head, called Johnny Kovak, is played by Sylvester Stallone, a sleepy presence with moments of primitive intensity. Any Hollywood film that takes us into the public domain is welcome, but this one seems unwittingly right-wing. (5/8/78) (Eastside Cinema, and 86th St. East.)

GREASER'S PALACE (1972)—Robert Downey wrote and directed this comic extravaganza, which is very, very slow and more humorous than exactly funny, with none of Downey's earlier cock-a-hoop, lazily satiric style. (Cinema Village; June 9-10.)

THE GREAT DICTATOR (1940)—Chaplin plays a small-time Jewish barber and doubles as a mock Hitler called Hynkel, dictator of Tomania, who argues with Napoleon, dictator of Bacteria. The notion of a 1940 farce about Hitler and anti-Semitism works out much less easily than it sounds. The famous sequence when Hynkel lies on his back and tosses around a balloon inscribed with a map of the world is a miracle of high-flying, mordant fun. But the last impassioned speech about peace and unity still wrecks everything that has gone before; Chaplin mawkish can always overrule Chaplin the innocent mime. (Quad Cinema; through June 8.)

THE GREEK TYCOON—An undisguised story about Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis and Aristotle Onassis, played in colossal dark glasses that make the stars—Jacqueline Bisset and Anthony Quinn—seem to represent people whose eyes are blinding headlights. The worst and most opportunist sort of fictional biography posing as fact. (5/29/78) (34th

St. East, and Loews Ciné; through June 8.)

HAIL THE CONQUERING HERO (1944)—If you've never seen one of Preston Sturges's classic comedies, you may not quite know what hit you. He uses verbal slapstick as well as visual slapstick, and his comic timing is so quickly effective that the dialogue keeps popping off like a string of firecrackers. In this satire on hero worship, patriotism, and mother love, Eddie Bracken, son of his town's biggest First World War hero, joins the Marines in the Second World War and is discharged for hay fever. Ashamed, he writes his mother that he's been sent overseas, and thinking he can never return home, tells his girl (Ella Raines) that he doesn't love her anymore. But one night he's out drinking with six Marines, and one of them, known as Bugsy, for good reason, tells him he should go home and see his beautiful mother; the sergeant agrees, and the upshot is that they drag him home, claiming that he's a war hero. The town goes mad. With Freddie Steele, once middleweight boxing champion of the world, as Bugsy, and William Demarest as a Marine sergeant. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 11-12.)

THE HARDER THEY COME (1973)—Jimmy Cliff, the reggae singer, has the verve of an instinctive actor. In this crude but sensual Jamaican film, he plays a country boy who wants to become a pop star and who achieves his ambition only by becoming a famous killer; he reaches the top of the hit-record charts when he's on the Most Wanted posters. The film, directed by Perry Henzell, is feverish and haphazard, but the music redeems much of it, and the rhythmic swing of the Jamaican speech is hypnotic. (Cinema Studio; starting June 9.)

HIGH ANXIETY—Mel Brooks' rehash of some of Hitchcock's most famous thriller effects. This is a child's idea of satire—imitations, with a funny hat and a leer. There isn't a whisper of suspense, and there are few earned laughs: all Brooks does is let us know he has seen some of the same movies we have. With Madeline Kahn, Cloris Leachman, Harvey Korman, and Ron Carey. (1/9/78) (Quad Cinema.)

HISTORY IS MADE AT NIGHT (1937)—The plot is so preposterously arbitrary that it's as if several scripts had been chopped up and stuck together, yet the director, Frank Borzage, plunges ahead until an ocean liner (with most of the cast aboard) crashes into an iceberg and brings the madness to a halt. Jean Arthur plays a woman in distress. Trying to escape from her rich, powerful, mad husband (Colin Clive), she meets a gallant gentleman (Charles Boyer), who turns out to be a head-waiter. The husband tries to frame the head-waiter for a crime he himself committed. Leo Carrillo and Ivan Lebedeff are also mixed up in this silly melodrama, which is so souped up with demonic passions and tender glances and elegant photography (by Gregg Toland) that it's really quite entertaining. (8th St. Playhouse; June 9-10.)

HOUSE CALLS—Walter Matthau and Glenda Jackson in a carefree pairing of splendid comic talents and of equally matched intelligences. Miss Jackson's first view of her future lover, a doctor, looking lugubrious in mustache and beard, is from a hospital bed; she's been clamped into a football-helmet sort of brace by a testily inept old doctor (Art Carney) to mend a broken jaw. (4/3/78) (68th St. Playhouse.... Gramercy; through June 13.)

IF EVER I SEE YOU AGAIN—With Joe Brooks, Shelley Hack, and Jimmy Breslin; directed by Mr. Brooks. (Loews Tower East.)

IF I HAD A MILLION (1932)—Perhaps the best of the American all-star episode films. The cast includes W. C. Fields, Alison Skipworth, Charles Laughton, Gary Cooper, Mary Boland, Jack Oakie, George Raft, and Wynne Gibson as the prostitute who, given a million dollars, goes to bed alone. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch, among others. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 15.)

JOSEPH ANDREWS—Tony Richardson, who made a fine and lively film of Fielding's "Tom Jones" fifteen years ago, has directed an equally spirited version of Fielding's "Joseph Andrews." Ann-Margret plays Lady Booby, a lascivious upstart whose dress and manner are copied by her splendidly slipshod maid, Mrs. Slipslop (Beryl Reid). John Gielgud plays a doctor, and Michael Hordern plays a parson. Everything is blithe, exact, and eager. (4/24/78) (Embassy 72nd St.)

JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG (1961)—Stanley Kramer's elaborately loaded courtroom drama, full of hocus-pocus and clarion calls to justice, with an impressively expensive all-star cast (Spencer Tracy, Richard Widmark, Burt Lancaster, Maximilian Schell, Judy Garland, Marlene Dietrich, Montgomery Clift, and so on.) (Regency; June 13-14.)

JULES AND JIM (1962)—François Truffaut's celebration of bohemian life in France and Germany in the years of artistic ferment between the First World War and the Second. The Austrian, Jules (Oskar Werner), and the Frenchman, Jim (Henri Serre)—the sort of young artists who grow up into something else—have a peaceful friendship. But when they are with Catherine (Jeanne Moreau), they feel alive; anything may happen. She's the catalyst, the troublemaker, the source of despair as well as the source of joy; an enchantress, she's also a fanatic, an absolutist, and a little crazy. Determined to live as fully as a man, she claims equality while using every feminine wile to increase her power position. She's the independent, intellectual modern woman satirized by Strindberg (who also adored her). Catherine marries Jules, who can't hold her, and, in despair, he encourages Jim's interest in her—"That way she'll still be *ours*." She insists on her freedom to leave men, but if they leave her (as Jim does), she is as devastated and as helpless as any clinging vine (perhaps *more* devastated—she can't even ask for sympathy). Elliptical, full of wit and radiance, this is the best movie ever made about what most of us think of as the Scott Fitzgerald period (though the film begins much earlier); Truffaut doesn't linger—nothing is held too long, nothing is overstated, or even *stated*. He explores the medium and plays with it. He overlaps scenes; uses fast cutting, in the manner of "Breathless," and leaping continuity, in the manner of "Zero for Conduct," changes the size and shape of the images, as Griffith did; pauses for Jeanne Moreau to sing a song (Boris Bassiak's "Le Tourbillon"). Throughout, Georges Delerue's music is part of the atmosphere. Adapted from Henri-Pierre Roché's autobiographical novel; with Marie Dubois as Thérèse. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 15.)

THE LAST WALTZ—Martin Scorsese's film commemorating a performance by the rock-and-roll group named The Band. Scorsese has proved himself a most interesting director, but this movie is a failed exercise in melancholy over times past. The sound system itself is an overloud nightmare. (5/17/78) (Ziegfeld.)

LET JOY REIGN SUPREME—Bertrand Tavernier's sage reconstruction of the year 1719 in France, when the Duc d'Orléans (Philippe Noiret) was running the land as regent for the sickly little boy who was to survive—to everyone's surprise, and in the face of many hopes—to become Louis XV. Tavernier shows us the luxe, the muddle, the cruelty of the time, with many scenes full of wit, and one sequence that points straight ahead to the Revolution. Highly knowledgeable and intelligent, with a low voice about dreams of power that rings in one's ears long afterward. In French. (9/19/77) (Cinema Village; June 14-15.)

LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL (1973)—A documentary film about the fifties, and so, perhaps, not about the best of times. The film dwells on musicians, mostly. It would have been better if there were more real footage of the period and less about where-are-their-waistlines-now. (Olympia; starting June 9.)

A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC—You know what you're in for near the beginning, when the hero (Len Cariou) is greeted with "Good afternoon, Lawyer Eggerman." This film is a cut above "Song of Norway" and "The Blue Bird," but it's in that general sylvan-settings category. It's an adaptation of the Broadway show, which was a reworking, with music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim and a book by Hugh Wheeler, of Ingmar Bergman's "Smiles of a Summer Night." What was lyrical farce in the Bergman film has now become clodhopping operetta. This picture has been made as if the director (Harold Prince) had never *seen* a movie. With Diana Rigg and Lesley-Anne Down, who manage to get a performance rhythm going in some of their scenes, and with Elizabeth Taylor. (3/20/78) (Cinema Village; June 11-12.)

LOOKING FOR MR. GOODBAR—Diane Keaton as Theresa Dunn, the teacher who cruises singles bars and is murdered by a man she picks up. Richard Brooks, who adapted the novel by Judith Rossner and directed, has laid a windy

jeremiad about our permissive society on top of fractured film syntax. With Tuesday Weld, Alan Feinstein, Richard Gere, and Richard Kiley. (10/24/77) (New Yorker.)

LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON (1957)—Wide-eyed Audrey Hepburn as the Parisian schoolgirl whom Elisabeth Bergner played in "Ariane." A student of the cello, this Ariane falls in love with an aging American roué ensconced in the Paris Ritz—Gary Cooper, looking as if he knows how unappealing he is in the role. The director, Billy Wilder, and his co-scenarist, I. A. L. Diamond, have made her the daughter of a detective (Maurice Chevalier), who is then hired by Cooper to investigate her. It's all meant to be airy and bubbly, but it's obvious, overextended (two hours plus), and overproduced. It was shot in France, and much of it is location work, but the art director, Alexander Trauner, built the first floor of the Paris Conservatoire in a studio, as well as the second floor of the Ritz full-scale, with actual, operating elevators. For the performance of "Tristan and Isolde," Wilder engaged nine hundred and sixty extras in full evening dress. At the end, there's a fine view of a smoking, chugging locomotive in a splendid, vaulted railroad station—and for a moment one wonders if this, too, is a set. (8th St. Playhouse; June 11-12.)

MADAME ROSA—Simone Signoret giving a magnificent performance as a Jewish ex-whore of the Belleville *quartier* of Paris. Now too old and puffy to practice her job, she makes a meagre living by taking in the abandoned children of younger prostitutes. Her favorite foster child is the offspring of an Arab father, and she has faithfully brought the boy up as an Arab. The film was directed by Moshe Mizrahi, himself a Jew, who was brought up in Alexandria. A firm, astute picture. In French. (3/27/78) (Plaza.)

THE MAN WHO LOVED WOMEN—The dedicated skirt-chaser of Truffaut's film is meant to be irresistibly charming, but his compulsion looks to be about as exciting as building a two-foot replica of the Pentagon with toothpicks. In its gross flippancy, this film resembles Truffaut's "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me"—it may be even worse, because of the mixture of evasiveness and obviousness. With Charles Denner, Nelly Borgeaud, Brigitte Fossey, and Leslie Caron. In French. (12/5/77) (Art.)

MARRY ME! MARRY ME! (1969)—Claude Berri's sweet-natured film about pressures on a French boy to get married into a family that is a cut above him—a tribe of Belgian diamond merchants. Made with great care and sense of detail. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; June 11-12.)

THE NORTH STAR (1943)—Samuel Goldwyn produced this Second World War atrocity in his typical, shiny prestige format. Anne Baxter, Farley Granger, Walter Huston, Dana Andrews, Ann Harding, Walter Brennan, and Jane Withers are Russians living in a village that fights back against its German invaders. Lillian Hellman wrote the script, Aaron Copland wrote the music, James Wong Howe did the careful, studio-ish cinematography, and Lewis Milestone, who had made his reputation with "All Quiet on the Western Front"—which was about the humanity of the young German soldiers who proudly went off to die in the First World War—disgraced himself by directing this slick piece of propaganda, which dehumanizes the Germans and, in the process, romanticizes the Russians so foully that they're turned into Andy Hardy's neighbors. Among the stock characters are Erich von Stroheim, Dean Jagger, Martin Kosleck, Tonio Selwart, Esther Dale, Paul Guilfoyle, and Carl Benton Reid. The film was doctored to change its political slant and reissued under the title "Armored Attack"; the version showing here is the original. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 13.)

NUNZIO—With David Proval, directed by Paul Williams. (Cinema II; through June 10.)

PALM BEACH STORY (1942)—One of the giddiest and most chaotic of Preston Sturges's satiric orgies. The romantic problems of the leads (Joel McCrea and Claudette Colbert) get shoved aside by the secondary characters. Colbert, travelling by train, becomes involved with a bunch of drunken millionaires—members of the "Ale and Quail Club," on board with their hounds and guns—who stage an informal skeet shoot in the club car and demolish the glassware. Sturges's comic invention soars, but the picture is too wild to be sustained; still, it's a joy, despite the lulls of waggish humor. With Mary Astor, Rudy Vallée, and the Sturges stock company, including William Demarest, Franklin Pang-

born, and Jimmy Conlin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 11-12.)

PIROSMANI—A splendid and innovative work of poetic biography about a Georgian primitive painter (1862-1918). The director is Georgi Shengelaya, who understands an unusual amount of the creative process, and who has managed to make a film about an unorthodox person in Russia in these orthodox days. The film looks like a series of photographic plates, because it holds so still on pictures of picnics, peasant women with hands folded on their laps, and so on. Pirosmani makes his living by staying at inns and taverns and selling his paintings. The earnings are eaten up by the sheer act of his way of life. He is eventually locked up at Easter by well-wishers to paint and paint. The results are extraordinary: "Christ is risen!" cry the Russians. This is one of the most truly Slav and tranquil pictures to have come out of Russia for many a year. In Russian. (6/5/78) (Cinema Studio; through June 8.)

A PLACE IN THE SUN (1951)—This George Stevens version of Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," adapted by Michael Wilson and Harry Brown, features Elizabeth Taylor—in one of her most sensitive (yet steamy) performances—as the rich girl whom a poor, rather weak young man (Montgomery Clift) is drawn to. The film is mannered enough for a gothic murder mystery, while its sleek capitalists and oppressed workers seem to come out of a Depression cartoon: the effect is to turn a basically simple story into something portentous, pre-interpreted, and "deep." The film is very famous, though. Shelley Winters plays the girl Clift jilts (a role more memorably played by Sylvia Sidney in von Sternberg's thirties version). With Raymond Burr, Fred Clark, Keefe Brasselle, Shepperd Strudwick, and Ted de Corsia. (Regency; starting June 15.)

PRAYDA (1970)—Jean-Luc Godard shot this film in 16-mm. in Czechoslovakia after the Russian occupation. Image is pitched directly against sound, and fictional narrative is thrown out altogether. The gist of the dialogue is an attack on the Russians for invading Czechoslovakia and an attack on the Czechs for wanting bourgeois pleasures. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 14.)

PRETTY BABY—Louis Malle's beautifully intelligent picture is set in a brothel in Storyville, New Orleans, in 1917. The notorious red-light district is about to be shut down. An exquisite little girl of twelve (Brooke Shields), first shown upstairs in the room where she was born to her prostitute mother (Susan Sarandon), has her virginity auctioned off to the rich clientele. The photographer-hero is based on the legendary E. J. Bellocq (Keith Carradine). Malle's cinematographer is the incomparable Sven Nykvist. (4/10/78) (Coronet.)

PROVIDENCE (1977)—Alain Resnais's intricately planned Freudian-puzzle movie, mostly set inside the mind of a dying writer (John Gielgud). Alone at night, in pain, he drunkenly plots a novel about the members of his family (Dirk Bogarde, Ellen Burstyn, David Warner, Elaine Stritch). The movie is peculiarly fastidious and static; you feel as if it were going to dry up and blow away. With a longer death scene than Camille's, Gielgud is the only one who looks alive. David Mercer wrote the script. (1/31/77) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 9.)

THE PUNK ROCK MOVIE—A documentary of the punk-rock groups. (Quad Cinema; starting June 9.)

ROBIN AND MARIAN (1976)—Sean Connery and Audrey Hepburn are wittily matched, and their dark-brown eyes are full of life, but the picture's revisionist approach to legends results in a series of trivializing attitudes and whimsical poses. As the Sheriff of Nottingham, Robert Shaw makes speeches about Robin Hood's death fixation, and Marian poisons herself and Robin because he's a fool who lives to fight. The line between tragic horror and joking make-believe has got smudged; the film is so sententious that it's difficult to gauge when to laugh and when to be appalled. Richard Lester directed, from James Goldman's script; with Nicol Williamson and Richard Harris. (Thalia; June 11-12.)

SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER—How the financially pinched seventies generation that grew up on TV attempts to find its own forms of beauty and release. John Travolta plays Tony, a nineteen-year-old Italian Catholic who works selling paint in a hardware store in Brooklyn's Bay Ridge; on Saturday nights, he's off to the local disco dream palace, where he's the champion dancer. It's Tony's pent-up

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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physicality—his needing to dance, his becoming himself only when he dances—that draws us into the pop rapture of this film. The mood, the beat, and the trance rhythm are so purely entertaining, and Travolta is such an original presence, that a viewer spins past the crudeness in the script (by Norman Wexler). With Karen Lynn Gorney; directed by John Badham. (12/26/77) (D. W. Griffith, and New Yorker.)

THE SAVAGE IS LOOSE (1974)—George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, and John David Carson, as their son, are shipwrecked on a jungle island, and so is the audience. Agonizing. Scott directed. (59th St. East.)

THE SEARCH (1948)—Both Marlon Brando and Montgomery Clift made their screen debuts with the director Fred Zinnemann—Brando in "The Men" (1950) and Clift in this film, which was made in a quasi-documentary style (using actors as if they were documentary subjects and mixing them in with non-professionals) in a Zurich studio and in the U.N.N.R.A. camps in the U.S. Occupied Zone of Germany. It's about the terrors of the refugee children of the Second World War. A group of them panic when they're being put in a Red Cross ambulance, because they think they're being tricked into a motorized gas chamber, and a wild, inarticulate little boy (played by nine-year-old Ivan Jandl, from Prague) runs away. Clift plays an American soldier who finds the boy, takes him in, gradually wins his trust, and restores him to speech. Clift's gestures and vocal rhythms and his emotional rapport with the child are different from the acting that moviegoers had been familiar with; he's intensely engaging in a new stylized, yet realistic, way. The movie crosscuts between what is happening to the boy and scenes of his desperate, persistent Czech mother (played by singer Jarmila Novotna), who is trudging from camp to camp in search of him. The emotion gets to viewers, even though the manipulated suspense and the sentimental softening prevent the film from doing anything like justice to its subject. As an U.N.N.R.A. worker, Aline MacMahon radiates motherly warmth; with Wendell Corey. Zinnemann had been working in Hollywood since 1930, but many people who saw this film thought him a brilliant new European director, and his reputation was made. (Regency; starting June 15.)

SERVANT AND MISTRESS—With Victor Lanoux and Andrea Ferreol, directed by Bruno Gentillon. In French. (Columbia II.)

SMILES OF A SUMMER NIGHT (1955)—Ingmar Bergman achieves one of the few classics of carnal comedy: a tragicomic chase and roundelay that raises boudoir farce to elegance and lyric poetry. This film is the culmination of Bergman's "rose" style; as writer and director, he ties up his persistent, early battle-of-the-sexes themes in an intricate plot structure, and in this fin-de-siècle houseparty setting, with its soft light, its delicate, perfumed atmosphere, its golden pavilion, the women are all beautiful and his epigrams shine. The film becomes an elegy to transient love; a gust of wind, and the whole vision may drift away. As the hostess, the stage actress trying to win back the lawyer she loves, there is the great Eva Dahlbeck (in one inspired, suspended moment she sings "Freut Euch des Lebens"). Ulla Jacobsson is the lawyer's virgin wife; Harriet Andersson, a blonde here but as opulent and sensuous as in her earlier roles, is the impudent, love-loving maid; Margit Carlquist is the proud, unhappy Countess. Gunnar Björnstrand is the lawyer, Björn Bjelvenstam is his son, Jarl Kulle is the strutting count, and Naima Wifstrand is the actress's aged mother, who is carried about for her game of croquet. (Used as the basis of the American stage and screen musical "A Little Night Music.") In Swedish. (Cinema Village; June 11-12.)

TALES OF MANHATTAN (1942)—This five-episode film was planned by its producers, Boris Morros and S. P. Eagle (known now as Sam Spiegel), as a flamboyant, star-filled, gimmicky package. Ten top screenwriters, including Ben Hecht, Donald Ogden Stewart, and Ferenc Molnár concocted this script (which resembles a series of O. Henry rejects), and the performers who were hired include Charles Boyer, Henry Fonda, Paul Robeson, Rita Hayworth, Edward G. Robinson, Ginger Rogers, Charles Laughton, Ethel Waters, Roland Young, Thomas Mitchell, James Gleason, Cesar Romero, and the Hall

Johnson Choir. The story is about the jacket of a full-dress suit; as this tailcoat, cursed by its cutter, passes from one owner to the next, it changes the luck of those who handle it. One director, Julien Duvivier, wrestled with the hyperactive, overextended vignettes, bringing the film a gaudy unity, but not a single episode is convincing on any level. The Edward G. Robinson portion has, at least, a little suspense; in competition for the most embarrassing section are the ones with Laughton as a symphony conductor and a miracle featuring Robeson and Waters. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 15.)

THANK GOD IT'S FRIDAY—With Donna Summer and Hilary Beane, directed by Robert Klane. (Bay Cinema, and Loews Orpheum.)

THE TURNING POINT—A backstage-ballet milieu, with Anne Bancroft as a gallant, aging ballerina and Shirley MacLaine as her friend and rival, who quit to raise a family. The script is by Arthur Laurents, who writes sodden expository dialogue in which these two are forever revealing truths to each other. We get a glimpse of something great in the movie—Mikhail Baryshnikov dancing—and these two harpies out of the soaps block the view. Herbert Ross directed, unassertively and unexcitedly. With Leslie Browne, Tom Skerritt, Alexandra Danilova, Anthony Zerbe, and Martha Scott, and Suzanne Farrell, Peter Martins, and other dancers. (11/21/77) (Guild.)

AN UNMARRIED WOMAN—Paul Mazursky wrote and directed this buoyant, enormously friendly comedy about Erica (Jill Clayburgh) and her attempt to get back into "the stream of life" after her marriage of sixteen years breaks up. It's a tenderhearted feminist picture. With Michael Murphy, Lisa Lucas, Pat Quinn, Kelly Bishop, Linda Miller, Cliff Gorman, Mazursky himself, as Hal, and Alan Bates, whose fine comic, expansive performance as Saul Kaplan, a famous painter, overpowers the movie. (3/6/78) (Murray Hill, Beckman, Cinema 3, and Paramount.)

VIVACIOUS LADY (1938)—A good-natured, unpretentiously entertaining comedy, with Ginger Rogers (supremely likable here) as a nightclub singer who marries an assistant professor of biology (James Stewart). The movie is about the collision of cultures. When the newlyweds arrive at his college town—Old Sharon—they discuss the problem of breaking the news to his parents (Beulah Bondi and Charles Coburn), and Ginger finds the perfect solution. "You go tell them how wonderful I am," she says, "and I'll come over later." George Stevens directed in a relaxed style that derives from his early work with Laurel and Hardy, and he coached Ginger Rogers to do some of Stan Laurel's routines. The cast (which includes James Ellison, Grady Sutton, Franklin Pangborn, Jack Carson, Willie Best, and Maude Eburne) all seem to be having a good time. P. J. Wolfson and Ernest Pagano did the script, based on I. A. R. Wylie's story. (8th St. Playhouse; starting June 15.)

WEEKEND (1968)—Only the title of this Jean-Luc Godard film is casual and innocent. It's an extraordinary poetic satire, a mystical movie comparable to Bergman's "The Seventh Seal" and "Shame" and Ichikawa's "Fires on the Plain" and passages of Akira Kurosawa, yet we are hardly aware of the magnitude of the writer-director's conception until after we are caught up in the comedy of horror, which keeps going further and further and becoming more nearly inescapable, like "Journey to the End of the Night." Godard has a gift for making the contemporary satiric and fantastic. He begins with just a slight stylization of civilized living now—the people are more adulterous, more nakedly mercenary, touchier. They have weapons, and use them at the slightest provocation, and it seems perfectly logical that they should get into their cars and bang into one another and start piling up on the roads. The traffic jam is a prelude to highways littered with burning cars and corpses. As long as Godard stays with cars as the symbol of bourgeois materialism, the barbarity of these bourgeois—

their greed, and the self-love they project onto their possessions—is exact and funny. The picture goes much further—sometimes majestically, sometimes with surreal details that suggest an affinity between Godard and Buñuel, sometimes with methods and ideas that miss. There are extraordinary passages, such as a bourgeois wife's erotic confession and a long, virtuoso sequence of tracking shots of cars stalled on the highway and the activities of the motorists, with the car horns sounding triumphantly, like trumpets in Purcell. Though deeply flawed, this film has greater depth than any of Godard's earlier work. It is his vision of Hell, and it ranks with the greatest. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 14.)

WHERE'S POPPA? (1970)—Two New York brothers (George Segal and Ron Leibman) who have promised their dying father they won't put their mother (Ruth Gordon) in a home for the aged are stuck with a demanding senile psychopath. Segal, the unmarried son who lives with her, is in an agony of sexual frustration and walks in a stooped position under his Oedipal load. This Freudian farce was adapted by Robert Klane from his own novel and directed by Carl Reiner. It's full of hip energy and talent, and it's intermittently very funny, though it goes any which way for a gag. The skits tend to fall apart for want of aim, and the unlimited, omnidestructive satirical humor doesn't leave us anything to hold on to—there's nothing for our laughs to bounce off. The high point is perhaps the quietest moment: when Segal, in a near trance of romantic longing, sings "Louise" to the charmingly comic ingenue, Trish Van Devere. With Vincent Gardenia, Paul Sorvino, Rae Allen, Garrett Morris, Rob Reiner, and Barnard Hughes. (Olympia; through June 8. . . .) (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 15.)

WILD BOYS OF THE ROAD (1933)—The freight-hopping excerpt, which has become a standard of anthology films, gives the impression of a very powerful Depression melodrama, but there's a load of sentimentality, too. William Wellman directed; with Frankie Darro, Rochelle Hudson, Arthur Hohl, Sterling Holloway, Robert Barrat, Minna Gombell, Ward Bond, and Willard Robertson. (Thalia; June 14-15.)

WILD STRAWBERRIES (1957)—Ingmar Bergman's first big popular success in this country. It's a very uneven film: an eminent physician (Victor Sjöström) looks back over his life, which is tricked up with gothic effects and contrasts (there are resemblances to passages in "Dead of Night" and Dreyer's "Vampyr") and with peculiarly unconvincing flashbacks and over-explicit dialogue. It's a very lumpy odyssey, yet who can ever forget Victor Sjöström's face, or the vicious, bickering couple who rasp at each other in the back seat of a car, or the large-scale mask of the beautiful Ingrid Thulin as the physician's unhappy daughter-in-law? Few movies give us such memorable, emotion-charged images. One can try to forget the irritations: the incredibly callow representatives of youth, the "cold" rigid son (Gunnar Björnstrand), the disappointingly vacuous parts assigned Bibi Andersson as the two Saras, the expendable role of Naima Wifstrand as the ancient mother. With Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom, and other Bergman regulars. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 9.)

A WOMAN AT HER WINDOW—With Romy Schneider, Philippe Noiret, Victor Lanoux, and Umberto Orsini; directed by Pierre Granier-Deferre. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Little Carnegie; starting June 8.)

A WOMAN OF PARIS (1923)—Chaplin's legendary "serious" film, written and directed by him, with a spot appearance by him as a porter. It has all his wit and none of his whimsy. Edna Purviance plays a French countrywoman parted by disapproving parents from her love (a glazed-eyed, very silent-film figure played by Carl Miller). She goes to Paris and gets involved with a handsome dandy (Adolphe Menjou). The film has a sense of comedy that is debonair, elegant, bitterly close to truth. Chaplin withdrew it from circulation in the late twenties, and restored it to us—with a new musical score, composed by himself—only in 1976. (4/17/78) (Quad Cinema; through June 8.)

YELLOW SUBMARINE (1968)—Pop heroes (cartoon versions of the Beatles) in a carefree, inventive Pop Art animated feature. (Cinema Studio; starting June 9.)

It's only natural to want to fill your suitcase with this spectacular liqueur, but think of the Romans.

Without Sambuca Romana what will they drink before and after lunch and dinner, late into the afternoon and night? What will they put in their espresso?

So restrain yourself.



Take a bottle if you must, but remember, it's available right here. Imported directly from Rome. The very same Sambuca Romana.

So no one ever has to go without it.

Enjoy Sambuca Romana in 58 spectacular recipes. Write Palmer & Lord, Ltd., Syosset, N.Y. 11791. 84 Pf.

The taste of Sambuca Romana. Don't leave Rome without it.



Roman Snowball.
Shaved ice.
1 oz. Sambuca Romana

Sambuca Romana
The Sambuca of Rome

One country is worth a thousand beaches.

The beaches of Jamaica are as sunny and sandy, with as much clear, blue water, as any in the Caribbean. But what makes our beaches special is the 4,411-square-mile country they're part of.

After you've seen our beaches, there's a whole country waiting for you.

Jamaica is a country with mountains that tower above the clouds and waterfalls that tumble to the sea.

There's an Ugly River that's really quite pretty and a Dry River that's really wet. But there's also a Rio Grande that really is grand for floating lazily down on a bamboo raft. While your raftsmen tell you how these rafts were originally designed for taking bananas to market. And how, in 1937, Errol Flynn decided it was too good a trip to waste on a bunch of bananas.

A country of new sights, sounds, and tastes.

In Jamaica, your senses will dis-

cover unexpected experiences in equally unexpected places. Music and dancing on our beaches and in our museums. Art in our restaurants. Sculpture in our hotels. And, on the banks of our Great River, feasts of ackee (our national fruit that looks and tastes like scrambled eggs), cho-cho (a green, squash-like vegetable), calalu, rice and peas, jerk pork, and other foods you'll be sorry you never tasted before.

A country we'd like to share with you.

There's one other thing Jamaica offers that no place else in the Caribbean can: the Jamaican people. Say "Good morning. How are you?" and they'll open up like our Seaside Morning Glories at sunrise. Ask for directions, and they'll tell you not only how to get there, but all about what to see and do along the way.

We'd like to invite you to our country at a particularly inviting time of year: This summer, when our

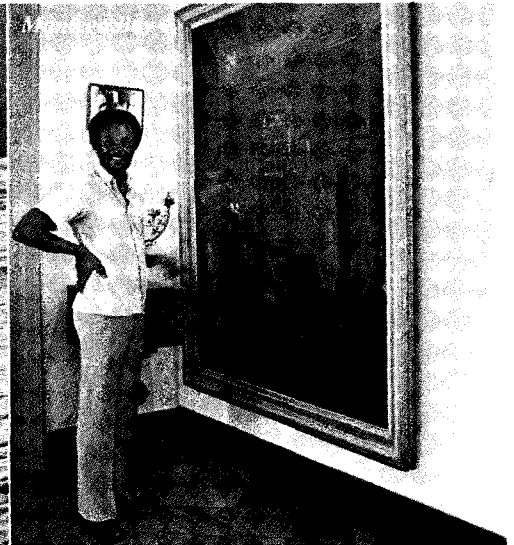
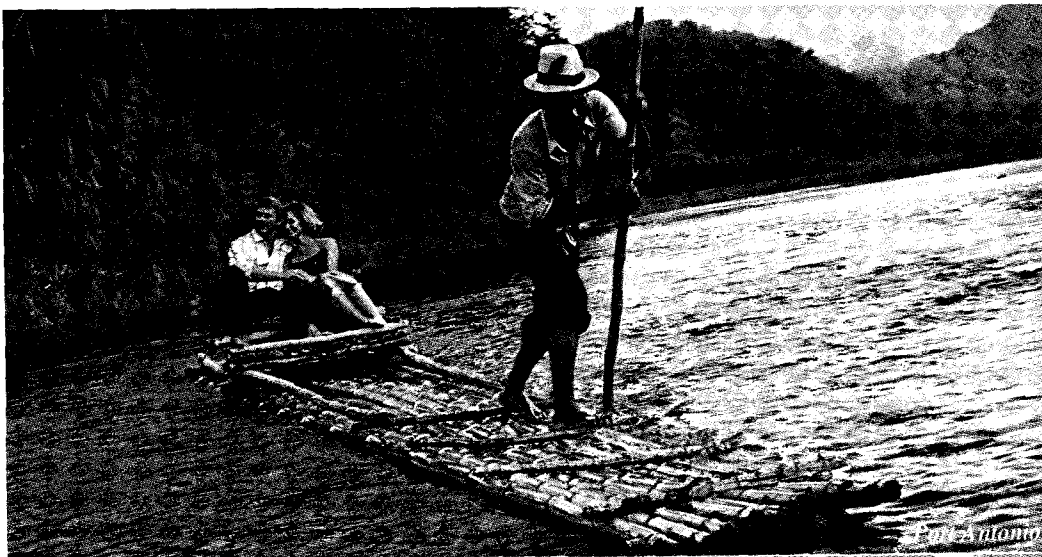
average temperatures are in the low 80's. And our air fares, hotel, villa, and inn rates, and package tour prices are also surprisingly low.

Contact your Travel Agent or the Jamaica Tourist Board in New York, Chicago, Miami, or Los Angeles.

We'll give you more than a beach to enjoy. We'll give you an entire country.



**We're more than a beach.
We're a country.**





THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have received a letter from a friend who lives in England and who visited Moscow earlier this spring. He writes:

Alexander Podrabinek is a young man of almost incomprehensible bravery. His brother Kyril is, if anything, braver still. Alexander is twenty-four. He is a slim, short man with an olive complexion, clear brown eyes, neatly trimmed brown hair, and a crisply curling brown beard. Until recently, he worked as a medical assistant in a unit for emergency resuscitation in a Moscow hospital. He was arrested last month, the night before the beginning of the four-day trial of the physicist and human-rights activist Yuri Orlov. Kyril Podrabinek is a year older than his brother, and was a guard at a railway crossing in a distant suburb of Moscow until his arrest, last December 29th. The Podrabineks, as a consequence of their own deliberate ethical choices, are figures ("victims" is far too narrow and passive a word) in the repression of dissent—repression that has been rising again in the Soviet Union in the past eighteen months.

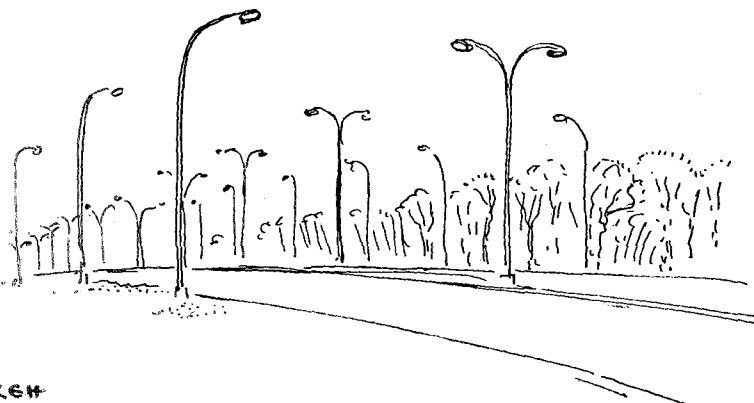
Orlov, as you know, has just been tried, convicted, and sentenced to seven years in a forced-labor camp, to be followed by five years of exile in some distant part of the country, on the charge of anti-Soviet agitation and distributing propaganda with the purpose of subverting the regime. (The particular article under which he was tried was the toughest of this sort in the Soviet criminal code, and the sentence he got was the maximum in that article.) The charge arose because, on August 1, 1975, the Soviet Union, along with the United States and thirty-three

other nations, signed the Final Act of the Helsinki Conference on Security and Coöperation in Europe, and thus committed itself not only to certain measures having to do with security, disarmament, and trade but also to the observance of certain fundamental human rights. The human rights, like the security clauses, were narrowly defined. After reading the Helsinki agreement and discussing it with friends, Orlov, in mid-May of 1976, took the lead in forming a Helsinki Watch Group, to investigate and report on how well his government lived up to those guarantees of human rights. The Watch Group was unofficial but clearly permissible—was even called for by the Helsinki Final Act. Orlov's example led to the formation of other such groups, in Georgia, the Ukraine, and elsewhere.

One great outrage, in Orlov's view, was the use of Soviet psychiatric hospitals, with the connivance of Soviet psychiatrists, for the locking up of political dissidents as madmen. That's where Alexander Podrabinek came in. In January of 1977, Podrabinek formed, as an offshoot of the Helsinki Watch Group, a Working Commission to Investigate the Misuse of Psychiatry for Political Purposes. With several friends, he compiled a series of regular reports of documented cases of psychiatric abuses. These reports—like the reports of the Helsinki Watch Group itself—reached the West, though some-

times only after long delays. They formed the basis for protests by Western psychiatrists, and their professional associations, to their Soviet colleagues. It's hard to tell how much good that has done—yet all Soviet dissidents, whether they are still in the Soviet Union or have been allowed (or forced) to emigrate, will say that responsiveness to their cases by people in the West is their only shield.

In the first months of 1977, Orlov and a number of other members of the Helsinki Watch Group in Moscow were arrested, and so were members of the groups in Georgia and the Ukraine. Twenty-three members of Helsinki Watch Groups in the Soviet Union have been arrested so far. Now the membership of the Moscow group is six, though it was nearly a dozen at first. Among the members of the Moscow group who were arrested early in 1977 were Alexander Ginzburg, who, like Orlov, was charged with spreading anti-Soviet propaganda, and Anatoly Shcharansky. Of these, only Orlov has been tried as yet, though similar trials have been going on in the provinces. The trials of these men will be watched with grave anxiety—especially that of Shcharansky, whose case is more serious, for several reasons. First of all, Shcharansky is a Jew, who had applied in 1973 for an exit visa to emigrate to Israel. The visa was refused Shcharansky, who by profession is a computer scientist, because of his "secret place of study." (He had attended the Moscow Institute of Applied Physics.) Shcharansky was fired from his job. He then became active in the human-rights movement. The right to emigrate, at least for the purpose of reuniting split families, is firmly declared in the Helsinki agreement. Shcharansky joined the



Helsinki Watch Group at the start—and thus was one of the few persons at that time in whom the dissident human-rights movement intersected the movement that consists of Jews and a few others who want not to change things at home but simply to get out. Shcharansky thus represents a potential convergence of opposition—though, once again, it must be emphasized that neither of these movements is large. Moreover, the charge against Shcharansky, though it has not yet been officially announced, appears to be treason. He has been accused in the Soviet press of having been a spy for the United States. President Carter himself has flatly denied it, and this adds the element of direct Soviet-American confrontation to the Shcharansky case.

Last fall, the secret police searched Kyril Podrabinek's apartment. Four days later, they came back and searched it again. Then they arrested him, and asserted that they had found concealed

in his apartment arms and ammunition—the arms being a scuba diver's underwater gun, and the ammunition a cartridge that didn't fit it. Then, Alexander Podrabinek told me in March, the K.G.B. offered the brothers a deal. They happen to be Jews, but they have never requested permission to emigrate and have no wish to. The brothers were told that if they and their father (their mother is dead) would apply to leave for Israel, the charge against Kyril would be dropped and they would be given exit visas at once—documents for which Shcharansky and some other Jews have been waiting years. But all three members of the family had to leave together.

I asked Alexander why he did not want to go. "I can give you the answer I gave to them," he said. "I explained, 'All my contact is with this country; it is my motherland; it will be very hard to live without this country. And I consider myself a man who fights

for human rights. In such a difficult situation, I have no right to escape. I would consider myself a coward. There are people here I can help.'"

Last March 14th, Kyril Podrabinek was tried in a court in the suburb where he lived. The trial lasted a day. His friends were told that the courtroom was full—for it had been packed by the prosecution to keep friends out, just as happened last month in Moscow with the Orlov trial. Alexander Podrabinek got in, however, because he was a defense witness. The case against his brother, he told me, was so flimsy—no fingerprints were on the scuba-diving gun, for example—that the defense lawyer appointed by the court asked for a complete acquittal. This, he said, is a rare event in Soviet courts. Kyril was nevertheless convicted, and sentenced to two and a half years in a forced-labor camp. Because of the nature of the charge, the sentence will be served in a camp not for political prisoners but for ordinary criminals; and there Kyril—a small man, a Jew, and a political case, even though he was not politically active—may well be treated brutally both by the authorities and by the other prisoners.

Alexander Podrabinek said, "I told my brother, 'If you want me to emigrate with you and our father, I will go.' And Kyril answered, 'No. That is not your will.' He would not press me to change—to act against my will."

Staten Island Boys

THE David Johansen Group is the first all Staten Island rock band to have a record placed on the charts, and it appears that David Johansen, of West Brighton, Staten Island (though he now lives in downtown Manhattan), is the borough's first major rock star. The David Johansen Group will soon embark on its first national tour, and, a few days before flying off, its members planned an afternoon joyride around their native borough. We arranged to take the ferry across to Staten Island with David Johansen at three o'clock on the appointed day, and he arrived at South Ferry barely in time to make it. A young man of twenty-five with a high forehead and what we took to be a habitually cheeky expression, he was dressed in a black leather jacket, jeans, and black boots. "Gee, I'm sorry I'm late," he said as we both rushed through the turnstiles. We climbed up to the exposed bridge deck and stood by the starboard rail. "I was on the phone with my mother, gather-



"And what I said about Carter goes double for Gerald Rafshoon!"

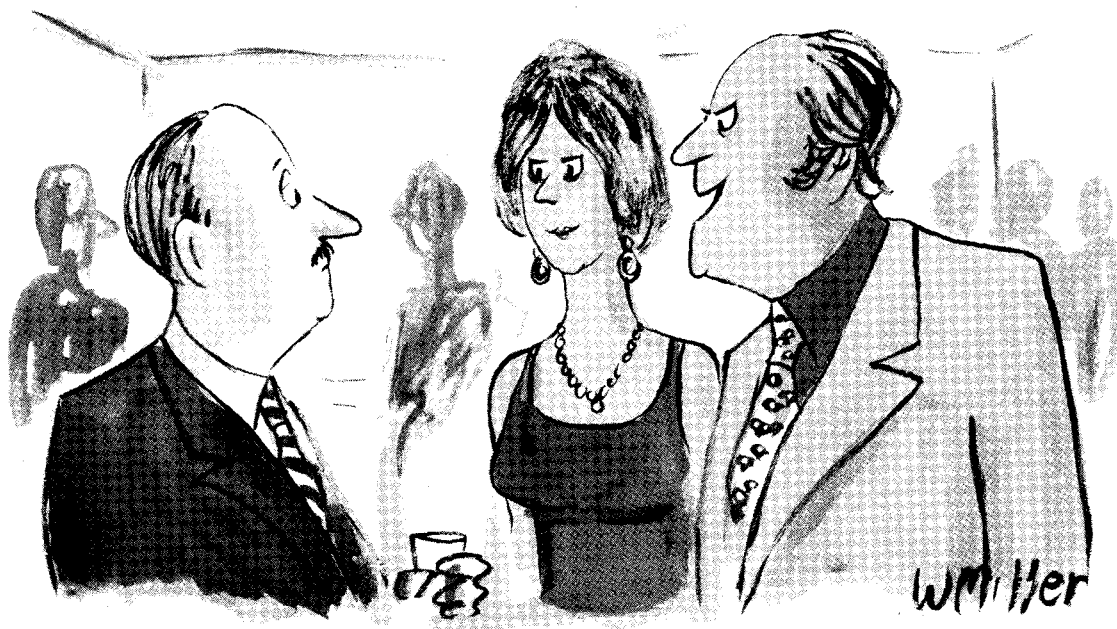
ing in the kudos," he said, laughing. "I had to read the new *Rolling Stone* review to her. Actually, I kind of gave it the Evelyn Wood treatment."

David Johansen explained that he wasn't too excited about the latest reviews, since he had been through the whole rock-group experience of reviews and interviews and photographs and press releases several years ago, when he was the lead singer of the New York Dolls. "Everyone wrote us up then, because we had a crazy image," he said. "One magazine called us 'the Polymorphous Pansexuals of Rock.' And then our record company used that article for our house bio!" He laughed. "We didn't

sell too many records then, but things are better now. I talked to Kid Leo the other day—he's the music director of WMMS-FM, in Cleveland, big rock station. He really loved the Dolls, you know. So he told me, 'David, this time I think they'll actually put money on the counter.'" David Johansen grinned broadly.

When we left the ferry station, three members of the David Johansen Group greeted us from the front seat of an idling car. We were introduced to Frankie LaRocka, the drummer; Johnny Rao, one of the guitarists; and Thomas Trask, the other guitarist, who was driving. (A fourth member of the band, Buz Verne, who plays bass, was home ill.) All three were wearing black leather jackets, and had smartly coiffed black hair—the kind of styles pictured in neighborhood salons but rarely executed there—and dramatic, serious profiles.

"You know, this is where I met David," said Frankie LaRocka, waving a hand back toward the ferry slip as we headed onto Bay Street. "I remember he was coming home for Mother's Day last year. We knew about each other, because we were both musicians from Staten Island, and I had seen David before the Dolls—as far back as when he was with the Vagabond Missionaries. But he split Staten Island before we had it together out here. Me and Buz used to go to Max's Kansas City to see David when he was with the Dolls, and later David knew about us when we were called the Staten Island Boys—we backed singer



"We heat with wood. What do you heat with?"

Cherry Vanilla. We were thinking about starting a new group, and we needed a lead singer, so when I saw David on the ferry that night I went up to him and invited him to one of our rehearsals." He leaned across the back of the seat and spoke in a confidential tone. "I knew we could sound real good with David, because we all grew up the same way." Then he turned around completely and met David Johansen's amused expression with one of quiet determination.

We headed along the shoreline road and then up Van Duzer Street, where a series of yellow placards reading "Demyan's Has the Fever" were mounted on traffic and telephone poles along several blocks. "See those signs, David?" said Frankie LaRocka, and he groaned. The car slowed in front of a mock Swiss chalet with an attached parking lot. The sign over the door read "Demyan's Hofbrau." "You know they've turned the place into another disco," Frankie LaRocka complained.

"There's no decent place left to play around here," added Johnny Rao.

The four members of the David Johansen Group grew quiet, almost morose. Then David Johansen explained to us, "We wanted to turn this place—Demyan's—into a real rockin' shack. *This* is where we wanted to work the band into shape before the new record and the tour. It's a good little room, and we would have brought out all our friends, and the press, to come see us on our own turf. But the owner decided, 'No more rock

and roll,' and he turned the place into a disco. He told me, 'What do I need to pay a rock band for?'" David Johansen shrugged, and said, "Well, that's Staten Island for you."

We climbed Ward Hill, which grew increasingly steep, and, at the top, turned onto Park Lane, a well-hidden road that meanders down in a roundabout way among the bay-view terraces of Ward Hill. "I love this street—you have no idea what it does for me," said David Johansen.

We stopped for a moment by a clearing and glimpsed Manhattan Island in the distance.

"You know who lives up here?" said Frankie LaRocka. "DeMarzio!" The others seemed to recognize the name. "Larry DeMarzio developed the electric-guitar pickup that a lot of big groups now use," Frankie LaRocka told us. "He used to have a little shop in Stapleton, and *they* came to *him*. There's a whole music scene here, you know. I really feel Staten Island is like a little Liverpool."

Thomas Trask pointed out that several rock musicians from Staten Island had played with important performers recently. "You've got Hank DeVito, who plays pedal steel guitar for Emmylou Harris, and Earl Slick, who played lead guitar for David Bowie, and Kasim Sulton, who played bass for Todd Rundgren. And there's a singer named Jimmie Mack," he said.

David Johansen had fixed his gaze on a house that looked like a castle and was perched on what appeared to be a precipice of its own. "You can raise

kids here—you could have a real nice family in a place like this,” he said quietly.

Thomas Trask turned in the driver's seat. “But if you lived around here you'd keep your black leather jacket in the trunk until you got to the ferry,” he said. He released the brake, and we resumed our descent of the snaky road.

“Wanna go by the mall?” asked Frankie LaRocka.

“Why?” Johansen said. “There's nothing special about this mall unless you live here. One time, we brought Johnnie Allan, this real crazy Scottish roadie who was working for us, to the ice-cream parlor in the mall, and we told the people there that it was his birthday. You should have seen it. A squadron of kids came out to sing ‘Happy Birthday.’ Then they put a stupid hat on him, and the manager and assistant manager came out and hit gongs and bells around the table while they delivered the cake. It was way beyond his understanding. He quit to work for a boogie band.”

Rather than stop at the mall, we drove on to South Beach, where we stopped for a snack at a Spanish restaurant before making our way back to the ferry. At the ferry slip, with David Johansen, we wished the three band members good luck on their coming tour.

We followed David Johansen up to the bridge deck of the ferry, from which we could see the uneven line of long gray shadows of Jersey City in the twilight as they met the low-hanging, pinkish pollution clouds. “I remember when we used to lug equipment around in shopping carts—onto the ferry and into the subways,” Johansen said. “Thank God, I don't have to do that anymore. Now I feel that the ferry is my private yacht and I just let the public inside. I'll tell you truthfully, I still enjoy it when I'm out there, but I don't really get into the Staten Island stuff like the guys in the band.”

Out of the corner of his eye, David Johansen noticed a young man wearing a three-piece suit who was edging closer, trying to gain Johansen's attention. “David Johansen? Is that you?” the young man called out without accelerating his progress. “I'm Moss. Remember me? My brother went to school with you.”

Johansen thought for a moment or two. “Oh, yeah, I remember,” he said. “Looks like you've gone legit.”

“I work for OTB down on Wall Street,” the young man replied, and he took a hesitant step forward. “Hey, I

read that big writeup on you in the Staten Island *Advance*. Very impressive.”

Johansen's eyes disappeared as he grinned. “I'm surprised you recognized me from that old picture they used,” he said.

“Oh, no—I recognized you from your picture in the St. Peter's High School yearbook,” the young man said.

Johansen stopped grinning. The young man seemed a bit embarrassed, and retreated a step or two. “Gee, maybe I shouldn't have mentioned that,” he said. “But we're very impressed by what you've done. You've got your own band now, huh? You live in Manhattan, right?”

Leisure

HARD to believe, but there are men and women going through the motions of life out there—seemingly well-rounded human beings, with productive careers, intact marriages, weekly tennis reservations at a godly hour, cable TV and Home Box Office and video-cassette machines, plumbing gizmos that will send near-boiling water streaming out of the kitchen tap, rent-a-car discount arrangements plus places to go, children, phone numbers of five reliable sitters, trustworthy domestic animals, etc.—who have never made Fleur Pot au Chocolat in Hélène Borey's kitchen. Mrs. Borey, who runs a cooking school in her town house on the East Side, will not come right out and say that this situation is deplorable, but she probably thinks it. Mrs. Borey believes in bringing couples closer together in the kitchen. Not only that, she believes that “the kitchen is the new leisure-time playground for adults.” She has tremendous confidence in Fleur Pot au Chocolat, which is her own creation, but that is just one of her many conjugal elixirs. She also does a Semi-Freddo with Italian Meringue and a Strawberries Romanoff à la William F.

Schrafft Ice Cream. And those are only the summertime cold desserts! She does *entire meals* in the pursuit of happiness.

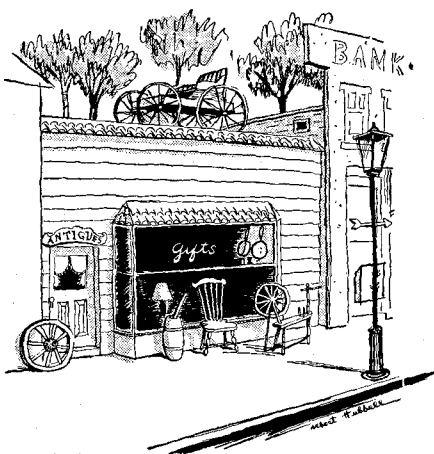
One recent afternoon, we went to watch Mrs. Borey and some of her pupils in action. They were Janey and Lou Klein (he's an investment banker, and she runs an executives' shopping service; they just got back from a trip to China), Norman and Betty Menell (he's a lawyer, and she's an antique dealer), and Marshall and Diane Felenstein (he owns a chain of retail stores, and she's in public relations). At each session, Mrs. Borey serves an *apéritif*, to create what she calls “just the right mood.”

“Today, we are having Bellini,” she said as she poured a round of drinks. “It's the official drink of Venice. It's really just fresh peaches and chilled Asti Spumante. I think it's a nice thing to have. Those peaches have been, uh, for lack of a better term, *shmushed*. I suggest you use your Cuisinart.”

While Mrs. Borey handed out assignments—the Kleins got the Fleur Pot au Chocolat, the Felensteins the Strawberries Romanoff à la William F. Schrafft Ice Cream, the Menells the Semi-Freddo with Italian Meringue—we looked around her adult playground. There were lots of copper and aluminum things hanging from hooks in the walls; bright overhead lights; counter space on wheels; shelves and shelves; and a six-burner Garland stove and double oven with a broiler that is capable of evoking comments like “What a fantastic broiler!” Each couple had received detailed typewritten recipes, but Mrs. Borey was not taking any chances. She spoke at length about the nuances of preparing Fleur Pot au Chocolat. It is an unorthodox dish in that it is served in a Lucite flowerpot—a mixture of chocolate and coffee-brandy ice creams and crushed Amaretto di Saronno biscuits, topped with real flowers and leaf-shaped pieces of chocolate. The leaves are the challenge.

“We'll be painting real leaves with melted chocolate, chilling them, and then removing the green leaves,” she explained. “Non-poisonous leaves are essential for this. I prefer lemon leaves, but you can choose for yourselves. There are a lot of leaves that are not poisonous. Ask your florist. Or, better yet, call the Botanical Society. This is crucial: do not let the chocolate-painted leaves sit in the freezer longer than two hours. Otherwise, they'll absorb a vegetable taste. Lou and Janey, you're in charge of the leaves, but I want everybody to try some.”

We spent the next hour or so ob-





serving the Felensteins. This turned out to be a good idea, because Mr. Felenstein has perfectionist ambitions and also carries on a worthwhile play-by-play.

"I feel like a horse in the paddock before a race," Mr. Felenstein said as he began to spoon several quarts of strawberry ice cream into a glass bowl.

Mrs. Felenstein looked over his shoulder. "These classes have been very fun," she said. "The people here are our friends, and this isn't nearly as competitive as golf."

"The whole process is very involving," Mr. Felenstein said. "You know what I got Diane for Mother's Day? I got her an egg-white separator, some aluminum doodads for baking piecrusts, an oversized spatula, and some other gadgets. All of which are fantastic things to have. Especially the egg-white separator. It's funny to be thinking about this stuff. The only dish my

mother ever made was brisket. In fact, she still only makes brisket. Don't get me wrong, though—it's not a bad brisket."

The Felensteins had a slight disagreement when it came time to sink a small glass bowl—a receptacle for strawberries soaked in Cointreau—cream. Because Mr. Felenstein wasn't satisfied with the symmetry of the first sinking job, he made his wife remove the small bowl and wash it in preparation for another try. Not long after she finished that task, the telephone rang; the call was for her, and she excused herself to take it. Mr. Felenstein now performed a second, highly successful sinking. When Mrs. Borey inspected it, she said, "That's fine, Marshall. Now let's put you in the refrigerator."

The Menells, meanwhile, seemed to be all business over in the Semi-Freddo-and-Meringue section of the kitchen, and the Kleins had progressed

to the brink of leaf-painting. Mrs. Borey, with a bowl of melted chocolate in front of her, demonstrated the proper technique. She spread a thick, even layer on the back of a lemon leaf ("Remember, always on the back of the leaf") and, when she had finished, laid the leaf on a cake rack on top of a tray of ice cubes. She did one more and then stepped back to let the others try. The Kleins did a few, the Menells did some, Marshall Felenstein tried one, and then came Diane Felenstein, who had just returned from her phone call. She chose the lemon leaf she wanted, carefully spooned up some chocolate, and neatly painted the front of the leaf. Janey Klein watched this happen and, after a few moments, discreetly mentioned that Diane had coated the wrong side of the leaf. Mrs. Felenstein raised the leaf to eye-level, squinted at it, and turned to her husband. "Marshall, dear, I have something to tell you," she said. "I just flunked leaf."

TEACHING POETRY WRITING TO SINGLES

I HAD the idea to teach more kinds of people to write poetry as a result of two previous books of mine: "I Taught Republicans to Write Poetry" and "How to Teach the Writing of Poetry to Fashion Coördinators." I thought of singles because of an interesting hour I had spent reading my own poems at a singles bar called Ozymandias II, and because of many other hours, much less happy ones, I had spent before my marriage as a visitor to another singles bar, Nick's Roost, where there were no activities of that kind going on.

I asked the owners of Ozymandias II, my friends Ozzie and Mandy Dias, to arrange for the class. I had four students, and we met once, on a Friday at midnight, at the big table in front. Like the others in the crowded room, most of the four were in their twenties, thirties, forties, and fifties. Some of them wore glasses. One worked for an escort agency, one was a hayride organizer, another a fashion coördinator, another a Republican. The singles bar gave these people a feeling of meetability, but none had ever written poetry there, and none, I think, would have done so without me.

I started the class by saying what I was going to do was get them to write words in lines of uneven length on a piece of paper (I didn't want to scare them with the formal term "poem") and then I would write a book about how much I had helped them. The students were not in the habit of sitting and hearing something like this explained. Some were so distracted that they could only talk in incomplete sentences, such as "What the—?!" Others stared nervously at the TV screen above the bar, where the final minutes of some kind of sports event seemed to be going on. I said that writing words in lines of uneven length on a piece of paper was not the hard thing that many people think. I said how could it be hard if I was going to teach it to them? I was sure I could give them the mastery of literary form and metaphor so lacking in singles-bar life. I said I knew they had all been single since childhood and I could see how this might make them feel "unmarried" and "on their own," but I said John Milton and Vachel Lindsay and James Dickey had all been single at one time or another and that writing words in lines of uneven length on a piece of

paper had helped them to stop running.

I said the first thing we would do would be a collaboration. I knew the students had all gone on a singles bicycling tour of the Wye River in England five years before, so I said I want everyone to remember that trip and think of a sentence about it. Something you saw. Or an outfit you wore. Or a feeling you had about time passing and your not being married yet and having to go on bicycle tours to meet somebody. I'll write down everyone's sentence and put them together, I said, and we'll have words in lines of uneven length on a piece of paper.

At first the students were puzzled. "We went there, that's all." "I remember we did different stuff." "And bicycling." Then William said, "O.K. A double vodka, please. Five years have passed; five summers, with the length of five long winters!" This was a good start, I said, especially the dramatic "frame" made by "O.K. A double vodka, please," as if the lines were being said casually to someone by someone sitting in a bar or tavern.

Then Ezra spoke up: "And again I hear these waters, rolling from their mountain springs with a soft inland *βροδοδάκρυλος*." This was better than I had expected, but the poem was getting a false-sounding jig-jigging rhythm, and I said for the students not to worry about academic gimmicks such as metre. I also said try to get in more of your own personal feelings and hangups. I said for instance I remember when I was in high school I worried a lot about my bike getting rusty.

It was Emily's turn: "Once again do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs, that on a wild secluded scene impress thoughts: the soul selects her own scene, but you meet more eligible guys by going out and partying rather than staying at home." I said the repetition of "scene" was nice, it gave a nice feeling of repetition.

At this point William got very agitated and said we were ruining "his" idea. I said all right, you do the next part, but I pressed him to put in more details from his own experience as a single—the very details that he seemed most reluctant to put in, maybe because he thought they were "stupid." He continued: "The day is come when I again socialize, taking a nice girl to dinner and a show, and view the floor show and the salad bar, which at this season, with its unripe fruits, is clad in one green hue, and lose myself 'mid men and women, who have different attitudes toward sex."



Curtain Call

Quite soon the students felt they had enough words in lines of uneven length on a piece of paper. I read the results back to them and said what they had written was a poem. I asked them to think of a title. They decided the poem was really about working out the problems of writing a poem, so they called it "Working Out at the Wye."

I THEN said to do individual poems. Writing a poem all by yourself is something that nobody can do with you, and this is a special problem for people who are already panicked about being alone, such as so-called singles. I say "so-called" because the words "single," "bachelorette," etc., may be thought to apply to people's imaginations, and they do not. The power to see the world as a configuration of couples linked inextricably in Holy Matrimony is the possession of everyone.

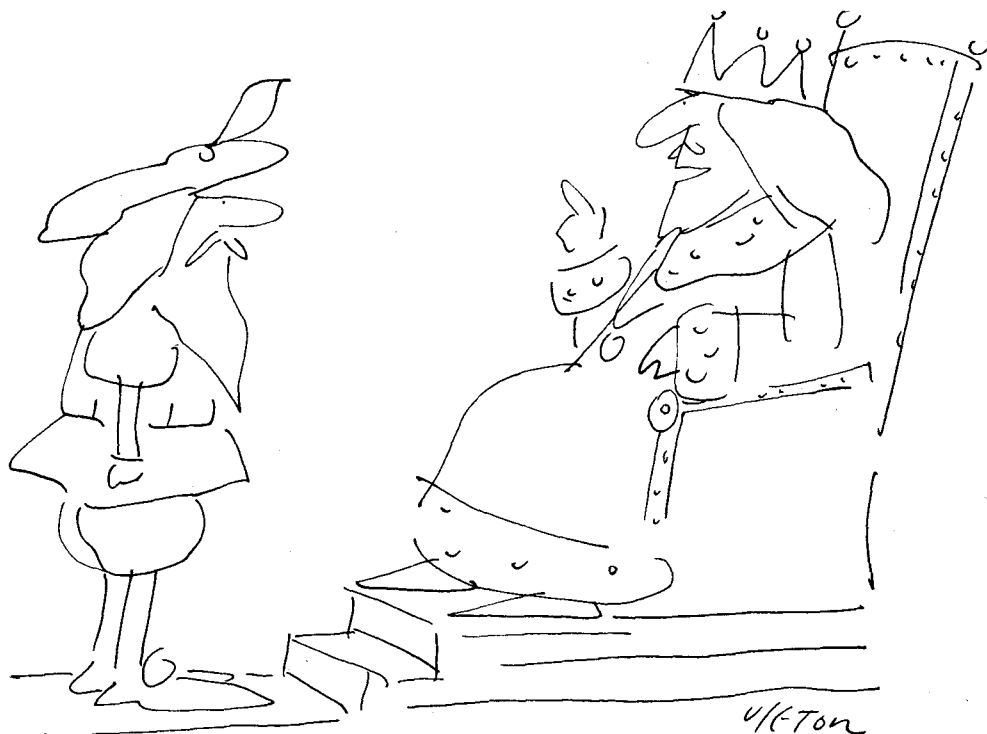
I told the students that one of the main problems poets have is what to write about. I said this was a really hard problem if you were lonely and in a studio apartment and had to go out to a bar to seek some grotesque mockery of human contact. But I said that in a poem you can be somebody else, you can even be *two* people. I said for everyone to start their poem with "Let us..." The "us" in the poem could do anything: get married, have a huge church wedding with a flower girl and a page boy, sit down and talk over family finances—anything.

The most popular "Let us..." poem was Tom's:

Let us go then, you and me,
When the weekend is spread out
for us to see
Like a roommate bombed out of
his gourd under the table...
Oh, do not ask, "You said you
were *who*?"
Let us go to the free luau.

In the room the women come and
go
Talking of someone who might be
tall and share their enthusiasm
for theatre.

I praised Tom's poem, saying it might seem silly to a lot of people but to me it gave a nice sociable feeling, the sounds of nice people talking to each other. I said there were many more things having to do with the five senses that could be in a poem, like colors. I said for instance when I was a boy I had a dog named Rusty. I said close your eyes and take a swallow



"I seek wisdom, humility, and media exposure."

of beer and say what color it reminds you of. They answered. "Black." "Beer color." "Black." "Blackish." After this exercise, Ezra wrote his "Little Black Book" poem:

Hang it all, Mark Cross,
there can be but the one
little black book...
Under black leather dress, lithe
daughter of telephone
directory...

I said noises could be in a poem. I threw a beer stein on the floor and asked what word the noise sounded like. "Bunk." "Drunk." "Black." "Bash." Right away Emily wrote something down and gave it to me:

I dreamt I was a Key Club,
Select Fraternity.
At night the eligible Men
All had a Bash at me.

I said that in a poem you can compare things in goofy ways. Compare something small to something yellow, something big to something you don't know the name for, something married to something legally separated. William later told me that this idea made him write his nice poem that starts:

Shall I compare thee to your place
or mine?

I WAS surprised when it was 4 A.M., closing time at Ozymandias II. The students were still quite excited and said could they stay for a few minutes after hours because they wanted to col-

laborate on one final poem, a poem for me. They made me go into the john while they wrote, and when I came back they were laughing. The poem was this:

Thank you, this has been as much
fun as a free trip
To Aspen—only I can't ski and
anyhow I'd probably break
something
In several places, crack! crack!
crack!

Gosh, thanks, I simply feel as if
you gave me a raunchy souvenir
T-shirt from the
Annual Bachelor Rally—quite an
icebreaker, but I already have
one.

By the way, thank you for this
night like a bag of yellow
Doritos, the name reminds me of
a dog I once heard of named
Doris
But I'm on a diet of blue and of
purple.

Thank you for an experience
similar to drinking tee Martoonis,
Which I could compare to those
other clear drinks that I can
hardly be expected to remember
the name of. Oh—water!

Listen, really, we all thank you for
teaching us that looks aren't
everything, even in a poem.

I said they had learned a whole lot
and it was a really nice poem, one that
gave a strong feeling of niceness.

—VERONICA GENG



"O.K., everybody! I'm planting the corn!"

DAUGHTERS

"NOW we can talk," Dell said to her daughter, Charlotte. "If you've still got your bus fare. You didn't lose it, did you?"

They had just run out of the rain and into a concrete bus shelter, which had a long wooden bench. Dell sat down on the bench and pulled Charlotte down beside her. Charlotte was eight—too old to be held on a lap. The rain was falling and blowing in overlapping sheets, and Dell and Charlotte were both soaked.

"Be still," Dell said. She jerked her head back to avoid the spokes of a toy umbrella that Charlotte was twirling. They were in downtown Erie, in Perry Square, and the sky over the office buildings across the park from them was low and bruise-colored. Charlotte got down from the bench and went to the street curb, with the umbrella trailing behind her.

"Come back here and talk to me," Dell said. "I won't ask you again. Get out of the rain."

"I've still got it," Charlotte said. She stepped back under the roof of the shelter and uncurled her fingers to show a wet quarter. Her damp hair fell onto her shoulders, and her ears were exposed.

"I found a snake," she said, pointing at the gutter.

Dell got up and went to the curb with Charlotte and held her umbrella above them. They were bending over, watching an earthworm coiled next to the river of water in the gutter, when a new Mercury station wagon pulled into the near lane. Dell straightened up and squinted at the car's headlights. A Buick swerved to get around the station wagon, and its horn blew.

A man in a black raincoat got out of the passenger side of the station wagon. "We know," he said to the Buick. He opened a newspaper over his head, and ran over to where Dell and Charlotte were standing. "We thought it was you," he said, and tried to catch both of them under the spread of his newspaper. He was about forty, with dark hair.

"You remember Pierce, don't you?" Dell said to her daughter. Charlotte nodded at the man in the raincoat.

"We're in a bit of a hurry," the man said.

Dell said, "You two should just go on, Pierce. Nicholas is going to get rammed from behind, the way he's blocking traffic."

Nicholas was behind the wheel of the station wagon. His hand came up,

and he pressed his palm on the windshield in greeting. He was wearing an old wide-brimmed felt hat.

"Pierce, you really should go on," Dell said. "The bus will be along any second."

"I meant for you to hurry up and get in the car," Pierce said. "Come on. We'll take you wherever you're going."

"We're going to my father's house. We couldn't think of riding in your car. We're wet to the skin." Dell turned to Charlotte, who had the earthworm draped over her index finger. "Put that worm back," she said.

More horns blew.

"Come on, Charlotta," Pierce said. He threw his newspaper into the street and grabbed the back of the little girl's neck. Nicholas leaned over and opened the back door for her. Dell collapsed the toy umbrella and followed her daughter inside. The doors slammed, diminishing the sounds of the rain.

"Hello, Nicholas, and how are you?" Dell said.

"I'm fine," Nicholas said, looking at Dell in the rearview mirror. He was white-haired, and about ten years older than Pierce. The two men were owners of a greenhouse and garden center, and they lived together in a town house on the south side of the city. Dell and Charlotte had rented their third floor for a few months after Dell divorced her husband. Charlotte was small then, and just learning to stand.

"We're both fine," Pierce said, shouting a little over the whack of the windshield wipers. "We're moving books. Hey, look at you."

"I'm sorry," Dell said. She tried to fluff up the scalloped wet curls around

her face. "This is a new car, isn't it? I can smell the upholstery, and we're wringing wet."

"And now you've ruined it," Pierce said. "We'll have to get an even newer one. Won't we, Charlotte?"

"So much room!" Dell said.

"It's a barge and a headache," Nicholas said, steering the station wagon into the heavy afternoon traffic that ran around the square. A truck horn sounded behind them.

"Pay no attention," Pierce said.

Dell wiped beads of rain from her handbag. She said, "Could I possibly get a dry cigarette from someone?"

"Lean up, Nicholas," Pierce said. Nicholas turned sideways behind the wheel, and Pierce fished a pack of cigarettes from his raincoat pocket. "There," he said. He flipped the cigarettes over the seat to Dell. "That thing by your arm is an ashtray if you pull it out."

"Thank you," Dell said. She snapped a paper match and looked at it cross-eyed as she lit her cigarette. "We've been swimming all afternoon at the Y.W., is why we're downtown. I'm taking a lifesaving course, and Charlotte's in Polliwogs."

"You're lucky to have your days free," Pierce said. "We're moving these books from the office at the plant store to the house, and we had more than we knew. Mostly gardening stuff. This is our third trip, and we're about out of boxes."

Dell said, "Would it be all right if Charlotte sits in one of the boxes? Because she already is."

"Be our guest," Pierce said.

Charlotte had found an empty carton in the well behind the back seat. She was sitting in the box, with only her head showing. "Pierce," she said, "do you still have Django?"

"In fact, Charlotte, we don't," Pierce said. "Django ran away."

"Did he really?" Dell said.

Pierce shook his head. "Hit by a car," he mouthed.

"I'm so sorry," Dell said in a low voice.

"Where'd he go?" Charlotte said. She was using her finger to draw in the steam on the back window.

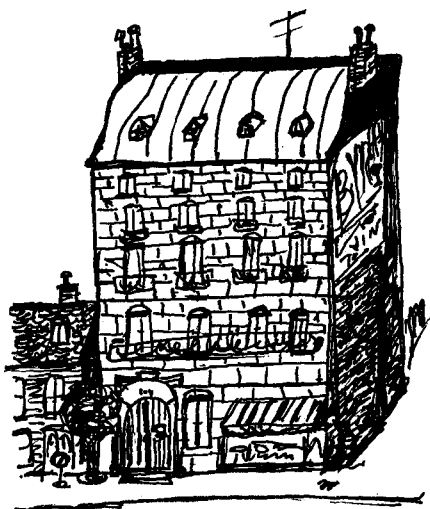
"College," Pierce said. "He went to get his bachelor's."

Charlotte ducked her head and shoulders into the box.

"Your daughter's turning shy," Pierce said to Dell.

"She's turning into a petty thief," Dell said.

Nicholas took a quick look at Dell



in the mirror. "Really?" he said. "Is she any good?"

"I guess so. I hadn't thought of it in those terms," Dell said. She unbuttoned the side pouch of her handbag and brought out a packet of dollar bills.

"It's grand larceny, not petty theft, if she took that," Pierce said.

"This is just *one* thing she took," Dell said, riffing the bills like playing cards. "Seventy-four dollars. It was in the pocket of her jumper. She says she found it on the golf course. You know the golf course next to my father's place? Did I tell you we're living with my father right now?"

"She probably did find it, then," Pierce said. "Golfers are wealthy."

Dell said, "The trouble with this much money is I can't spend it and I don't know who to give it back to."

Nicholas stopped the car for a red light. Pierce reached over and twisted a knob, halting the windshield wipers. "I think we're out of the rain," he said.

The car started with a jolt, and Dell said, "Nicholas, I don't believe I've ever ridden with you. Pierce was always the driver."

"He only just got his license," Pierce said. "It's tricky, driving in the wet."

"Do I turn here?" Nicholas said. A diesel truck blew its air horn behind them. "I guess I don't."

"He's a little embarrassed," Pierce said, "just starting to drive at his age. He's never liked being told how to do anything."

"Yes, you do want to turn here, to get to my father's place," Dell said.

"I had my signal on," Nicholas said. Pierce said, "We'll let you alone, Nicholas. We know we're in safe hands. But you do have to merge if you want to get onto the parkway."

"We *are* merging," Nicholas said.

DELL directed Nicholas down several suburban streets, then past a new shopping mall and onto a road that went uphill parallel to a golf course. "There we are," she said. "The fourth house. The drive starts behind those hedges."

The rainstorm hadn't reached South Shore Drive, but some of its clouds still streaked the late-afternoon sun that was streaming over the broad

lawns and slate roofs of the houses. In a neighbor's yard, a man in yellow coveralls rolled a silent mower toward a three-door garage. Nicholas drove the Mercury up the driveway.

"This is very, very nice," Pierce said. "Is this where you live, Charlotte?" He pointed to a thicket of plum trees and then to a trim line of dogwood saplings. "Good planting there," he said.

Nicholas stopped the car on the concrete turnaround in front of the low red brick house.

"There's my father," Dell said. She ticked a fingernail on the car window. "He must have just got home from the office."

Dell's father, Gene, was smiling at them from under one of the linen shades at a window in the living room. One of his hands came up by his ear and he wiggled his fingers.

"Let me kiss you," Dell said to Pierce and Nicholas. "I might not see you again for a while."

"Hold off on that," Pierce said.

Gene came out of the front door of the house. He was wearing gray flannels and a red cardigan

sweater and a pair of slippers, which slapped against the driveway. He opened the tailgate for Charlotte, who jumped out and landed on the concrete drive on all fours. Gene picked her up and twirled her over his head, turning her small trunk in his hands. "You're a bad Charlotte," Gene said. "Say it."

"I am bad!" Charlotte said, gasping and laughing.

Gene brought her down and released her. "What's up, Nicholas?" he said. "Come on inside. I've got gin gimlets."

"We hadn't seen your gardening," Pierce said. "We are impressed."

"That's thanks to the soil," Gene said. "Use a little lime and you could even grow tobacco here. Nicholas, now I know you want a drink, don't you?"

"You have no idea," Pierce said, getting out



"We may not have averted the takeover, George, but we certainly fought the good fight!"



"Va-Pen!"

of the station wagon. "He's just been through a trial."

"Oh, yeah?" Gene said.

"People were driving like crazy idiots," Dell said.

"Let's do have a drink," Pierce said to Nicholas.

Nicholas stayed behind the wheel. "First of all, Pierce, I'm in no mood for a drink," he said. "You shouldn't be either, at five o'clock. We were going to the race track tonight, remember? Plus I'd like to get the books finished, if nobody minds." He looked straight ahead as he spoke.

"Will you calm down?" Pierce said. "We have time for one drink." He came around to help Dell out of the car.

"Well, I'm going to take the boxes home," Nicholas said. "I'll unpack them myself and then I'm going to the track. Do you have the money, Pierce?"

"You have money," Pierce said. "Drive carefully."

Dell said, "Stay in touch, Nicholas. Give us a call in the very near future."

Nicholas nodded and backed the car out of the drive.

Charlotte had run into the open garage at the end of the driveway, and was throwing old toys out of a box there. The three adults walked up the lawn to a flagstone patio, which was set about with wrought-iron furniture.

"I refuse to babysit for Charlotte

tonight," Gene said to Dell, "so you can't go anywhere. For once, I want to be in my bed and sleeping by ten o'clock."

"You will be," Dell said. "I'll get Charlotte to bed on time myself, if I have to force her."

"I mean it," Gene said. He led Pierce and Dell into the foyer, and hung Pierce's raincoat behind a louvered door. They entered the wide, deep living room. The table lamps were already lit, and their silk and parchment shades were glowing orange. A brass light with an emerald shade stood on top of the piano. There was a full ice bucket on a side table behind the couch, and Gene mixed gimlets and shook them up in a tall silver shaker.

"I'm interested in you and Nicholas," he said to Pierce. "I want some trees for inside here. For this room. I was thinking of little laurels." He filled a glass and handed it to Pierce. "You two have a nursery someplace, don't you?"

"We can get you a tree at cost," Pierce said. "But we're generally wary about putting hearty trees indoors. They get restless."

"I've seen them thriving," Gene said. He swallowed half of his drink and refilled the glass from the shaker. "Dell," he said, "get your daughter in here. Everybody come over here and

sit down around the coffee table. This is a meeting. Charlotte!"

Dell went out and reappeared with Charlotte, who was holding a plastic doll with blond hair. They found seats around the low mahogany table. Gene had the cocktail shaker in front of him.

"This is about you," Gene said to Charlotte. He took an old-fashioned jeweller's watchcase out of his sweater pocket and tipped back the hinged lid with his thumb.

"Oh," Charlotte said. She got down from her seat beside her mother and sat on the floor.

"You know what's in this box, don't you, Charlotte?" Gene said.

"I broke his watch," Charlotte said.

"First she stole it, then she broke it," Gene said. He held up a gold wrist-watch with a shattered crystal. The hands of the watch were smashed against the watch face. "This was my anniversary present," Gene said. "Your mother gave it to me, Dell, on our twenty-fifth."

"Charlotte, this is terrible," Dell said. "Look at that watch. I feel so sorry for Grandpa."

"I feel sorry for him," Charlotte said. She tugged with her fingers at the carpet.

Dell said, "It was an important, special thing of his."

"It was irreplaceable," Gene said.

"All right, we're sorry, Father,"

Dell said. "But I don't think this is the time for a reprimand."

"Reprimand?" Gene said. "Hell, I just want to know why she did it."

"You're on the hot seat," Pierce said to Charlotte.

Charlotte looked at him out of the corner of her eye. She rocked forward and planted her spread hands on the carpet. She tried to do a headstand.

"Getting upside down won't help," Pierce said.

Dell picked a cigarette from a lacquered box on the table. She said, "Charlotte, go get Mommy's lighter from the bedroom."

"You send a kid for a cigarette lighter?" Gene said. He gestured to Charlotte to stay where she was.

"Probably unwise," Pierce said.

"I do it all the time," Dell said. "It never occurred to me."

"Well, when you come home and your home is a charred black hole it will occur to you," Gene said.

"I just wanted to shoo her off, Father," Dell said, putting down the cigarette. "I've wanted to discuss this stealing thing with her, but not now. She's embarrassed and on the spot. Aren't you, Charlotte?" She leaned over and looked at her daughter. "Are you crying? Do I see tears?"

"No," Charlotte said. She was lying on her hip.

"Neither do I," Gene said. "Frankly, Charlotte, I could wring your neck."

Dell said, "Thank you very much, Father. Now I think it's time for Charlotte and me to take a bath."

"I wouldn't know what time it is," Gene said. "I don't have a watch."

Dell refilled her glass and tasted her drink. "My, these are strong," she said. "Excuse me, Pierce." She took the cocktail and Charlotte and left the room.

DELL balanced her drink on the side of the tub in Charlotte's bathroom and turned on the tub faucets. Charlotte came into the room on tip-toes.

"A bath, and then I'm tucking you in," Dell said.

"Now?" Charlotte said. "It's so early. I don't even see the moon."

"What I see is you," Dell said. "And, unless I'm mistaken, you have completely disrobed. Hop in."

"I'm so hungry," Charlotte said.

"Didn't I offer you dinner downtown? Would you eat it? No, you wouldn't."

Dell left Charlotte in the bathroom. A few minutes later, she came back

LAST LAUGH

The little Sam Clemens, one night back in Hannibal,
Peeped through the dining-room keyhole, to see, outspread
And naked, the father split open, lights, liver, and all
Spilling out from that sack of mysterious pain, and the head

Sawed through, where his Word, like God's, held its deepest den,
And candlelight glimmered on blood-slick, post-mortem steel,
And the two dead fish eyes stared steadily ceilingward—well, then,
If you yourself were, say, eleven, just how would you feel?

Oh, not that you'd loved him—that ramrod son of Virginia,
Though born for success, failing westward bitterly on.
"Armed truce," was all, years later, you could find to say in you.
But still, when a father's dead, an umbrella's gone

From between the son and the direful elements.
No, Sam couldn't turn from the keyhole. It's not every night
You can see God butchered in such learned dismemberments,
And when the chance comes you should make the most of the sight.

Though making the most, Sam couldn't make terms with the fact
Of the strangely prismatic glitter that grew in his eye,
Or, climbing the stairs, why his will felt detached from the act,
Or why, stripping for bed, he stared so nakedly

At the pore little body and thought of the slick things therein.
Then he wept on the pillow, surprised at what he thought grief,
Then fixed eyes at darkness while, slow, on his face grew a grin,
Till suddenly something inside him burst with relief,

Like a hog bladder blown up to bust when the hog-killing frost
Makes the brat's holiday. Then he just began laughing and could not
Stop, and so laughed himself crying to sleep. At last,
Far off in Nevada, by campfire or sluice or gulch-hut,

Or in roaring S.F., in an acre of mirror and gilt,
Where the boys with the dust bellied-up, he'd find words come,
His own face as stiff as a shingle, and him little-built.
Then whammo—the backslapping riot! He'd stand, looking dumb.

God was dead, for a fact. He knew, in short, the best joke.
He had learned its thousand forms, and, since the dark stair hall,
Had learned what was worth more than bullion or gold-dust-plump poke.
And married rich, too, with an extra spin to the ball,

For Livy loved God, and he'd show her the joke, how they lied.
Quite a tussle it was but, hot deck or cold, he was sly
And won every hand but the last. Then, at her bedside,
He watched dying eyes look up at a comfortless sky,

And was left alone with his joke, God dead, till he died.

—ROBERT PENN WARREN

carrying a tray with a dish of sliced fruit and cheese and a glass of pink soda on it. She put the tray down on the closed toilet seat. Charlotte was in the tub, surrounded by a flotilla of bath toys. Dell undressed, dropping her clothes on the bathroom floor. She retrieved her gimlet and stepped into the tub behind her daughter.

Charlotte twisted around and sniffed. "God," she said, "why are you drinking that?"

"Don't say 'God' to me, Charlotte," Dell said. "You are in enough trouble. Your grandfather's had it with you, in case you don't know. You walked off with Dr. Hanley's paperweight. Then you brought home Trish Bydecker's doll buggy. You stole seventy-four dollars from somebody. Now you've crushed Grandpa's poor watch. Think about it."

"I'm sorry," Charlotte said.
Dell finished her drink and sub-



"I fell in love with you the first time I heard your message on the answering machine."

merged her glass in the bathwater. "You've got one last chance, Charlotte," she said. "I think you'll agree it's better for us if you stay out of sight and under the blankets tonight. Do I hear a 'yes'?"

Charlotte heaved a sigh and nodded.

Dell's face was flushed. She said, "So you see, if you go to sleep in a while, or even pretend to go to sleep, I'll buy you a car tomorrow."

"What kind of car?" Charlotte said.

"Like Pierce and Nicholas's. You can drive around town and get some new friends."

"What will you really buy me?" Charlotte said.

"It depends," Dell said. "Stretch Armstrong?"

Charlotte made a little shiver of pleasure. "Would you really?"

"Really," Dell said. "Sleep tonight, and Stretch Armstrong when you

wake up." She soaped Charlotte's back and drew numerals on it with her fingernail.

WHEN Dell came back to the living room, she was wearing a silk blouse, pleated trousers, and patent-leather slippers. She found her father pacing up and down with a library book open in his hand. He had his reading glasses on. Pierce was sitting on the couch, holding a golf putter. He looked a little stunned. Some of his dark hair had come forward on his forehead.

Gene said, "Sit down, Dell. I want you to hear this. 'It seemed as though I had left my body and was about ten yards above myself, floating in the air,'" he read. "'I could see myself down below, crushed beneath the car's tires, but I felt no pain. I was strangely detached. I wasn't even interested.'"

"Don't let Father read to you," Dell said to Pierce. "You poor thing."

"I'm all right," Pierce said. "I'm about ten yards above myself, feeling no pain or even interest."

"This proves life after death, I think," Gene said.

"What about dinner?" Dell said. "Have you offered Pierce dinner, or were you going to put him in a coma first?"

"I'm hungry, too," Gene said, "but let me finish, I was reading about this guy who was hit by a car." He closed the book. "I'll just tell you, all right? The guy is legally dead. Heart stopped. No brain waves. You know what he hears?"

"How can he hear anything?" Pierce said.

"Angels," Gene said. "A choir thing starts up for him."

Pierce had poked the golf club into

his shirtsleeve and worked it up to his shoulder, so that his left arm stuck straight out. "I wouldn't hear choirs," he said. "I hate choirs."

"It's different at my age," Gene said.

"I think I have to leave now," Pierce said. "Gene's liquor has punched me between the antlers."

"Gets you, doesn't it?" Gene said.

"Come on in the kitchen with me, Pierce," Dell said. "I'll phone for a cab, and you can watch me fix dinner."

"There are some strip steaks thawing in the icebox," Gene said.

Pierce shook his arm, and the golf putter fell down his sleeve and onto the carpet.

"Everyone must have a clear conception of his or her relationship with God," Gene said. He spoke with great precision, pronouncing each syllable.

"I don't," Pierce said. He followed Dell into the kitchen.

She called a cab on a wall phone in the breakfast nook, and then she walked back and forth under the cabinets, gathering plates and shaking out napkins. She took a head of lettuce from the refrigerator and began washing the leaves under cold water at the sink.

Pierce had found a bone-handled carving knife and sharpener, and he drew the blade back and forth against the rod. "We haven't taken in another boarder since you," he said. "You left quite a hole in our lives, Delilah, which I could manage to live with if you'd phone once in a while."

"I haven't called because of guilt," Dell said. "I know I still owe you that rent money. You've been very nice not to mention it."

"Oh, for heaven's sake," Pierce said.

"No, I do owe it, and I'm working on paying you. You'll get a pleasant surprise in the mail someday."

"Don't embarrass me," Pierce said. He put the knife down and picked up his gimlet glass from the top of the dishwasher. "Don't put a strain on our friendship."

"I know how angry I made Nicholas," Dell said.

"Nicholas is an old lady," Pierce said. "Anyway, he and I are thinking of getting a divorce. We've been at each other's throat twenty-four hours a day lately. You hang on to your money. You got a rough break from your husband, and you need all the money you have. Nicholas and I don't need it, and you know I'm telling the truth, because I'm generally such a bitch about finances."

Dell twisted a knob on the stove and then looked out the bay window in the breakfast nook. A pair of headlights was moving down the drive. "I see your cab, Pierce," she said.

Pierce went out of the kitchen, and when he came back he was stuffing his arms into his raincoat sleeves. "Gene's conked out," he said. "He's using his afterlife book for a pillow." He stooped a little and squinted out the bay window. "Why, that's Nicholas. What do you know? He came back for me."

"Will he come in?" Dell said.

"He's too ashamed," Pierce said. "He'll sit out there in the car until I go to him." He leaned forward and kissed Dell on the mouth.

Charlotte came into the kitchen wearing a clean nightgown. She had a sheet of red construction paper with a crayon drawing of a dog on it.

"Is that Django?" Pierce said. "For me?"

"Yes, I drew it for you," Charlotte said. She looked at her mother.

"Instead of being asleep," Dell said.

There was a quick, loud horn blast from the driveway. Pierce shrugged and worked the collar of his raincoat into place. "I'm being called," he said.

—MARY ROBISON



"Thompson, find out how many people I had to step on to get to the top."

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[From Publishers Weekly]

The scene of action on badly needed postal legislation has now shifted from the House to the Senate, where a number of issues of vital concern to publishers will have to be resolved. HR 7700 was amended in the House, and not for the better.

As passed by the House on April 6, by a vote of 384-11, the bill no longer included the break-even concept of the Nixon administration, but it set forth a formula that would require the Postmaster General to go to Congress each year for a public service appropriation based on a breakdown of services.

•• P R O F I L E S ••

HOW DO WE EXPLAIN THEM?

AN offshoot of the horrifying success that terrorism has attained in recent years has been the emergence on the world scene not merely of notable antidotes to it, like the Israeli commandos who swooped upon Entebbe, and their West German counterparts at Mogadishu, but also of notable academics who are making the study of it a specialty. Prominent among the latter is Richard Lewis Clutterbuck, a sixty-year-old lecturer at the University of Exeter, in Devon, England, where he gives a seminar on political violence. The few students who manage to gain admittance to it consider themselves privileged—as well they might, inasmuch as it may be the only such course offered on any campus anywhere. The author of seven timely books—including “Living with Terrorism,” which was published in 1976—that are concerned largely with political violence, Clutterbuck has an M.A. from Cambridge and a Ph.D. from the University of London. (Another of his books, “Riot and Revolution in Singapore and Malaya,” was his doctoral dissertation.) He looks and acts these days pretty much like any other senior don. He is soft-spoken, physically unassuming, and resolutely tweedy. He carries books and papers around in a battered old briefcase that resembles a barrister’s discard. He has trouble finding things. He is almost excessively deferential to students who poke their heads into his office, and he sometimes lets them feel, as any good instructor probably should, that their knowledge and intellect are, on the whole, superior to his. For all his professorial mien, however, Dr. Clutterbuck, who is now and then referred to among Exeter’s four thousand students, without alarm, as “the terrorism man,” has been a full-time teacher for only six years. For five years before that, at the end of a professional military career that spanned three and a half decades, he was the very model of a British major-general.

It was Clutterbuck’s Army service—in, among other sectors of tension and upheaval, Palestine, Trieste, and Southeast Asia—that got him interested in the investigation and analysis of what he has termed “the prevalent form of conflict for our time.” To protect itself against such conflict, society needs, in his further words, “an awareness of what the terrorists are trying to



Richard Lewis Clutterbuck

achieve, and a high degree of public co-operation with its policemen and soldiers.” In addition to performing his formal instructional chores, he lectures frequently on his favorite subject outside the university. He filled seventy-two such speaking engagements last year, and a good many of his attentive audiences consisted of men and women in uniform, among them students at the NATO Defense College, in Rome, and at the annual conference of the International Police Association. In the preface to his “Guerrillas and Terrorists,” a 1977 book that was adapted from a series of talks he delivered at Cambridge University, Clutterbuck wrote, “We need to understand how this kind of war is fought on both sides if we are to know how best to help those who are fighting it win it.” Naturally, he has been unswervingly on the side of the angels, but every so often—while he has been helping, say, a worried industrial concern beef up its defenses against anyone who

might harbor notions of sabotage—he has cast himself in the role of terrorist and prowled around the company’s facilities searching for weak points that a bona-fide terrorist might seek to exploit and that the company in question, following Clutterbuck’s reconnaissance and recommendations, can fortify against possible incursions. As he wrote in the early pages of “Living with Terrorism,” his objective is “to help people to live with it, rather than die from it.”

An unusual ex-soldier, Clutterbuck is also an unusual author. His first book was “Across the River,” a novel published in 1957. It was based on his Second World War experiences in Italy—he commanded a squadron of Royal Engineers in the British First Armoured Division—and, borrowing his mother’s maiden name, he signed it Richard Jocelyn. “My British-school-boy honor kept me from putting my name on it,” he says, “because it didn’t seem right to be swanking about one’s own exploits.” When his publisher informed Clutterbuck that the novel’s length would necessitate pricing it at three shillings and sixpence in paperback, but that if the author would let someone trim it by about ten per cent it could sell for a much tidier two and six, Clutterbuck not only did not object but has generously conceded ever since that the truncated version makes far better reading than the original.

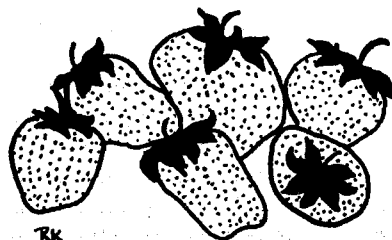
IN Clutterbuck’s view, terrorism—a grim state of affairs that by his definition exists “whenever a small number of people can, by killing or threatening to kill, frighten much larger groups into doing something they would otherwise not do”—must have been known to human beings for as long as they themselves have existed. “When *Homo erectus* first began competing with animals, not having their strength or their claws he had to use his better brain to devise weapons, and to join his fellow-men in groups for their mutual protection,” the retired general tells his students. “And the moment you have a group, you need a chief. And when you get sufficiently civilized to start cultivating the soil, and to think in terms of more than the moment, you need a hierarchy and a rule of law. And then to enforce that law your chief needs agents, and as soon as they appear on the scene there are bound to be others who are jealous

of them and of the chief and want to overthrow their leaders. And there you are."

Clutterbuck goes on to say that although today's terrorists have comparable anti-authority aims, their motivations are by no means uniform. "Some, like the Palestinians and the members of the I.R.A., are nationalistic," he says. "Some, like the Red Army of Japan, the Red Brigades of Italy, and perhaps the Red Army faction of West Germany—the Baader-Meinhof Gang, in popular parlance—have broader and more widespread revolutionary goals. Some are outright criminals, who commit terrorist acts—kidnappings, hijackings, bombings, whatever, simply for money, or for revenge, or for intimidation, though they may also be politically motivated. For example, ransom money from a kidnapping may be used to support political movements; the thirty million or so dollars that Argentine kidnappers collected in 1973 and 1974 alone undoubtedly went in part, at least, to finance three other terroristic movements in Bolivia, Chile, and Uruguay. For still others, political blackmail, or plain publicity, may be the driving objective. The terrorists at the Munich Olympics knew that whatever they did had a potential live-television audience of five hundred million, and that in a group that large there were bound to be *some* people who had never before heard about the Palestinian cause and would thus get to learn about it, and very likely also some, however minuscule in number, who might even be constrained to sympathize with it. Some terrorists hope to discredit or humiliate a government—their own or another. Some, like the Palestinians, are sophisticated, mostly university-educated, and have a highly organized international network, with contacts they can use for funds or shelter or other support in places like Beirut, Paris, and London. The I.R.A., by sharp contrast, is more generally made up of people from poor backgrounds, not terribly well educated, who operate in small independent cells, with little or no coordination among them. The Italian species, for its part, is totally and utterly different from the I.R.A. The Red Brigades who kidnapped and executed Aldo Moro—to me, that was a new height of cruelty, like children tearing the wings off a butterfly and watching it wriggle to death—are formed largely of university graduates. They differ from the German terrorists, incidentally, in a curious fashion, although the two groups have many other things in com-

mon: German terrorism, by and large, is a reflection of resentment against the success of society, whereas Italian terrorists resent the ineptitude of their political system. Last year, Italy had seventy-six recorded kidnappings, and I daresay others which, for one reason or another, were never reported to the authorities. Most of the kidnappers involved were not members of the Red Brigades but ordinary criminals, and the kidnappings one heard most about, of course, were those involving ransoms in the millions of dollars, but there were many others—smaller, more vicious, more pathetic crimes, like the demand of less than a thousand dollars for the return of a farmer's daughter, and the argument by her kidnappers that if her father couldn't raise that much his fellow-villagers had bloody well better pool their resources and do so, or else. The only word for that sort of crime is 'loathsome.'"

Dr. Clutterbuck's seminar on terrorism lasts two hours, and he usually gives himself and his students a coffee break halfway through. He brews the



TK

THE WARM CONNECTION

Lost in sadness in this sad world,
You scarcely know where you leave off
And other woe begins . . . as if
You were weeping underwater.

Your friends,
Concerned, approach to search your life
Like blind men with an elephant,
And though there's little they get straight—
"A wall!" "A tree!" "A rope!"—it flows
From just such clumsy touch, the warm
Connection, no more wooed by will
Than God's grace in the hymnal, no more
Sane . . .

or you're in Arab heaven—
Drowsing, fig trees, wine-bearing boys—
Feeling your lightened troubles rise
Like fallen angels returning. The sun
Arrives, arrives—who'd steal his ticket?—

And what if they all came close, your people?
Turned real, intent to warm you through?

How many could you bear as selves,
With hands and lips and eyes?

—BARRY SPACKS

coffee, furnishes the mugs, and charges twopence a cup, which, he calculates, considering the cost of the raw materials, is a fair shake all around. He finds, not surprisingly, that his students are especially curious about educated anarchists, like the Baader-Meinhof Gang—a subject to which he addressed himself following one recent refreshment pause. "How do we explain them?" he asked rhetorically. "They are, for the most part, more intelligent than the majority of their contemporaries. Both Gudrun Ensslin and Ulrike Meinhof had high-grade scholarships at universities, both began their adult lives as idealistic Socialists, and neither came from a wealthy right-wing business family, against which it might seem logical to rebel. Both also, at the end, committed suicide. Ensslin's father was a pastor of the Evangelical Church in Germany and a Christian Socialist. Meinhof was orphaned at fourteen, but she was brought up by a woman who was affectionate and liberal. Apparently, both Ensslin and Meinhof got more and more frustrated and irritated by what they perceived to be the inability of a democratic political system to cure the injustices in society—particularly in West Germany, where the system of proportional representation, among other factors, has resulted in a series of moderate coalition governments, with the result that radicals can't hope to bend an existing party to their will, as

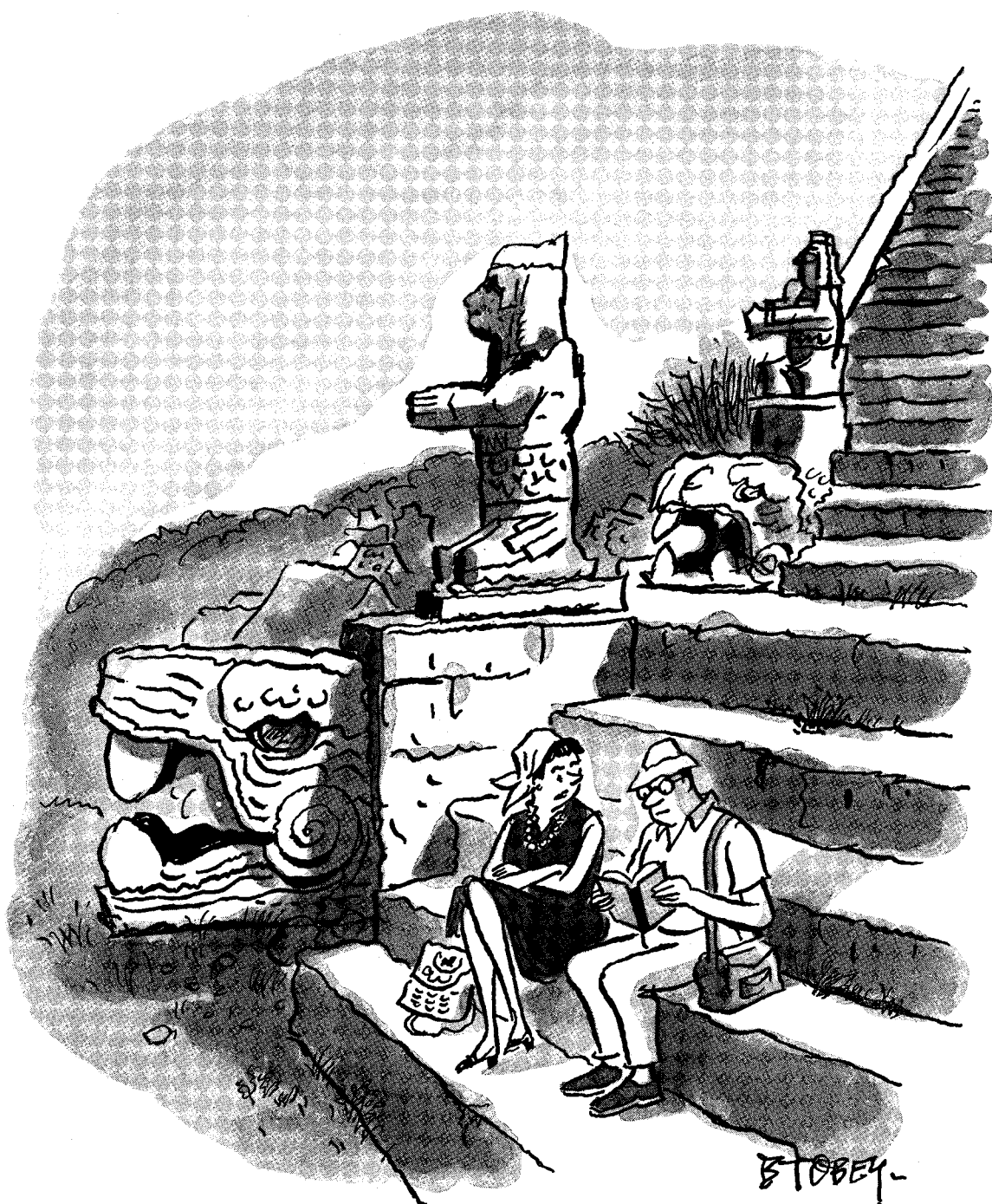
ers, lookouts, proprietors of safe houses, and communicators—like, say, some lawyers and teachers, who have the opportunity to smuggle suicide weapons into a jail. And then one would have to add ten thousand or so student sympathizers who can be counted on to take part in almost any kind of demonstration against established order. There is no reason to believe that roughly the same proportions don't apply in America. You can't get away from the fact that the United States has a history of internal violence. Americans had to fight us to get started, they had to fight Indians to get to their West Coast, and they re-

main truculent. Detroit has a population about equal to that of the whole of Northern Ireland—a million and a half. For all the lethal skirmishing between the I.R.A. and its adversaries, there were two hundred and fifty homicides in Northern Ireland in 1973, as opposed to seven hundred and fifty-one that year in Detroit; in 1977, the ratio increased from three to one to almost five to one. Anyone who goes to Belfast these days stands a chance of being killed, but the risk is three times as great in Washington, D.C. One reason, I suppose, is that so many Americans consider gun-carrying the right of a citizen. By European stand-

ards, the number of guns in the United States is staggering. While I was on a lecture tour in California, a couple of years ago, I was being driven around Los Angeles by a police lieutenant, and I asked him to estimate how many people on the freeway we were on had guns in their glove compartments and how many of the drivers had guns at home. Thirty per cent and one hundred per cent, he told me, perhaps in the latter instance exaggerating a bit for effect. I told him that among any thousand random vehicles on the M4 Motorway I'd be astonished to learn that there was a handgun in a single one, and that it was ex-

ceedingly rare, moreover, to find a handgun in any English home. That may explain in part why in the half century preceding 1973 only eight individuals were killed by terrorists in England, Scotland, and Wales, and why for more than half a century nobody has been killed in England for political reasons—a couple of girlfriends of the I.R.A. excepted—by anybody English, Scottish, or Welsh. Of course, in the United States there is not merely this greater readiness to have and use guns but also a tremendous mixture of races and cultures, including a good many persons from the more violent Southern European societies, and, moreover, an overall political stability that heightens the exasperation of the discontented. America's Weathermen were typical situationists—people who criticized society as artificial and unnatural, and believed that the critics should take the law into their own hands, with the object of producing chaos and ultimately collapse."

IN and out of the classroom, Clutterbuck sometimes likens terrorism to a disease,



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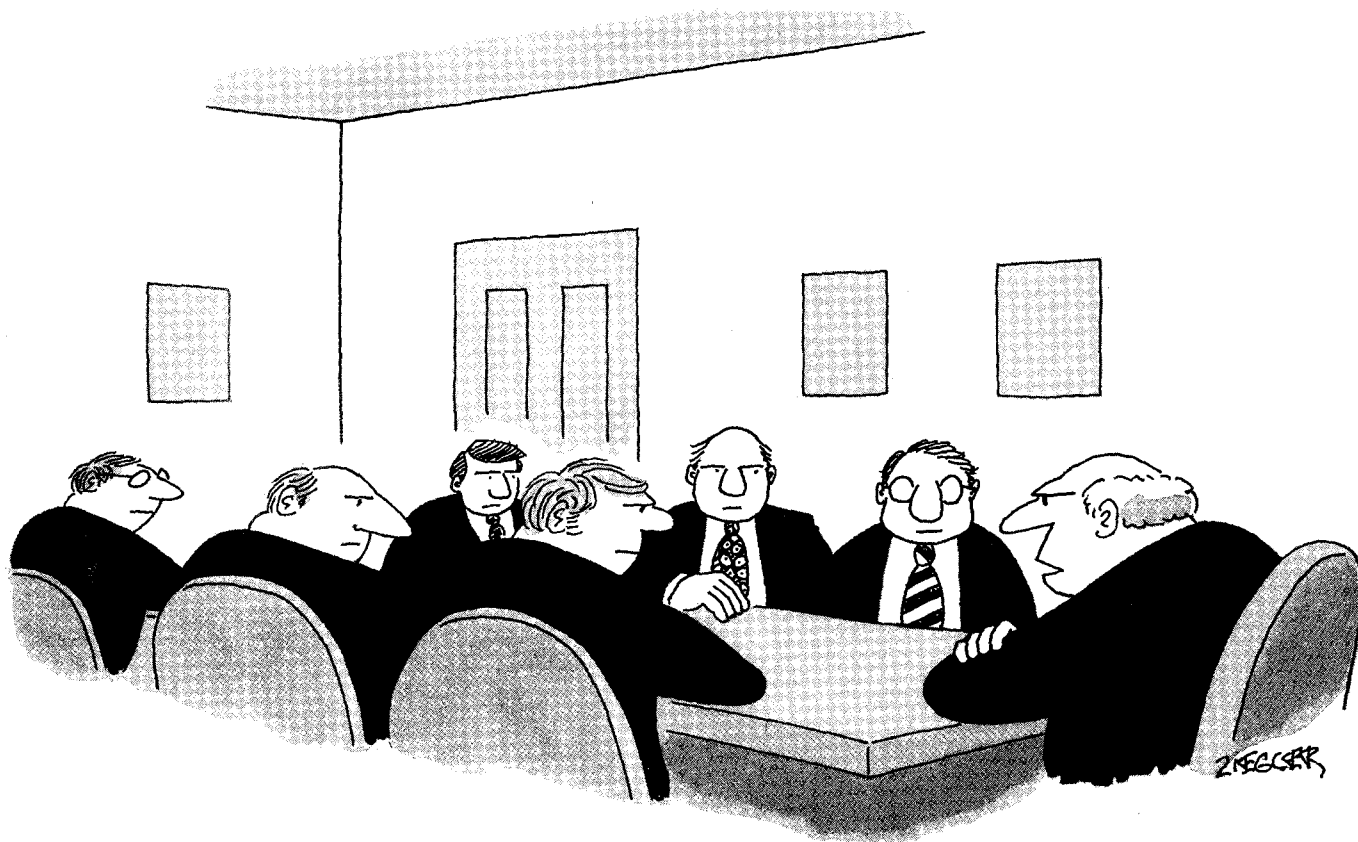
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Tonight, try the Rose's Gimlet. It's made with elegance. To make you feel elegant whenever you have it.





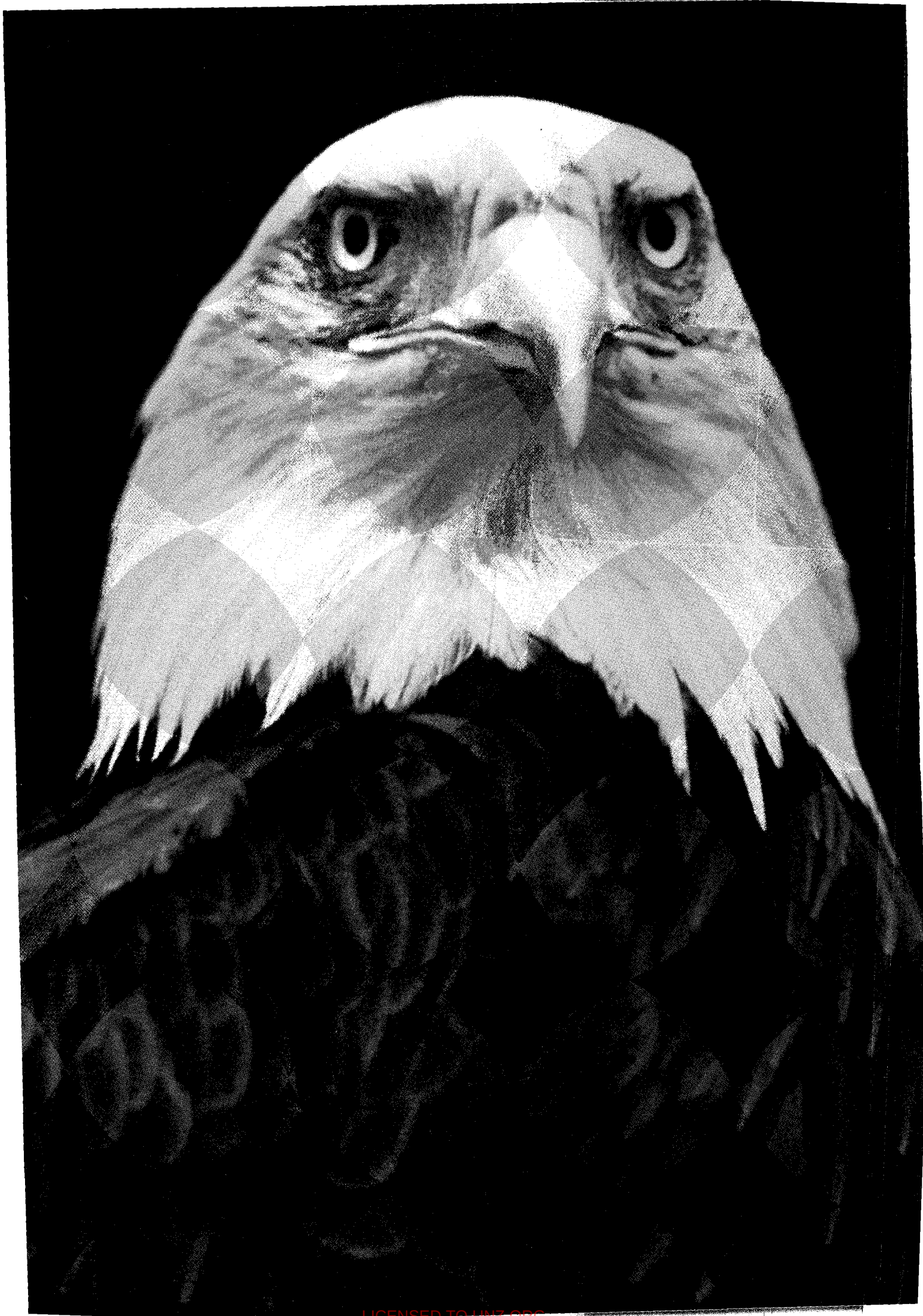
"Gentlemen, it is my belief that we are now out of Part I and have entered Part II."

and, obviously, he would be delighted to find a surefire cure for it. "Up to now, I've got no further," he told an acquaintance not long ago, "than to conclude that the way to tackle the disease is, first of all, to have a society that *moves*—one that responds to changes in aspirations and standards of living—as opposed to a rigid society. That's a macro proposition. On the micro level, one should attempt by every possible means to maintain a relationship between the mainstream of society and the one-in-a-million variant so potentially harmful to it—to maintain communication and at least some measure of mutual respect, and, especially, to avoid the nurturing of contempt. In this connection, the responsibility of parents and teachers seems to me enormous. We don't have many radical students at Exeter—probably not one in a hundred—but I usually end up with a couple of extreme students in my political-violence seminar, and I'm delighted to have them. If, while they're at university, both the academic and the social side of their lives can be handled with tolerance of their views and with a lot of contact with the views of others, on the basis of intellectual argument purged of contempt, then they are most unlikely ever to consider turning to violence. Last year, I had one of my best semi-

nar groups. It included a red-haired Maoist girl, a black-bearded Trotskyite, a Marxist Sinn Fein type, a member of the Federation of Conservative Students, and a thirty-three-year-old police inspector on a scholarship. The policeman and the Maoist became fast friends, though they hardly ever agreed on anything, and when she couldn't deliver a paper because she'd been summoned to London to protest against something, he read it for her. Something that struck me as a bit ironic was that although many of the students kept talking about the working class and its aspirations and oppressions, the only two in the group actually from a working-class background were the policeman and the conservative. Many students, unfortunately, don't know any more about the working class than they do about the military. I'm convinced that working people—and also soldiers—are far more generous toward one another than are intellectuals, and that, similarly, the ordinary guy in the pub is more skeptical about propaganda, and much less persuaded by it, than the ordinary university student. There is a popular fallacy among some students that people like me have no concept of the realities of life, because Army officers live exclusively with other officers. The fact is, they don't. They start their careers living

with soldiers, in discomfort and often in danger. I hope I have managed to persuade some of my students of the truth of that. I hope, further, that the particular group of students I had last year, while they may go on out into the world thinking that most policemen are pigs, will remember that there's at least one policeman who isn't—and that that awareness may someday be enough to help them retain a sense of balance. Actually, I've taught only one student in six years who I thought had the potentiality of violence, and I'm fairly sure that he got over it by the time he completed his university studies. But let's face it—you can't expect to eradicate the disease of terrorism, any more than you can expect wholly to rid the world of snakes or wasps, or, when it comes to that, of crime. You will never be able to take away the readiness of some people to kill."

The efficacy of terrorism, Clutterbuck believes, is aptly summed up in an old saying attributed to an anonymous Chinese—reputedly also a general—of the Confucian era: "Kill one, frighten ten thousand." In the television era, however, Clutterbuck surmises, ten million would be a more appropriate figure. "Curiously, there has been hardly a glimmer of Chinese terrorists in modern times," he says. "Chinese are puritanical. There



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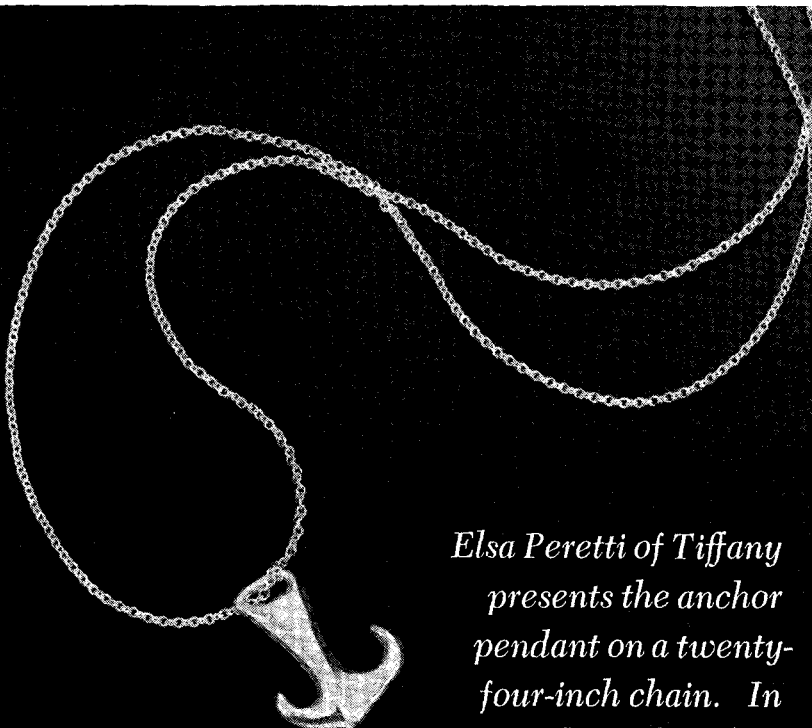
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have been a few Chinese terrorists in places like Malaysia, but the Chinese don't really find terrorism their dish." A couple of years ago, the People's Republic of China sent a dozen students to the University of Exeter. They were there mainly to polish their English, but they sat in on a lecture course of Clutterbuck's in international politics, and as a result Clutterbuck was invited to lunch at the P.R.C. Embassy in London. In the fall of 1975, when he was scheduled to give a talk to the Hong Kong police, he asked his diplomatic acquaintances from Peking if he could pay a visit to the mainland, and he soon received a visa for a one-week, one-man tour of southern China, in the course of which he spent a stimulating day with the People's Liberation Army. "I strongly approve of the Chinese system according to which until recently no one went to a university without first spending at least two years working on a farm or in a factory," Clutterbuck says. "I would like to see the same thing done in our country—that is, to require prospective university students to work on a shop floor or in a field, alongside ordinary people. Then, later, when the students were subjected to an onslaught of talk about the repression of the working classes and their gullibility, they would be unlikely to have that contempt for workers which is fundamental to the propagation of terrorist philosophy."

It does not disturb Clutterbuck to be told by, say, other retired Army officers that such assertions seem atypical of *his* class. Indeed, he sometimes sounds more like a professional pacifist than like a professional militarist. In 1973, on behalf of the government-supported Social Science Research Council, he embarked on a survey of political violence in Great Britain, and in a voluminous report he submitted two and a half years later he wrote, in part:

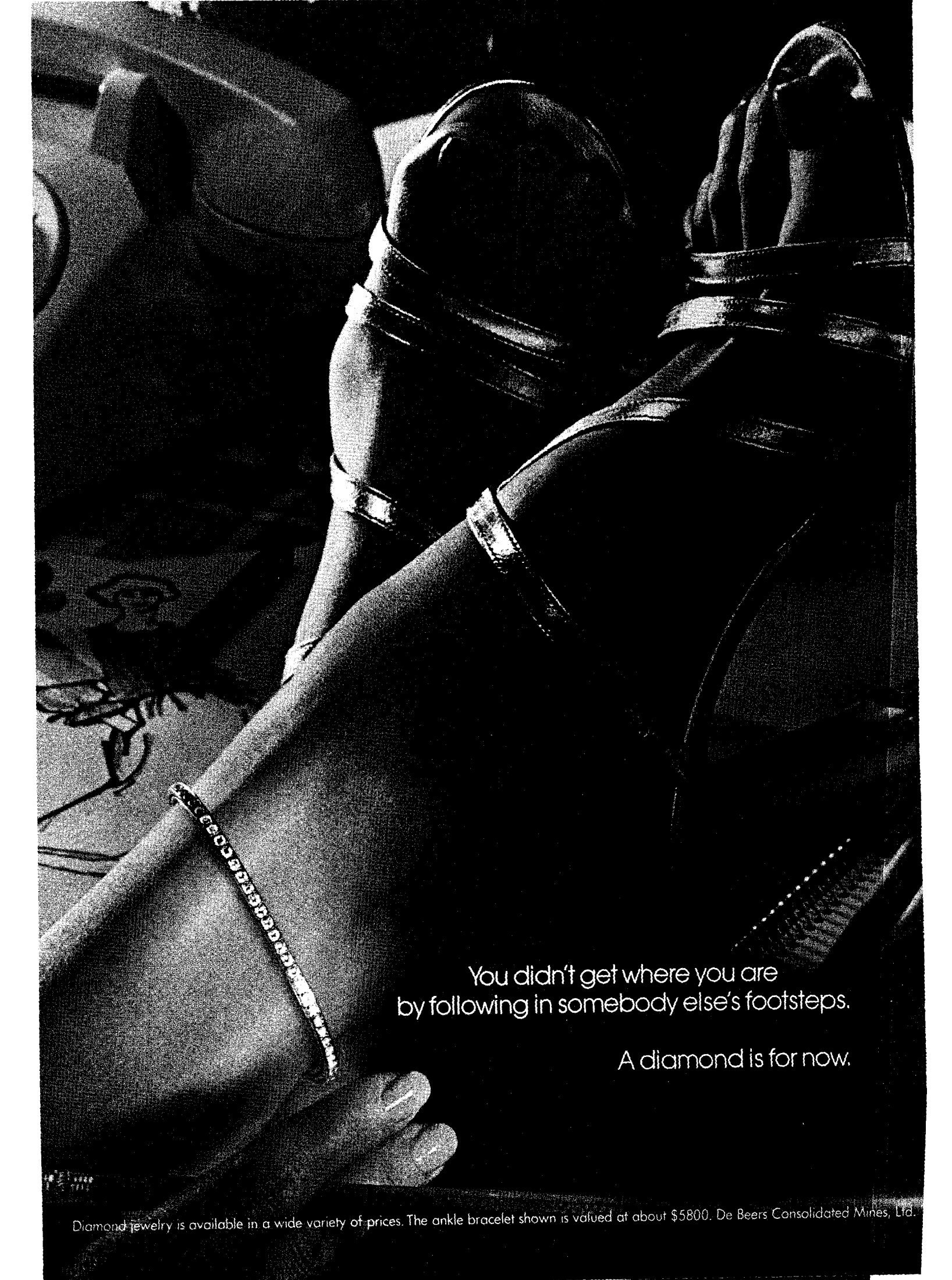
While it is difficult to justify indiscriminate killing by terrorists, it is no easier to justify indiscriminate killing in other forms of war. The ten thousand victims of the bombing of a city by either side in the Second World War were men, women, and children, many of whom could not possibly affect the outcome of the war. Compared with this, the indiscriminate killing of even 21 innocent civilians by IRA bombs in two pubs in Birmingham in November 1974 seems mild. There has never been, however, any rational explanation for modern warfare, which must be regarded as a form of mass lunacy. It can only be said that where the aim is to destroy the ability of the enemy to fight (as in the Second World War, and as in the Arab-

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Israeli wars from 1948 to 1973) then there seems to be general public acceptance of mass killing, however illogical. If the aim of such mass killing, however, is not to destroy the ability to fight but to terrorize the population, then there is less public acceptance of its morality.

Our research left us convinced that terrorism is likely to increase in Western society because (a) the growing complexity of industrial society makes it increasingly vulnerable each year, and small groups of terrorists can find ways to exploit that vulnerability more quickly than society can adapt its structures to be less vulnerable. (b) terrorists and their ideas now travel freely. Since most terrorist leaders and many of their rank and file... come from affluent backgrounds, they have the kind of contacts from which they can raise the cost of an air ticket. Their funds are further enhanced by "protection money" (e.g. from the governments of oil states or from international business firms) and ransoms which, in some cases, are so lavish that they can be spread around other revolutionary movements. Thus international terrorists like "Carlos," and his West German accomplices at the OPEC kidnapping in Vienna, Leila Khaled and a number of members of the Japanese United Red Army have reappeared in incidents all over the world. Their ideas travel even more widely, not so much through the underground press as in the normal press and television reporting of their tactics and techniques. (c) most important of all, terrorism seems to terrorists to pay, particularly in the short term, in terms of successful political blackmail, ransoms, and world-wide publicity.

We found that the most effective way of reducing terrorism has been to prevent it from paying. This has applied not only throughout history (e.g. in the defeat of Maritime piracy and the failure of the late nineteenth century anarchists) but also during the period which we studied. During this period, hijacking declined from 72 attempts in 1970 to 22 attempts in 1973 and has continued to decline, precisely because the success rate declined (in the U.S.A. from 77% in 1970 to nil in 1973). There have, up to the time of writing, been no successful hijacking attempts in Britain. Kidnapping of diplomats, rife in 1968-71, has become much more rare for the same reason.

CLUTTERBUCK's military roots run deep. Both his grandfathers were Army officers. His father, L. St. J. R. Clutterbuck, O.B.E., who was a Royal Artillery colonel at his retirement, was a career officer, often long away from home—six years at a clip in India, for instance, while his wife was raising their four children in England. Two other sons had commissions in the Royal Navy; the only daughter married a naval officer. (Richard Clutterbuck's wife, Angela, is herself an Army officer's daughter.) Clutterbuck attended the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. Upon leaving Woolwich, he was

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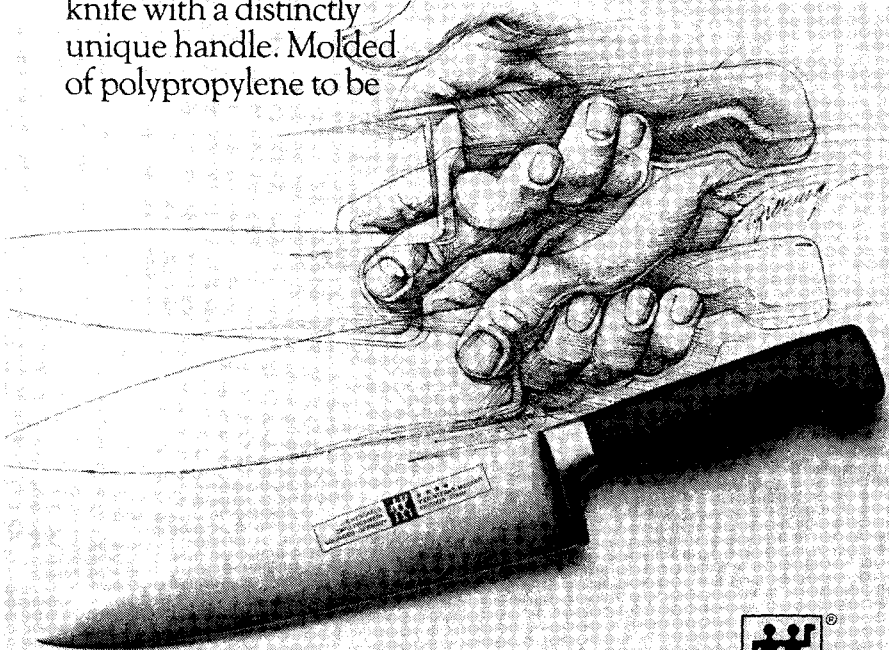
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	1973 Actual	1974 Plan	1975 Plan
OPERATING RATIOS			
GROSS COST/SALE (%)	68.2	68.2	68.2
PAID TAX/SALES (%)	1.5	1.5	1.5
INCR. PRE-TAX/INC. (%)	1.5	1.5	1.5
SALES DEF. ASSET (%)	1.5	1.5	1.5
OP. EXP. INCR/SALES (%)	1.5	1.5	1.5
NET DEF. ASSET (%)	1.5	1.5	1.5
TOTAL DEF. (%)	1.5	1.5	1.5
NET EQUITY INCR/AVG (%)	1.5	1.5	1.5
NET DEF. INCR/AVG (%)	1.5	1.5	1.5
NET DEF. INCR/AVG (%)	1.5	1.5	1.5
WORK CAP RATIOS			
CURRENT RATIO	2.5	2.5	2.5
QUICK RATIO	1.5	1.5	1.5
SALES/INVENTORY	1.5	1.5	1.5
SALES/INVENTORY	1.5	1.5	1.5
DAYS INVT. PAYABLE	1.5	1.5	1.5
DAYS INVT. PAYABLE	1.5	1.5	1.5
SALES/WORK CAP	1.5	1.5	1.5
INCR. SALES/INCR. CAP.	1.5	1.5	1.5
CAPITAL RATIOS			
LT DEBT/LEQ. RES. LTD. (%)	1.5	1.5	1.5
TOT. LIAB./TANG.	1.5	1.5	1.5
TOT. LIAB./EQ. (%)	1.5	1.5	1.5
TOT. LIAB./EQ. (%)	1.5	1.5	1.5
INT. COST F. COVER (%)	1.5	1.5	1.5
INT. COST F. COVER (%)	1.5	1.5	1.5
MISC. RATIOS			
SALES/GROSS PLANT	1.5	1.5	1.5
DEF. EX. IN PLANT (%)	1.5	1.5	1.5
DEF. EX. IN PLANT (%)	1.5	1.5	1.5
OP. EXP. IN PLANT (%)	1.5	1.5	1.5
OP. EXP. IN PLANT (%)	1.5	1.5	1.5
ACT. PRE-TAX/AVG (%)	1.5	1.5	1.5
ACT. PRE-TAX/AVG (%)	1.5	1.5	1.5
ACT. PRE-TAX/AVG (%)	1.5	1.5	1.5

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commissioned as a second lieutenant in the Royal Engineers, an élite branch of the service, and he qualified for admission to Cambridge, where he studied engineering. The Army paid his tuition. He graduated from Cambridge in 1939, and was soon at war. He spent four and a half years overseas—in France and Belgium, in the Sudan and Ethiopia, in the Western Desert, and in Italy. The only time he set foot in England during that stretch was after he was evacuated from Dunkirk. It was one of two memorable Channel crossings in his life. The other occurred in 1960, when he was a forty-two-year-old lieutenant-colonel commanding an Engineers regiment. Clutterbuck was an aficionado of canoeing, and he resolved to lead the first conquest ever of the Channel by a mass flotilla of canoes. He had his soldiers build twelve, and in them Colonel Clutterbuck and twenty-three of his men paddled from Folkestone to a landfall near Calais—twenty-one miles in six hours and fifteen minutes. He had trained his band for a fortnight, in the waters off Dover, in almost non-stop gales, and, along with practicing seamanship, they had practiced rescues. The Colonel had borrowed a fishing boat to escort his frail fleet, and had been pleased to find out that its cargo nets could scoop up all twelve of his canoes, with their occupants, in half an hour. When *les canoëistes Anglais* arrived at the Pas de Calais beach town of Wissant without misadventure, they were welcomed by hundreds of cheering, though puzzled, Frenchmen, who further rewarded their intrepidity with a lively champagne blowout.

By the end of the Second World War, Clutterbuck was a major, commanding a squadron of Engineers. Much of his postwar service, too, was outside England. There was a spell in Trieste, where the principal mission of the British and American troops assigned to the port was to deny control of it to the ten per cent of its residents who were Yugoslav and were supposed to want to take it over by force from the ninety per cent who were Italian. Inasmuch as no such attempt was ever made, beyond a few low-key demonstrations, the assignment was not overly taxing. Clutterbuck lived in an apartment tied into an Italian telephone system whose lines frequently got crossed. Whenever he answered the phone and found somebody on the other end who clearly didn't want to

talk to him, he would respond, using the only Italian he knew, with the first four lines of the aria "Non più andrai," from Act I of "The Marriage of Figaro." It was as good a way as any within his power of letting people know they had the wrong number. He has a bass voice. Though he sang in a choir for ten years as a schoolboy, he confines himself nowadays to rendering carols at Christmastime in the quiet streets of the village of Thorverton, six miles north of Exeter, where he shares a Queen Anne house with his wife, a cat, and a dog. The Clutterbucks have three sons, not one of whom has so far shown any inclination to be a soldier. One works for British Petroleum, one is a schoolmaster, and the third is a boarding-school student.

WHEN Clutterbuck was sent to Palestine, in 1947, the Irgun Zvai Leumi, the dissident military faction then led by Menachem Begin, was engaged in fierce intramural warfare with both the principal groups that the British recognized there—the Jewish Agency, which had charge of immigration, and its military arm, the Haganah. The Haganah wanted everybody in Palestine who had a gun to be under its jurisdiction, and one of the jobs of the brigade of Infantry to which Clutterbuck was attached, and which was based in Jerusalem, was to discover and confiscate hidden Irgun weapons. (Another was to repair railroad tracks that the Irgun blew up.) On a tip from an informant, British troops surrounded a suburban house one day, and upon searching it for contraband found nothing. Then a Royal Engineers sergeant who in civilian life had been in building construction noticed something fishy: there was a marked discrepancy between the exterior dimensions of the building and the dimensions of the rooms inside.

Further investigation disclosed a secret chamber, accessible through a sheathed brick wall, just off the living room. The Engineers, as they broke through the wall, figured that they might find hundreds of illegal weapons stashed behind it. Instead, they unearthed a single terrified Haganah man, whom the Irgun had captured and, for want of anything better to do with him at the moment, had bricked up for safekeeping.

Clutterbuck's first Southeast Asian assignment was in 1956, in Malaya, which had become self-governing the year before, though the British remained responsible for its defense. By



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this time, Clutterbuck had become involved in operations and intelligence. A decade later, he returned to what was now Malaysia on another tour of duty and had several long interviews with former local terrorists. "One was a really vicious guy who was believed to have murdered ten people," Clutterbuck says, "not to mention having been solely responsible for the presence in one hospital or another of a dozen additional individuals who were permanently disabled. He was an extremely worthwhile person for someone with my interests to have a chance to meet. I was also lucky enough to spend rather a good bit of time with a chap who'd been No. 2 in the Communist Party of Malaya but had surrendered and had persuaded a whole bunch of Communist terrorists to surrender. Still another terrorist who had surrendered and persuaded a very tough guerrilla platoon also to surrender received a reward of about twenty thousand United States dollars, with which he bought a small rubber estate. His four employees were ex-terrorists. Turned out to be first-rate workers. One of them, I couldn't resist telling him, was a fellow for whom I had once lain in ambush for thirteen hours, hoping to shoot him. He didn't materialize that day—which was perhaps just as well, inasmuch as I can now honestly say that to the best of my knowledge I have never shot at or been shot at by an authentic terrorist."

STARTING in the early nineteen-fifties, Clutterbuck achieved some celebrity as an instructor at various military schools. "During the period of decolonization, the British Army had constantly to deal with the kind of thing I specialize in now," he said recently. "The idea of a formal war was remote compared to the relatively small-scale violence one had to contend with. I got a bee in my bonnet that that was the sort of warfare we ought to be studying and I ought to be teaching. I began at the British Army Staff College, in 1953, and I was at first pretty much a voice crying in the wilderness. 'Forget about large-scale stuff,' I would tell my officer auditors. 'We ought to be concerning ourselves with matters like internal security, guerrillas, counterinsurgency, and terrorism.' My becoming a so-called expert on terrorism simply evolved from the fact that I spent such a lot of time talking about it." Clutterbuck pursued much the same tutorial tack when, from 1961 to 1963, he was an exchange instructor at the United States Army's

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Command and General Staff College, at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. The commandant at Leavenworth was Major General Harold K. Johnson, who later became Army Chief of Staff in Washington; in a foreword to a Clutterbuck book about Southeast Asia called "The Long Long War," Johnson described the author as "a true and respected friend of the United States Army."

In Kansas, Clutterbuck also found himself amicably received by the inmates of the United States Disciplinary Barracks, the nation's chief military stockade. The visiting Englishman, who was—and is—fond of theatre, was elected president of the Fort Leavenworth dramatic society one season. He arranged to have a production of "Mister Roberts" performed for the prisoners, and inasmuch as the play was a loving, if comic, valentine to mutiny, it went over very big. Clutterbuck was thereupon emboldened to take to the nearby federal penitentiary for civilians another play, "My 3 Angels," an adaptation of Albert Husson's "La Cuisine des Anges," in which a trio of gallant convicts, by means of forgery, murder, and other methods familiar to them, contrive to rescue a young woman from a wicked uncle. The second captive audience, like the first, was vociferously appreciative of Clutterbuck's choice of scripts.

On a more serious level, Clutterbuck tried to impress on his American officer audiences his concepts of how modern non-nuclear wars could best be fought. Since the war in Vietnam was then escalating, he hoped they would listen attentively. He kept telling them that the way to win the hearts and minds of Southeast Asian villagers, and to keep their villages secure against guerrillas, was to concentrate on the protection of the villages themselves, and not to go off into the bush trying to seek out and destroy large enemy forces. "One man in a village with a knife is more of a threat to that community than a whole battalion outside in the jungle," he would say. When he got to Vietnam himself, in 1967, on a brief trip as a British Army observer, he was reunited with several of his former American students, who by then were colonels and lieutenant colonels commanding regiments and battalions; some of them told him ruefully that they would have liked to follow his advice but that there were too many generals who had different notions of how to wage that war.

By 1968, Clutterbuck, moving up through the promotional grades, had

become a major-general, and he was designated Engineer-in-Chief of the British Army. Although, like the American Corps of Engineers, the Royal Engineers are preoccupied in wartime with minefields, pontoon bridges, and the like, in peacetime they play an additional role. Instead of supervising the pouring of pork-barrel funds into rivers and harbors at home, they do development work in remote foreign areas. In the two and a half years that Clutterbuck served as Engineer-in-Chief, he had his sappers building roads and digging wells in thirty-four countries. Hearing about a district in northeast Thailand—Loeng Nok Tha, near the Laotian border—where only twenty-five per cent of the inhabitants had year-round access to any roads, and where, because of their isolation, they were relatively easy prey for North Vietnam-trained guerrilla raiders (over one four-month stretch seven of thirty-eight Loeng Nok Tha policemen had been assassinated), Clutterbuck redeployed two hundred soldiers who had been building an airfield and had them construct a new road. This enabled seventy-five per cent of the villagers to get their children to schools and their produce to markets. The guerrillas, no longer able to rely on the villagers' disaffection with their lot to shield them from pursuit and retribution, drifted away. "That was the job in the Army that gave me the greatest satisfaction," Clutterbuck has since said. In 1969, after the tiny Caribbean island of Anguilla, with much fanfare, declared itself independent of neighboring St. Kitts and just about all the rest of the world, another couple of hundred Engineers were sent to Anguilla to help restore and preserve law and order. Those sappers at once constructed the first pier the Anguillans had ever had. When it was finished, the rebel Prime Minister, who not long before had brusquely sent a civilian emissary from Whitehall packing, warmly welcomed General Clutterbuck when he flew in for the pier's formal christening.

Clutterbuck's final Army assignment was a two-year stint, starting in late 1970, as Chief Army Instructor at the Royal College of Defence Studies, in London, a job that put him at the pinnacle of the British military-education complex. He had known all along that, in accordance with Army regulations, he would have to retire at the end of 1972, when he reached fifty-five. "I didn't intend to curl up and die," he says. "I had visited a lot of universities, and I had concluded that I



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wanted to go into teaching, and that undergraduates were the age group I could best relate to. After all, most soldiers are between eighteen and twenty-two." As far back as 1966, therefore, he had begun to work toward his Ph.D. "I had to do a good deal of travelling as a general officer, especially after I became Engineer-in-Chief," Clutterbuck says, "and I managed to bash my thesis into prose at thirty thousand feet while flying to and from the Persian Gulf and places like that."

ON receiving his doctoral degree, in 1971, General Clutterbuck drew up a list of universities in the United Kingdom that appealed to him, putting Exeter at the top. He liked its rural location and he liked its modest size—less than half that of Oxford or Cambridge. Coincidentally, his first choice had a vacancy for a lecturer on international relations. When the students at Exeter first heard that a Regular Army major-general was about to join the faculty, they had some misgivings. Clutterbuck himself had none, though he realized that, instead of being able to count on thousands of saluting young males to scurry about carrying out his every revealed wish, he would have to make do with a single young female research assistant. (From his point of view, the incumbent has ideal credentials; she is an ex-police-woman, who recently earned a law degree.) One campus newspaper grumbled at the news of his appointment. But now that he is in his sixth year on the Exeter scene, he is generally considered part of the community, though he still occasionally raises faculty eyebrows by saying things like "In my particular field of inquiry, I can learn more from three hours' talking to police officers than from three hours in a library." Since, in his tweeds and sweaters, he doesn't any longer much resemble the stereotype of a general, and since (unless he is addressing a service audience) he never refers to himself as General, his Exeter students now largely ignore his martial past. A few radicals on other campuses, however, have greeted his appearances there with angry handbills saying "Clutterbuck Gutter Bug" and worse. If the left sometimes has at him these days because he is viewed as still being part of a most disagreeable segment of the ruling establishment, he has been no less vigorously chastised by the right for having expressed opposition to capital punishment, internment without trial, and other such practices. "You write as if

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there were something discreditable about picket-bashing," one right-wing critic wrote to him. Clutterbuck tucks such censorious comments away in a folder he calls his Abuse File; he professes to be unperturbed by its contents as long as they are about evenly balanced between attacks from both extremes of the ideological spectrum.

The majority of Dr. Clutterbuck's students come, naturally, from England, and the terrorists they often want most to hear about are the ones in Northern Ireland. Their mentor can and does oblige them, even dwelling, as they listen raptly, on such terroristic esoterica as the manner in which I.R.A. "hit men" punish detractors and defectors, by subjecting them to "kneecapping." "It used to be done with guns," Clutterbuck will tell a class matter-of-factly, "but lately they've been running an electric drill through the knee in such a way that even after medical treatment there's a peculiar, easily identifiable walk; the victim is thus branded for life as someone the I.R.A. thinks should be permanently so branded. If you want cold blood, there you have it." Clutterbuck's classroom accounts of the carnage at Londonderry on January 30, 1972—Bloody Sunday, as the day became known after thirteen people died in a shootout between the I.R.A. and British paratroops—is no less knowledgeable and detailed. "The I.R.A. shot rather badly and the parachutists all too well," he says. "Each side fired the same number of rounds—three hundred and forty altogether—but the casualty toll was thirteen to nil." Some of his insights into the tragic events in Northern Ireland derived from a protracted talk he had (while many of his academic colleagues were no doubt in libraries) with Bernadette Devlin, one of the leaders of a peaceful civil-rights march in Londonderry that preceded the bloodshed. Both Clutterbuck and Miss Devlin happened to be in Newcastle one day taping television shows, and they returned to London on the same night train. "We both had sleepers, but we didn't use them," he says. "We sat up all night chatting and arguing, and we managed to consume eighteen miniatures of whiskey between us. A very pleasant and interesting dialogue, and an exceedingly rewarding research opportunity for me. I went away with great respect for the young woman's integrity."

A BOOK that Clutterbuck is now finishing is to deal principally with kidnapping and ransom. He hopes

that it will prove helpful to governments, policemen, insurance companies, and big businesses—especially multinational concerns, whose far-flung executives are likely to be attractive targets for kidnappers. "The book is only about fifty thousand words long," he says. "A nice, taut guide for busy businessmen who may have to decide someday how to act in a crisis situation." Over the last couple of years, in collaboration with a forensic scientist, John Yallop, who is an expert on bombs and other explosives, Clutterbuck has been periodically, and lucratively, engaged by a British organization called Personnel Protection and Communication Services to conduct day-long seminars entitled, like his book, "Living with Terrorism." For seventy-five pounds a head, businessmen can sign up to be enlightened by Clutterbuck and Yallop on "The Terrorist and His Tactics," "Terrorist Armament," "Ransom, Hostage, and Assassination Attempts," "Strategy of Protection," "Surveillance and Protection Systems," and "Security Planning, Search, and Evacuation." The seminars themselves are held under conditions of tight security. The participants are not notified until the last minute at which London hotel they are supposed to convene. To any of them who are apprehensive about terrorists' disrupting their enterprises, Clutterbuck may say, "Look for somebody on your premises who's taking a more intense interest in his surroundings than a person might normally be expected to. He is the key. If as *he* looks around he's impressed by your security precautions, he'll report that to his colleagues, and the chances are that instead of blowing up your plant they'll go down the road and blow up the next guy's plant."

Dr. Clutterbuck has never been called on to negotiate with any kidnappers or hijackers, and he has no desire to be. "I am an academic, not a practitioner," he says. "If someone thought I could be truly helpful in a crisis, I naturally wouldn't refuse to serve as an intermediary, but I don't think I'd be the right person to ask." And although the BBC has several times prevailed on him to provide informed commentary while a kidnapping or a hijacking is under way, he seeks to maintain his detachment as such grim events run their course. This past December, for instance, thirty-six hours after a Malaysian Airlines plane had been seized and then blown up—a tragedy on which he might have been expected to brood, both because of the origin of the air-



Saks Fifth Avenue Dressing

Easy luxe...in

summer dressing: a scoop-necked shell tucked into a skirt that's just a cascade of pleats, elasticized at the waist. Over all—for the season with a reason for flying high—a sheer-weight jacket with dolman sleeves.

This, our taupe print on polyester, for sizes 8 to 18 from Wilroy; \$110. Sportdress Collections.

611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores. Add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders beyond our regular delivery areas.

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Make a trip for business or pleasure more enjoyable and save money at the same time. Stay at New York's grandest hotel at substantial savings—actually *more* than 20%—during the month of July. From July 1st to the 31st, The Plaza's single rooms, normally \$49, are only \$39...double rooms, normally priced at \$65 for two, are only \$49...and our \$135 suites are discounted to only \$99. (No charge for children under 19 in the same room with parents.)

What a wonderful time to indulge yourself or your family for a week or weekend. The beauty of Central Park is our front yard. Magnificent shops are our neighbors. And Carnegie Hall concerts, Broadway shows, and the attractions of Lincoln Center are within comfortable strolling distance.

Stay with us in July. For reservations, ask your travel agent about Plaza package plans or call toll-free 800-288-3000.

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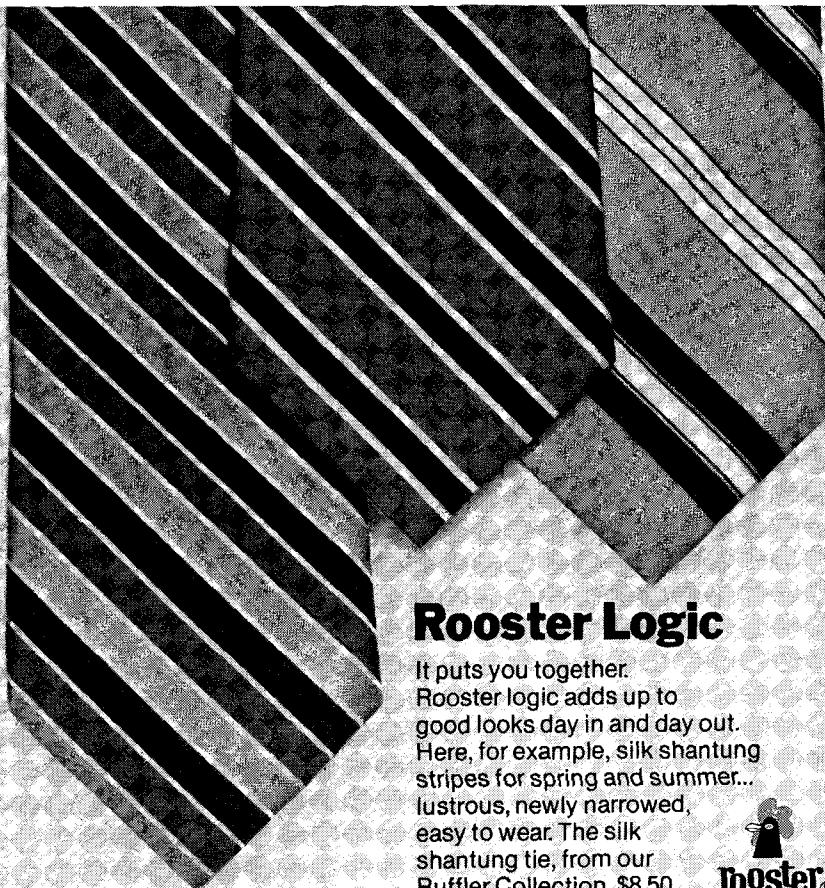
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good looks day in and day out.
Here, for example, silk shantung
stripes for spring and summer...
lustrous, newly narrowed,
easy to wear. The silk
shantung tie, from our
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craft and what happened to it (there were a hundred deaths)—he told a colleague at Exeter that he had been so preoccupied preparing a lecture and indexing a book that he hadn't yet had sufficient time to give the sad incident serious thought. Subsequently, however, in the role of informed observer, he did go to Germany just after the industrialist Hanns-Martin Schleyer was killed, and to Italy in the time between Moro's seizure and his slaughter. "I visited two of the apartments in which Schleyer was held," Clutterbuck told a friend on returning from the Continent, "and was interested to learn that they had been rented not by students supporting terrorism but by terrorists who were already wanted for murder. In Germany, it now appears, the student generation has finally begun to reject the Red Army faction, and the Red Army, for its part, to reject the student fringe that used to back it up. As for the Red Brigades, they have succeeded in their short-term aim of humiliating the Italian government, but I came away with the strong impression that in the long run they will regret the loathing they have brought upon themselves even in the eyes of radical students."

Soon after he turns sixty-five, in 1982, Clutterbuck will be required, by University of Exeter rules, to retire once again, and he is currently considering what kind of work he will embark on after that. "I will probably confine my next career to writing and lecturing about political violence," he says. "I have an unhappy feeling that for quite some time to come my subject will continue to be of general interest." —E. J. KAHN, JR.

CORRECTIONS

The caption to the picture on Page 8 of yesterday's *Newcastle Morning Herald* should have read: "Mrs Julie Drew with her daughter, Justine, 2½".

The caption to the picture on Page 7 should have read: "Sally Dean, of Wyong, with her samoyed, Zvezda Royal Seal, 7 months".—*Newcastle (New South Wales) Morning Herald & Miners' Advocate*.

We liked it better the other way.

EARLY SUMMER EVENINGS IN THE PLAZA—A concert by a county band will be held at 7:30 P.M. Thursday at the Mission Plaza. The band will last about an hour according to Linnea Phillips, coordinator of the event.—*San Luis Obispo County (Calif.) Telegram-Tribune*.

Linnea Phillips knows something and she's not telling.

Norelco introduces the Solid-State Shave.

The new Norelco Solid-State Rotary Razor is a shining example of Norelco leadership in the razor industry.

It's the first razor in history to combine solid-state technology with these dramatic new features: it has a built-in charger that recharges in only 8 hours, and automatically adjusts to any voltage in any country in the

world! What's more, it's cord/cordless, so you'll never run out of a charge.

The new Norelco Solid-State Razor also has 36 rotary blades inside 3 floating heads. And is designed at a unique new shaving angle to provide the closest, most comfortable shave on the face of the earth. With no "Gotcha!"



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It puts the shave of the future in the palm of your hand.**

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For as long as there has been a Vienna, there have been writers trying to put it into words.

Some gems out of the past include:

"A never-ending festival of life."

"A living museum of wonder."

"Where the angels go on holiday."

And now Ms. Freud comes along with late 20th-century introspection and reminds us of the deeper aspects of Vienna's personality.

Which is not too surprising considering that Nicole's lineage includes great-grandfather Sigmund.

Yet in the spirit of Ms. Freud's observation, could you ever again lift a glass of wine without stirring memories of an evening of music in an ancient wine cellar three stories below the city of Vienna?

Or not reflect on values as you study a line of youngsters camped out in an overnight wait for standing room tickets to an opera?

Or not realize you have an inner voice as something tells you, "why not..." as you join a table of Viennese at lunch. On pastries. Nothing but pastries.

However, we do hasten to point out that over 32,216 square miles of Austria are not in Vienna.

And there's so much variety and contrast throughout our country you'll be forced to make choices as with few other places in this world.

Which will also tell you something about yourself.

There's Salzburg, Innsbruck and Graz.

The Alps, the Danube, the steppes

of Burgenland.

The music, the opera, the concerts, the festivals.

And a past that has merged into the present to provide all the amenities one expects in this modern world, yet all of the civilities one misses.

It's time. And it's easy.

Swissair, the airline of the Alps and representing Austrian Airlines, is your logical choice.

Just give them a call or see your local travel agent.

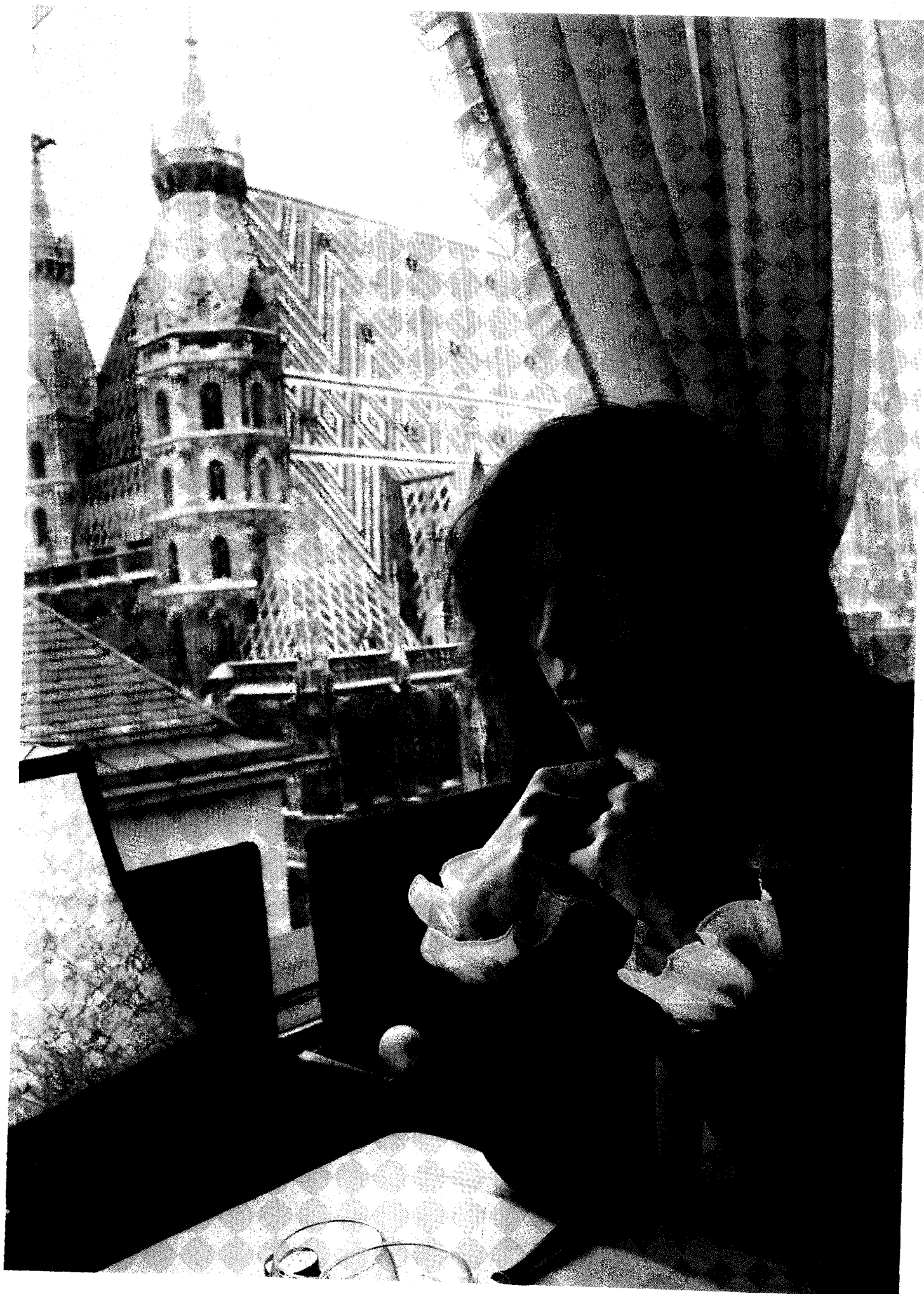
Meanwhile, we'd be happy to send you some enticing brochures on the "Jewel Box of Europe". Drop us a line.

Austrian National Tourist Office,
545 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.
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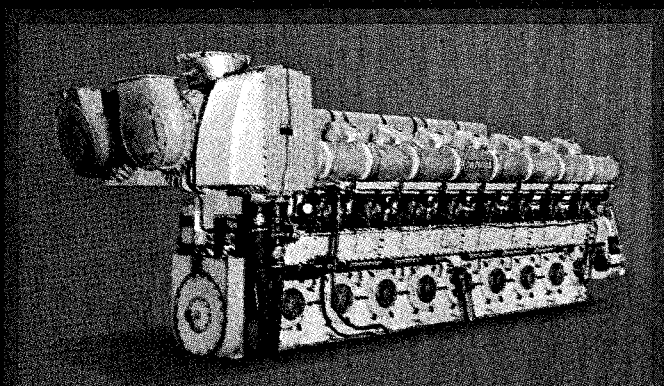
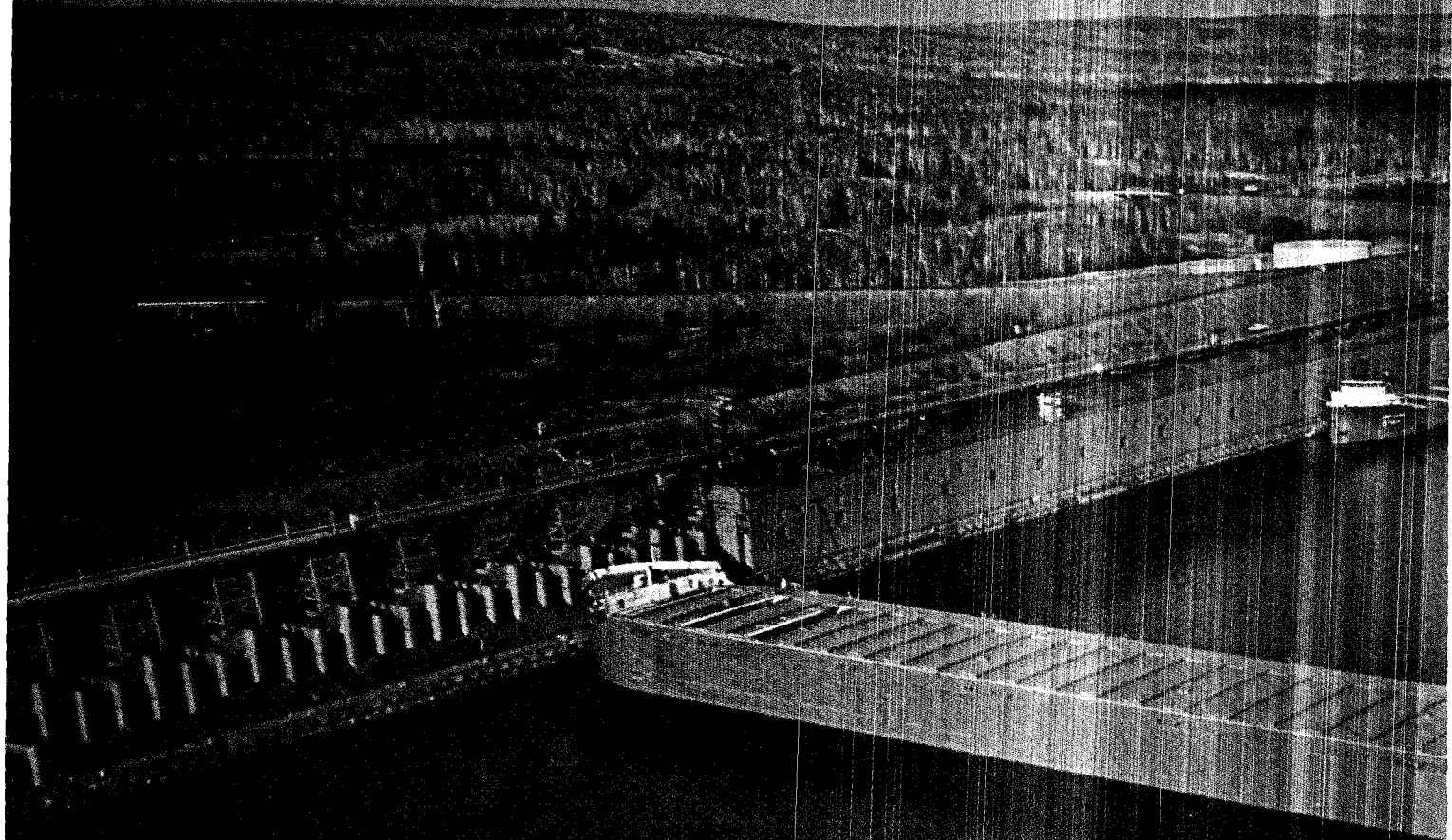


"You'll know
yourself better after
Vienna."

Nicola Freud

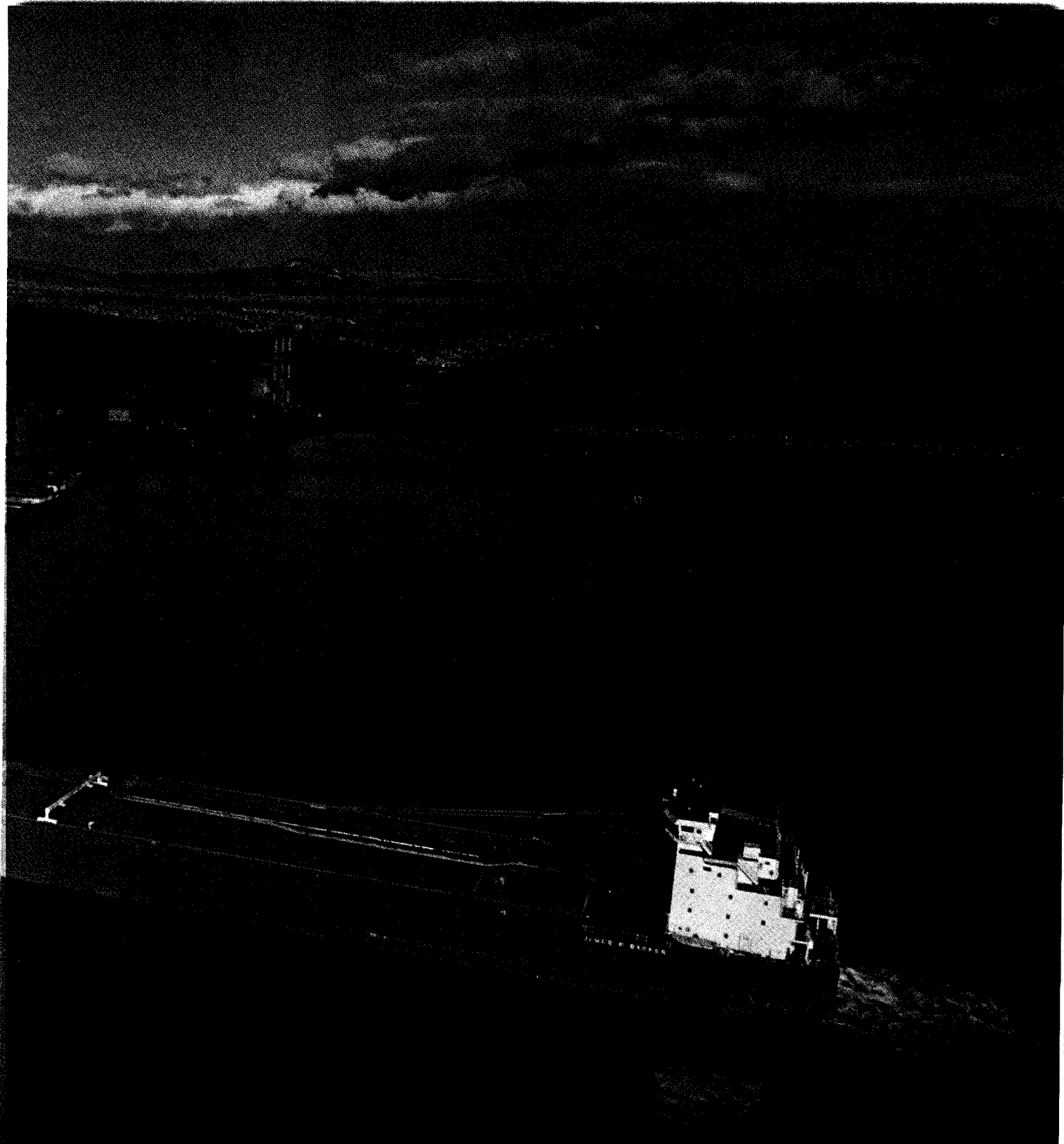


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The *M/V James R. Barker*, fleet flagship of the Pickands Mather subsidiary of Moore McCormack Resources, is longer than three football fields and can carry 59,000 long tons of iron ore pellets. Driven by two 16-cylinder Colt-Pielstick diesels from our Fairbanks Morse Engine Division, this Great Lakes bulk freighter cruises at 15 mph. Our diesels also provide power in electric generating plants, in nuclear submarines,

and on offshore drilling rigs. Along with such other well-known Colt Industries products as Crucible specialty steels, Garlock industrial seals and components, Menasco landing gear, and Holley carburetors, Fairbanks Morse diesels help make us a leading supplier to the industrial sector of the U.S. economy. For our latest financial reports, write Colt Industries Inc., Dept. C, 430 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.



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☐ Chandler Evans fuel controls • Fairbanks Morse
pumps • Holley carburetors ☐ Garlock industrial seals
☐ Menasco shock mitigation systems ☐ Colt firearms

Colt Industries





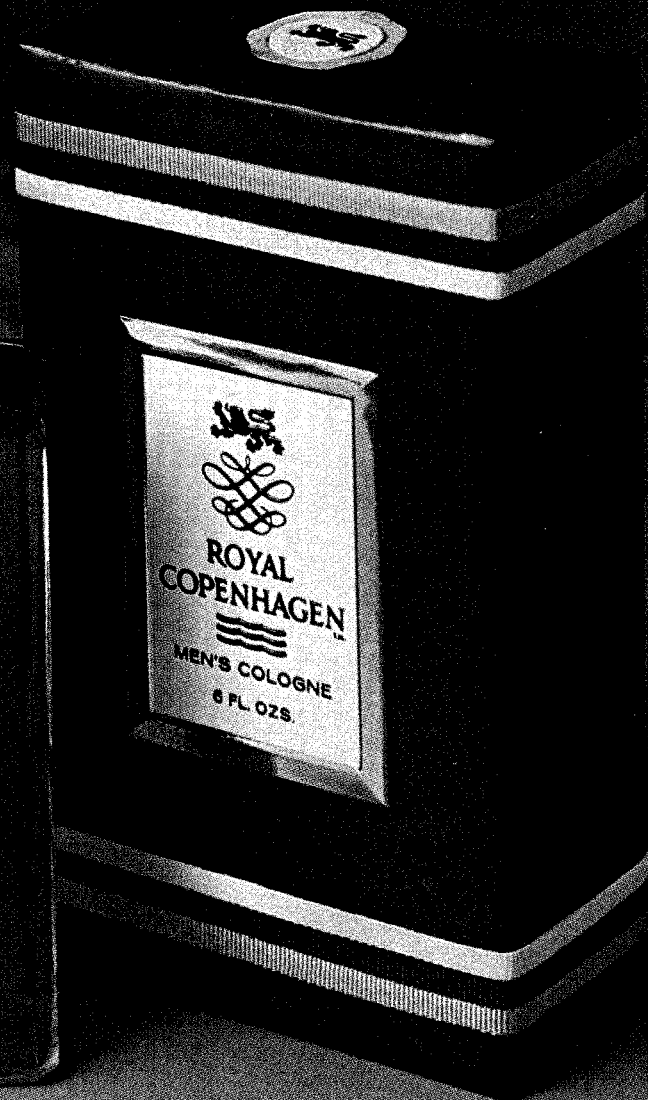
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An aristocratic fragrance for men,
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OFF BROADWAY

AT the end of December, 1974, Samuel Beckett went to Berlin to direct a production at the Schiller Theatre of his "Waiting for Godot"—in German, of course. Walter D. Asmus, one of the theatre's directors, was present at all rehearsals, and he has now reproduced Beckett's direction (with a cast assembled here) in a production that will be playing at the Brooklyn Academy of Music through June 18th—a production so lucid and, at times, so beautiful that it makes every other "Godot" I've seen seem turgid and literal. This "tragic-comedy" has never seemed more tragic or more comic. The Americans rehearsed only for BAM's usual four weeks (the Germans rehearsed for more than two months), so there is not yet any true unanimity of style in their playing, but quite a lot has been accomplished anyway. Every movement signifies, and the cadences and rhythms of passage after passage make the words seem fresh. Lines spring out from the text, pointing to new meanings. And how Irish every cadence is! In an article written for the present program, Mr. Asmus keeps using the word "balletic" to describe the movements that Beckett assigned the actors of the Schiller company. Unlike most program indoctrination, his article is fascinating, for it summarizes Beckett's ideas about the speeches, which he often read along with the actors, in order to get exactly the right emphases and inflections (we can assume that the readings in Brooklyn are, as

near as can be in different languages, line-for-line copies), and tells us how he refused, except in the most pragmatic way, to explain his words and his characters—so overexplained and overinterpreted by others today.

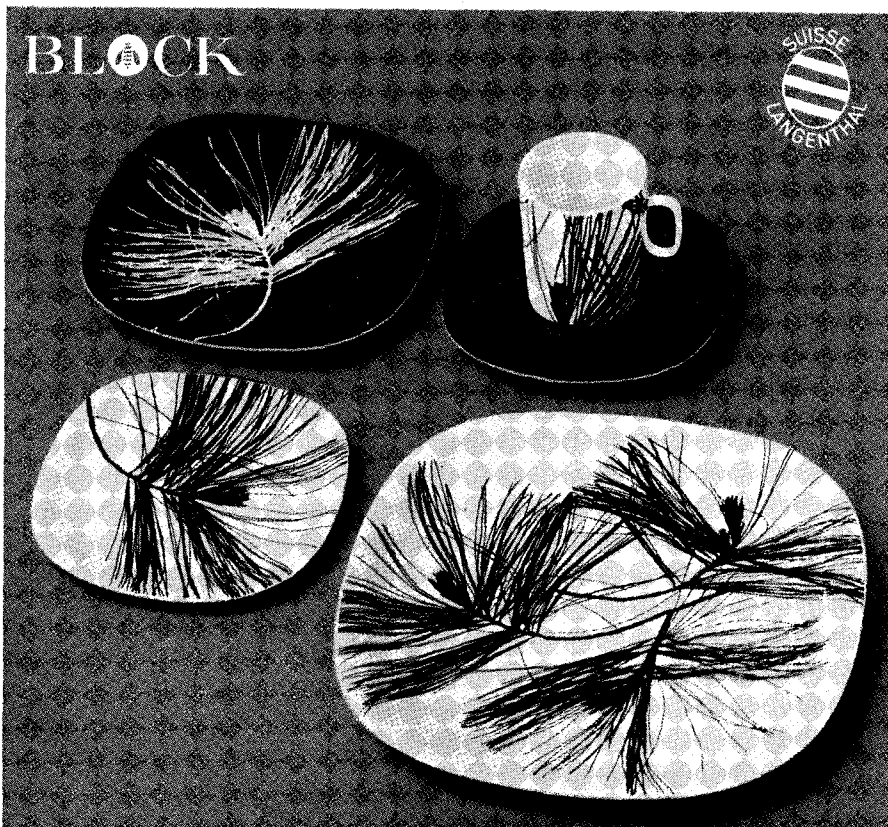
The performance—as is only to be expected of one that has been so stringently directed—is abstract and at the same time human and affecting. Milo O'Shea's Lucky is inspired. Standing stark and motionless, head bent, Mr. O'Shea, speaking only once and implying everything else, somehow brings the laconic despair of all Ireland onto

that stage. The quicksilver Vladimir of Sam Waterston—tight-kneed and pigeon-toed—is as profoundly sad as Harlequin or a Blue Period Picasso. As Estragon, his fellow-tramp and (perhaps) counterpart, Austin Pendleton is not so securely cast, but he nevertheless gives the role an innocence and a childishness that are often poignant and appropriate. Michael Egan's robust Pozzo is off-key in this production, but is firm and strong. There have been and will always be any number of ways to play Vladimir and Estragon and Pozzo. There will never be another way to play Lucky; Mr. O'Shea's characterization is permanent.

"WORD OF MOUTH" is a light-hearted revue by an assortment of young (and new) American humorists in the Subplot Cabaret, down deep at the American Place. The material, much of which was originally impro-



"Early on, Ed, I learned never to forget that these numbers are honest-to-God flesh-and-blood human beings."



PINE NEEDLES A NEW WAY TO SET YOUR TABLE—WITH MODERN ART

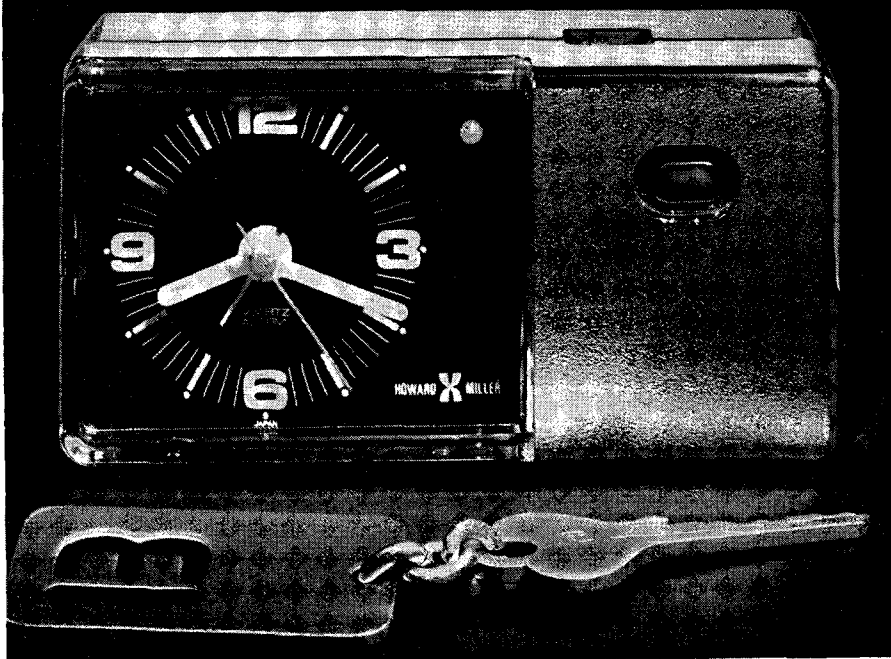
The serenity of deep woods in an abstract pattern by Naomi Savage. Forest green on white porcelain. Made in Switzerland. Shape by Gerald Gulotta. Five-piece place setting shown \$36, at most fine stores. Send 25 cents for leaflet: Block China Corp. 11 E. 26th Street, NYC 10010.

Big enough to wake you wherever you are.

Equally important, thanks to their quartz movements they are incredibly accurate. To within 1/6th of a second per day. Shown actual size, Mini-Quartz Travelers are smaller than a pocket calculator. Yet, they have features like on/off dial lights, sweep second hands—and a voice loud enough to wake you anywhere. Other-

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vised, is invariably cheerful, occasionally witty, often immediately forgettable, and most ably performed by Andrew Davis, Annette Kurek, Barry Press, David Rasche, and Marcell Rosenblatt. To single out just a few of the high points: Miss Rosenblatt, in an imitation of Ruth Gordon at her most perkily geriatric, wearing an old-lady mask, a horrendous hooded gray sweatshirt, and sneakers, and delivering a monologue (written by herself) about jogging; Mr. Press as a Russian stand-up comic here on a cultural exchange, telling (through an interpreter, played by Mr. Davis) an assortment of old wheezes in Russian doubletalk and berating the audience, in time-honored fashion, for insufficient laughter ("What are you—Jews?"); Miss Kurek and Mr. Rasche (in a sketch of their own) as a pair of Wisconsin farm folk who are simply exchanging small talk, with the local Scandinavian lilt (even in retrospect, Miss Kurek's line "Last year my dandelion wine was cloudy as hell" seems funny as hell to me, but I cannot tell you why). Some of the other sketches are just as good, some are not. There are also songs in many styles, most of them agreeable, with music by John Lewis. The writers include Ted Tally, Brian McConachie, Percy Granger, Peter Blanc, Cassandra Danz, and Mary Fulham; the director was Denise A. Gordon.

—EDITH OLIVER

OUR HUNGRY CLUB PEOPLE

[From a newsletter of the Green Oaks Country Club, Pittsburgh]

WOULD YOU BELIEVE!!!

The House Committee found it very embarrassing when reports reached them that some members were stuffing their purses with cookies, spare ribs, and other foods from the Memorial Day picnic. Other members then complained when they were not able to have cookies for dessert because "we did not buy enough." Would you believe, one member was reported to have taken a container of cream when she left the Club!

Once again, may we remind you that no "doggy bags" are available when we have a buffet, and no food is to be taken from the dining room. Remember, our Club is only as prestigious as we, the members, make it.

"Our bill is a great morale booster," Pepper says. "Workers know being required to retire is a Demosthenes sword over their head. When Bismarck started this business of retirement at 65, most people didn't live until 65."—*Santa Barbara News-Press*.

Demosthenes lived until sixty-two, but he took poison.



REMEMBER LUXURY?

When an ocean voyage was an experience to be savored... a leisurely idyll of sunshine, dancing in the grand salon and strolling the boat-deck under the stars... there was always Lark luggage in the first-class cabins.

LARK NEVER FORGOT

Today, what the jet age lacks in grace and service Lark makes up for in elegant simplicity... with luggage that almost packs itself.

These luxurious Aubusson bags, for instance, look as fresh and delicate

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OUR LOCAL CORRESPONDENTS

A CALM, PLEASANT DAY

IT was sixty-five degrees and overcast when the sun rose over New York City last June 15th, but the skies cleared later in the morning. It was a calm, pleasant day; the maximum wind velocity, seven miles per hour, was reached at 5 P.M., when the temperature was also at its high: eighty-three degrees. Meteorologically and in most other respects, June 15th, a Wednesday, was not much different from most warm-weather weekdays in the three-hundred-and-twenty-fourth year of this city's incorporated life.

There is no such thing, of course, as an average day; in fact, for many accounting purposes there is no longer such a thing as a day at all. Increasing numbers of records are being kept not on a twenty-four-hour basis but, rather, in weekly, monthly, or annual totals, compiled mechanically by computers. It may be said, however, that June 15th, a date selected at random in advance, was typical of New York weekdays, and, thanks to the efforts of a hundred and twelve representatives of governmental, civic, and corporate organizations, who retrieved the data (in some instances, a laborious process, requiring the examination of records that were not collected until long afterward), the following 265 statistics, events, attendances, and transactions have been assembled. They are set down here for no purpose other than to reflect the diversity and magnitude of proceedings in the City of New York or, in a few specified instances, on its periphery.

THREE hundred and four babies were born, and 179 New Yorkers died, two of them by violence. Two hundred and eighty-three marriage licenses were issued, and 65 couples were married at municipal chapels. A hundred and forty-nine divorce petitions, contested and uncontested, were called by justices of the New York Supreme Court. Two hundred and fifteen applications for American citizenship were filed at the office of

the United States Immigration and Naturalization Service. Four children were adopted. Investigations of 28 nominees to federal offices were being conducted locally by Federal Bureau of Investigation agents, who were also checking on the New York backgrounds of three of five men who had been listed by the White House as possible nominees for the position of director of the F.B.I. Three conventions, with a total of 3,200 registrants, were welcomed by the city's Convention and Visitors Bureau, which also projected an attendance of 250 persons at a New York Academy of Sciences conference dealing with the synthesis and properties of low-dimensional materials. One thousand five hundred and ninety employees were involved in 16 work stoppages monitored in the city by the State Labor Department. Five individuals and one corporation filed voluntary bankruptcy petitions; one corporation was the subject of an involuntary bankruptcy action, and two corporations asked to be allowed to continue to operate under court trustees. A hundred and four animals were collected from the city streets by agents of the Amer-

ican Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

The six crossings of the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey logged 243,295 vehicles entering the city; 649,636 additional drivers paid tolls in both directions on the nine Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority crossings; 91,843 passengers and 2,089 vehicles crossed between Staten Island and Manhattan on 61 ferry round trips.

Thirty vessels entered the port, including one under sail—a replica of Columbus's Santa María touring as a school exhibit. Thirty-two ships were loaded or unloaded in port, by 7,562 longshoremen and checkers, and 20 vessels cleared the port. An even \$6,103,000 was collected in Customs fees; in addition, Customs agents confiscated 20.5 pounds of illegal drugs, a slot machine, 143 rounds of ammunition, and one stuffed sea turtle. The United States Passport Agency here issued 3,061 passports.

A total of 124,928 passengers flew into or out of the region aboard 3,133 aircraft taking off or landing at the Port Authority airports—Kennedy, La Guardia, and Newark. Forty-six take-offs and landings (numbers of passengers not counted) were recorded at Flushing Airport, in Queens. Eight



*"I'm afraid Mr. Koerner is no longer with us.
He was taxed out of existence."*

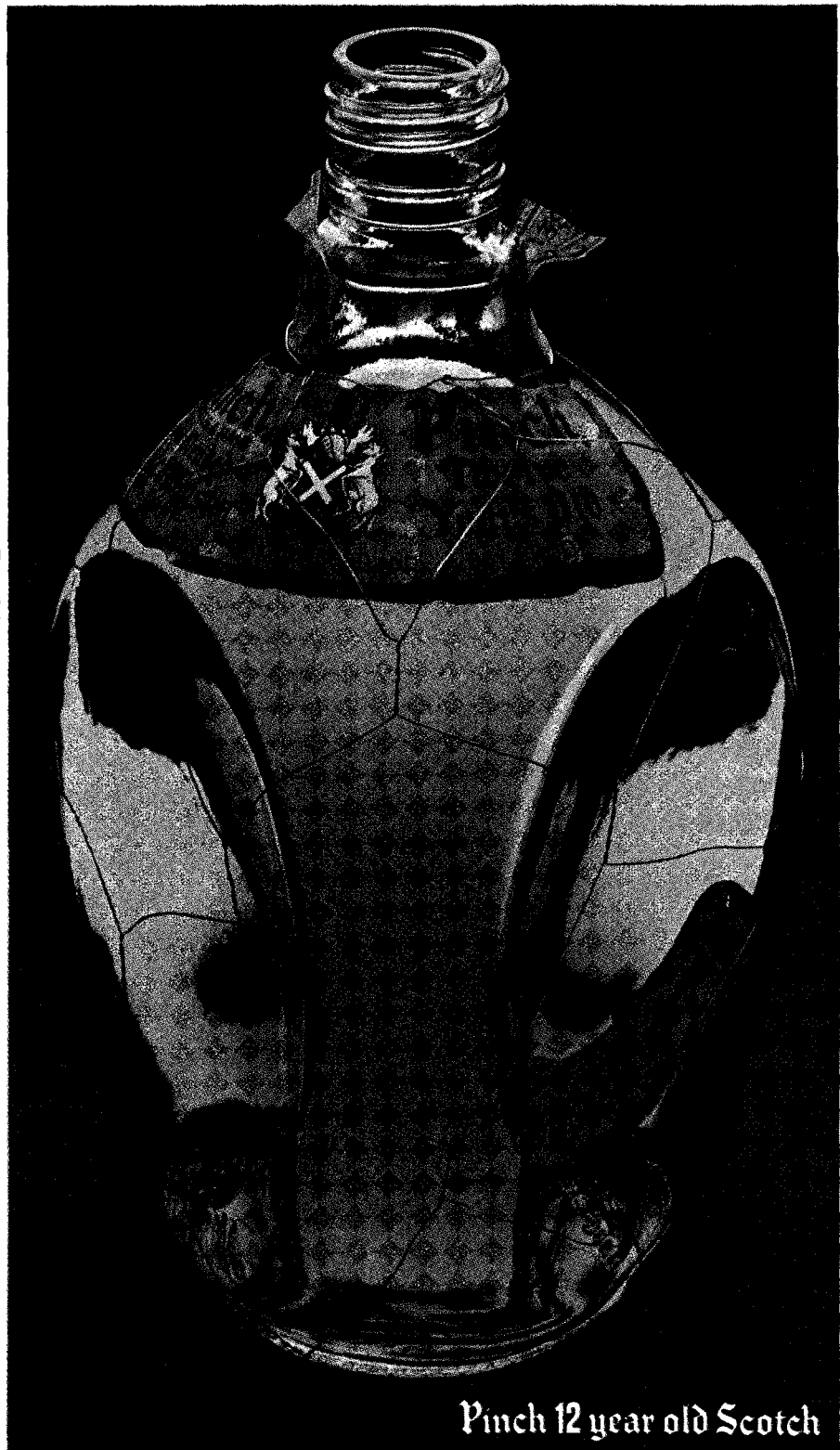
hundred and ninety-four Conrail passenger trains entered or left the city; the Long Island Rail Road reported running 704 commuter trains.

Riding the subways were 3,515,906 people; 1,990,526 riders took city buses. Exactly 147,375 fares were reported on the Port Authority Trans-Hudson lines, and 17,835 people rode Staten Island Rapid Transit trains. The aerial tramway across the East River to Roosevelt Island had 5,611 riders.

At the United Nations, 2,808 visitors took tours, conducted in nine languages; U.N. delegates had their choice of 21 official meetings, including a Security Council session about Cyprus. There were 11,917 cars crossing the causeways to Jones Beach and to Robert Moses State Park, on Fire Island, and 7,876 visitors were counted at Gateway beaches and wetlands facilities within the city. Three hundred and sixty-five children were registered for vacations out of the city by the Fresh Air Fund, which reported 380 contributions, of \$5,998, for the purpose. Seven hundred and sixty-two students attended 35 Red Cross classes in water safety, small-craft handling, and first aid. Three thousand four hundred and eighty-nine people viewed the region from the observation platform of the World Trade Center, and 4,359 more excursionists glimpsed it from the decks of Circle Line boats. Eight hundred and seventeen servicemen and dependents of servicemen were welcomed at the General Douglas MacArthur Memorial Center of the U.S.O., on Broadway. There were 150 adult and troop meetings of the Girl Scouts of the U.S.A., and 125 cub-pack meetings, 192 troop meetings, and five adult meetings of Boy Scout chapters.

Post offices in the city collected, processed, and distributed 35,572,616 pieces of mail, of all classes. The Sanitation Department picked up 11,261 tons of household refuse, and this and 12,597 additional tons of refuse picked up by private carters was processed at landfill sites and incinerators. Consolidated Edison metered exactly 100,000,000 kilowatt-hours of electricity in New York City and Westchester County, and 244,676,000 cubic feet of gas and 102,000,000 pounds of steam were consumed within the city. The New York Telephone Company does not make daily counts of direct calls, but its operators serving the city assisted persons making 644,798 calls and responded to 716,323 information requests. The New York City office of the Public Service Commission received 279 utility complaints, 182

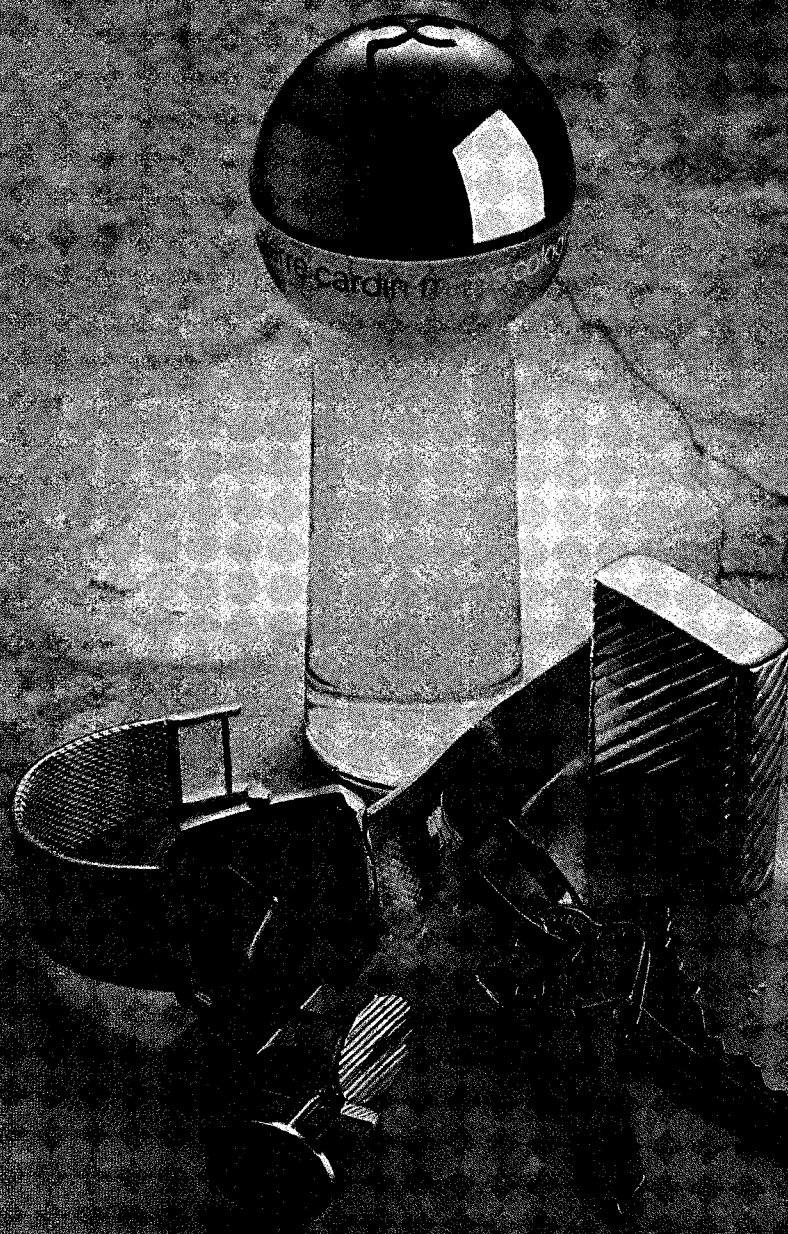
Look at it this way:
He never succumbed to love beads
or a Nehru jacket.
Father's Day is no time for ordinary scotch.



Pinch 12 year old Scotch

86 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY - RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

The fragrance
the well dressed man
is wearing.



Pierre Cardin Man's Cologne

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having to do with electricity, 67 with gas, and 30 with telephone services or billing. Policyholders registered exactly 97 complaints with the local office of the State Insurance Department, and 466 New Yorkers called the Mayor's Action Center in City Hall for help in dealing with municipal agencies or obtaining city services.

By the reckoning of the New York City Board of Elections, there were nine announced candidates for the mayoralty, but only one, Manhattan Borough President Percy Sutton, campaigned actively, appearing in Harlem and on Wall Street with Muhammad Ali, who was then the heavyweight boxing champion. Mayor Beame had 14 appointments on his calendar, including a midmorning press conference attended by 61 reporters, technicians, and observers, who were told that the city had reluctantly eliminated 206 mid-Manhattan parking spaces, and that 6,420 more metered spaces were to be withdrawn by September, in order to comply with federal-court orders to lessen automobile-caused air pollution. While the conference was taking place, an observer counted 97 cars belonging to reporters and city officials parked in the restricted area in front of City Hall.

Financially, the city enjoyed a good day. Its treasury took in \$535,400,000, most of it from state education-aid subsidies, and paid out \$165,944,324; it was payday for 58,053 public-school teachers; city checks were mailed to 1,262 suppliers; and \$115,538,298 was paid on principal and in interest on city bonds.

Five Civil Service appointment-and-promotion examinations were held. Bids were received on 121 city purchase orders, as were bids for a 1973 Plymouth declared surplus by the Off-Track Betting Corporation. Three of the city's 62 community boards met, to discuss a total of four agenda items. Forty-seven drivers were summoned to disciplinary hearings by the Taxi and Limousine Commission; four fact-finding conferences were held by the City Human Rights Commission, which also received two new complaints. Four rulings by the City Board of Ethics were scheduled for publication in the City Record.

The City Planning Commission held hearings on five building or zoning proposals; the City Tax Commission heard abatement petitions dealing with \$2,820,000 in assessed property valuation. Changes of ownership of 244 real-estate deeds were recorded. Seventy Brooklyn properties were sold at

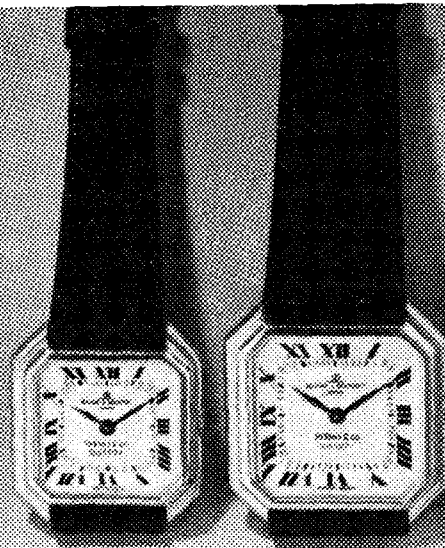
auction by the United States Department of Housing and Urban Development. A hundred and sixty building permits were issued. Seventy-nine men and 38 women were housed in municipal shelters on the Bowery, and 951 vouchers were given to men and women for lodgings in hotels.

Fourteen women were raped. Five banks were robbed by eight men of a total of \$8,941, and nine men hijacked two trucks—both carrying meat—in interstate commerce. Three bomb threats were received—no bombs were found—and 266 vehicles were stolen. City police brought 674 arrested suspects to courts, and Federal Bureau of Investigation agents arrested five fugitives, including one wanted for kidnapping. Ninety-two deportation hearings were held by the Immigration and Naturalization Service.

Fifty-eight newly sentenced prisoners were remanded to the custody of the Department of Correction, to join 2,637 men and women already serving time in city institutions and 4,534 suspects detained for trials. Three hundred and thirty-four newly arrested men and women were interviewed by pre-trial investigators of the Vera Institute of Justice for bail or release recommendations; 77 were released on their own recognizance to await arraignments and bail was set for 91 others. Two hundred and eleven children were held in detention awaiting Family Court hearings. Ninety-four complaints of child abuse and neglect were made to the Department of Social Services, and 46 emergency investigations of such cases were completed.

Firefighters responded to 1,750 alarms, extinguishing 431 fires, of which 159 were structural. There were 1,186 false alarms, and 47 fires were declared to be of suspicious origin. Nine firemen received minor injuries, and Red Cross workers offered food, clothing, and emergency shelter to 30 victims of eight fires.

ATENDANCE was not counted at seven free public events sponsored by the City Parks, Recreation and Cultural Affairs Administration, but an informal tabulation of those awaiting the 4:30 P.M. start of a program of jazz by Bobby Rosengarden's group on the Rockefeller Center promenade reached 318. Later that evening, at Clove Lakes Park, on Staten Island, an observer counted an audience of 1,347 listeners during the overture to the Metropolitan Opera Company's concert performance of "La Bohème." At noon, 316 men and women were



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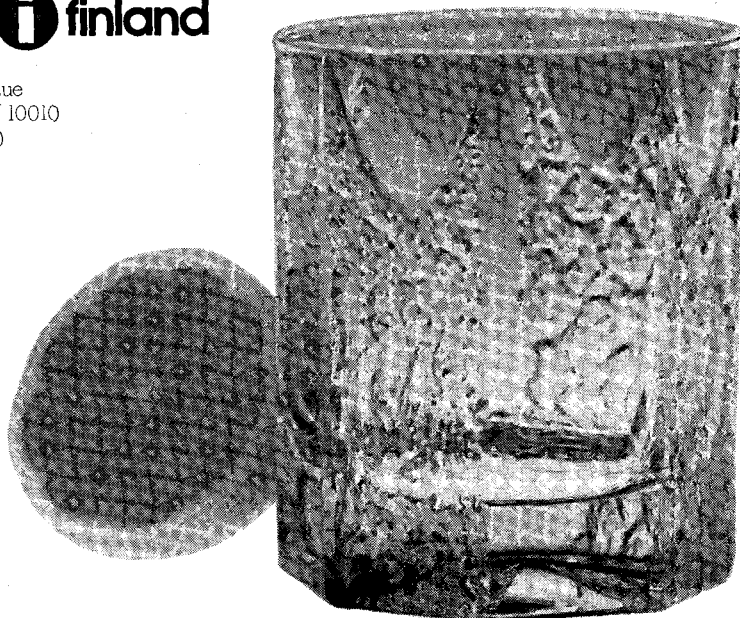
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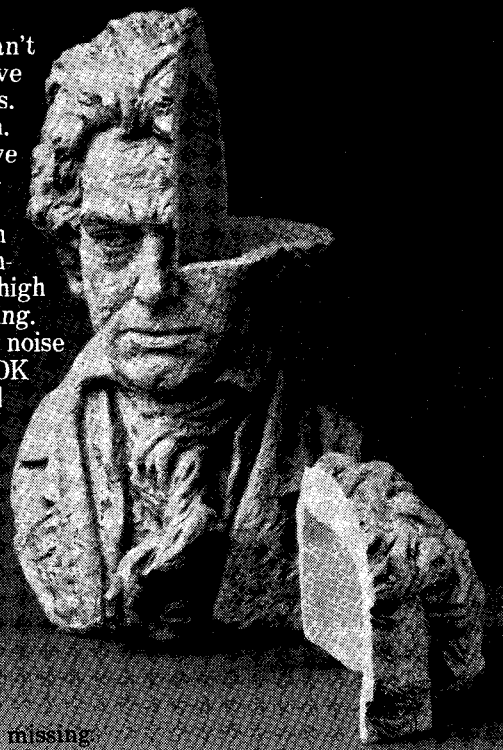
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counted in City Hall Park, either enjoying or ignoring the performances of two violinists playing Bach; a saxophone and percussion duet; and a clown in full makeup.

A survey of the day's entertainment notices turned up listings for thirteen musical and seven dance events, along with seven public lectures, five public forums, and two events billed as "rap" groups. A comedy called "Love! Love! Love!" opened Off Broadway (it received unfavorable reviews), and there was a film premiere—"A Bridge Too Far" (reviews mixed). Of the 31 productions played on what is considered to be Broadway, 29 were performed before both matinee and evening audiences. There were also eight Off Broadway productions advertised in the *Times*, one of them with a matinee. Six matinee and evening productions at four component theatres of Lincoln Center were attended by 11,400 people, and 553 people took tours of the entertainment complex. Thirty Rockettes and the motion picture "Smokey and the Bandit" were watched by 3,041 people at Radio City Music Hall, and 193 other city movie houses billed films in the *Post's* comprehensive Movie Clock. New Yorkers who didn't venture out at all had a choice of 256 television programs logged by the 14 ultrahigh- and very-high-frequency stations received in the city. Channel 13, a public-broadcasting television station, enrolled 697 new members.

No major-league baseball games were played in New York (the Mets won, 6-5, in Atlanta, and the Yankees were not scheduled), but the day was the deadline for player trading. The Mets sent three men, including their star pitcher, Tom Seaver, and their home-run leader, Dave Kingman, to other clubs, and received seven players



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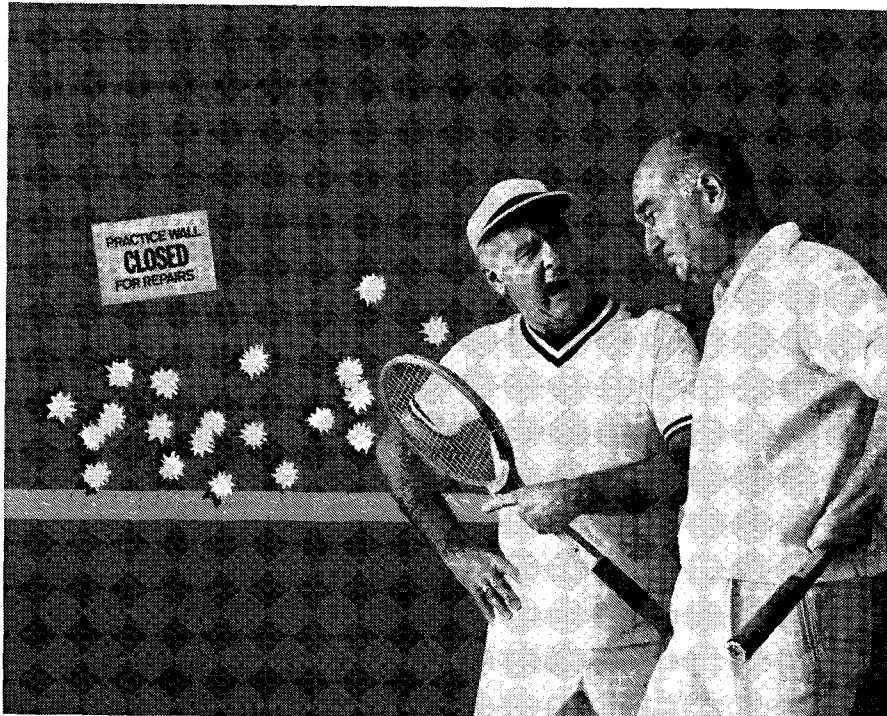
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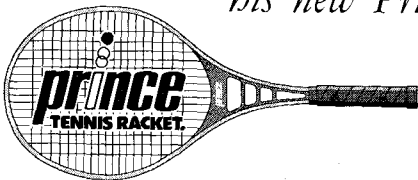
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in return. The Yankees traded away three and got one. At Belmont Park, the Meadowlands, and Yonkers Raceway, 42,901 patrons bet a total of \$5,651,851. New York City's Off-Track Betting Corporation handled \$3,100,582 more. The City Bingo Division received \$8,010 in licensing fees and three-per-cent-gross fees from 220 games. Eleven New Yorkers claimed prizes totalling \$18,500, and one entry into a later jackpot drawing, from offices of the State Lottery Division here.

Nine hundred and five New Yorkers took road tests for driver's licenses. The Department of Motor Vehicles issued 2,611 new and renewed drivers' licenses through city offices, and 1,864 sets of license plates. The Highway Department filled 2,463 potholes and paved city streets with 25,330 square yards of asphalt. The Sanitation Department swept 2,925 miles of curbs and flushed 3,240 streets. Three hundred and sixty-one traffic and parking signs were posted (many in accordance with the mid-Manhattan restrictions that the Mayor announced that day), and 86,761 feet of traffic lines were painted by the Department of Traffic. Three hundred and ninety-five cars were towed away from no-parking zones, and 32,581 parking summonses were issued. The Parking Violations Bureau held 2,523 hearings and collected \$393,838 in fines. Coins amounting to \$95,808 which had been collected from parking meters were deposited in banks.

The two city appellate divisions of the State Supreme Court issued 45 rulings, and 782 civil motions were decided in the court's county parts; 284 motions were decided in surrogate courts and 106 in civil courts. The most extraordinary ruling disclosed during the day was posted by the City Health Department, which announced its first quarantine order in 25 years—closing a Brooklyn riding academy where equine infectious anemia, or swamp fever, had been diagnosed in a six-year-old mare. ("We searched all through the department but couldn't find a quarantine sign," said Dr. Alan Beck, director of the Bureau of Animal Affairs. "Finally, we had to improvise one.") The quarantine was lifted two weeks later, after the mare was destroyed and other animals at the stable were found to be free of the disease.)

Thirteen diagnoses of tuberculosis and 47 cases of other communicable diseases were reported to the Health Department. Two hundred and twenty pregnancies were terminated and six

miscarried. A hundred and twenty-eight dogs, six cats, one pet rat, and one pet rabbit bit people. Three lead-poisoning cases were reported, and Health Department inspectors checked 23 sites for lead-based paints. City ambulances responded to 1,831 calls. In the emergency rooms of the 17 public hospitals, 3,993 patients were treated, and the public hospitals also reported a total of 226 operations, 631 patient admissions, and 18,505 clinic appointments. Blood was given to the Red Cross by 2,584 donors, and 2,428 units of blood were distributed. The Department of Social Services processed 245,738 Medicaid claims.

At two commencements, 4,554 students graduated from Brooklyn College and 400 from Medgar Evers College. Both institutions are components of the City University of New York. The city's public schools carried 1,011,488 pupils on their rolls, and there were 200,173 absentees. Seventy law-enforcement officers from the region, including 15 from the New York Police Department, were being trained by F.B.I. experts in firearms and defensive tactics, and 125 other law-enforcement agents were being trained in other F.B.I. classes on police work. A hundred and six students attended seven Red Cross classes in nursing and health. Fifty-three citizens spoke at a meeting of the City Board of Education at its offices in Brooklyn.

Twenty-two million six hundred and forty thousand shares of stock and 73,800 warrants were traded on the New York Stock Exchange, 2,450,000 shares on the American Exchange, and 7,391,600 shares over the counter. (The Dow-Jones industrial average declined an even five points.) Bonds in the amount of \$23,560,000 were sold on the New York and American Exchanges. Three hundred and sixteen lots of coffee and 5,278 lots of sugar were traded on the New York Coffee & Sugar Exchange. Other commodity exchanges reported the trading of 1,700 lots of frozen concentrated orange juice, 905 lots of round white potatoes, 871 lots of cocoa, and 698 contracts for platinum.

The Metropolitan Museum was visited by 9,171 people, the American Museum of Natural History and the Hayden Planetarium by 5,448. (The Museum of Modern Art is closed Wednesdays.) At the New York Public Library on Fifth Avenue, 5,604 people employed the research facilities. At the Bronx Zoo, 7,731 human beings viewed 3,396 mammals, birds, amphibians, and reptiles, and the zoo

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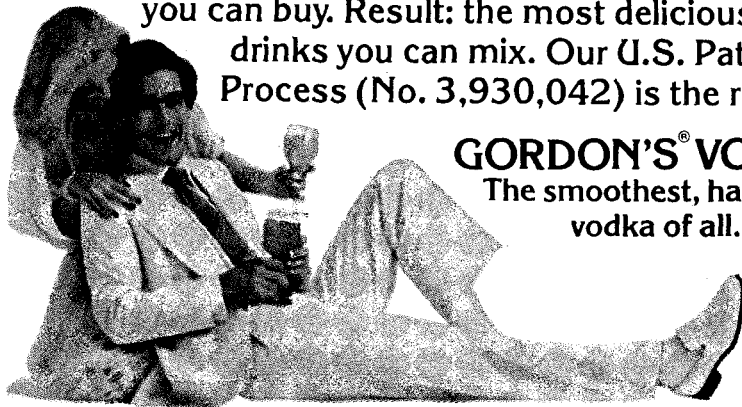
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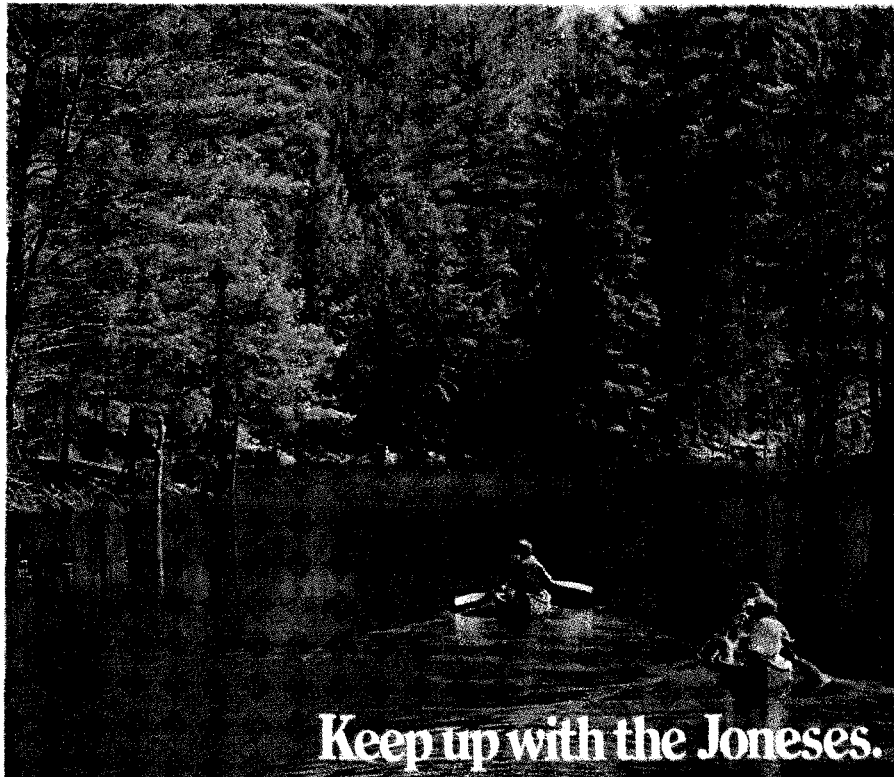


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reported the birth of a Formosan sika deer and a guanaco, which is a llama-like creature, and the death of two birds. A total of 5,524 people sailed out to the Statue of Liberty, and 229 toured Ellis Island. Grant's Tomb recorded 182 visitors, and at Castle Clinton, at the Battery, which was the scene of a free afternoon concert, an attendance of 777 was counted. Three hundred and fifty-five people toured Federal Hall, on Wall Street; 23 found Theodore Roosevelt's birthplace, on East Twentieth Street; and 15 went up to Hamilton Grange, in Manhattan.

The *News* sold exactly 1,959,000 copies; the *Times*, 816,406; the *Post*, 610,508. New York City banks announced promotions of 13 of their employees to vice-presidencies. In city offices of the State Labor Department, 3,446 new applications for unemployment benefits were filed. Thirty law students were appointed to unpaid internships on the staff of the New York County district attorney. A hundred and ninety-seven commercial and peddling licenses and eight restaurant permits were issued by the City Consumer Affairs and Health Departments. One retired and three active law-enforcement officers were honored at a luncheon at Luchow's Restaurant which was sponsored by the National Conference of Christians and Jews and the American Academy for Professional Law Enforcement. And, according to the Bureau of the Census, 50 interviewers and statisticians were abroad in the city conducting surveys and compiling numbers—51, if you count me.

—FRED C. SHAPIRO

PARTICIPANT

You wait for something to happen.
Your breath is so many ice petals
dropped to the floor.

Watch out—even now
a tune deepens the erosive air,
even now the sinewy dancer
wakes and unfolds from his chair.
Your breath dances
with his, your mouth is his.
Only then does he whisper
what you want most
not to hear: you must not inhale
him so, there is no more room
for breath, let it
stand in your throat like so much
loose change. You wait. And
how brutally the dance continues.
How brutally
nothing is asked of you.

—ELIZABETH LIBBEY

THE SPORTING SCENE

THE KAISER AMONG THE COSMOS

IN West Germany, where for most of this decade Franz Beckenbauer was the captain of soccer teams that won almost all the European and world tournaments that matter, he was known unequivocally as *der Kaiser*. French spectators had no tribal prejudices against calling him that, too; in Britain he was known, less Germanically, as the Emperor. In Bermuda last March, where the Cosmos, the American team for which Beckenbauer now plays, were training before the beginning of the North American season, I stood in the crowd watching the local amateurs give them a practice game. Within twenty minutes, a couple of imaginative Bermudians standing on the bank by the cricket field in Hamilton, where the game was being played, had begun to call him the Governor. I asked Beckenbauer what he thought he might be called in the United States, and he conceded that he could hardly be called the President. I reflected that if he knew the place better he might not want to be called the Mayor, and to be called the Senator would suggest incorrectly that he was not unique. Sitting in Giants Stadium, at the junction of many highways in New Jersey, where the Cosmos play, I heard someone shout, "Great! You're great, Kaiser Franz!" and thought that the German name had crossed the Atlantic untranslated until Beckenbauer's admirer sighed and added "*Jawohl!*" Beckenbauer himself prefers hyperbole to metaphor. He is quite content to be thought of as the finest soccer player in the world.

There is one thing that separates the superior player from the others on the soccer field. It can be described as deference. It means that a player gets the ball when he wants it, because his teammates are confident that he will use it to their advantage. When it has taken root, deference such as

this occurs regularly. Beckenbauer appears to do no more than raise an eyebrow or give the gentlest hint with his hands when he wants the ball, and he gets it. He established that reputation with his colleagues in Munich, where he played for the local club, F. C. Bayern. When he arrived to play in America, in May, 1977, it didn't happen right away. Pelé was still on the Cosmos team and was indisputably the greatest soccer player in the history of the professional game, which goes back to the organization of the English league, in 1888. It was impossible for Pelé to escape his reputation, even in New York, where soccer players had previously been able to rely on anonymity. The Cosmos' chairman, Nesuhi Ertegun, once sought privacy for Pelé in an obscure Chinese restaurant on upper Broadway, confident that no one there would recognize his guest, but there was no conversation until Pelé had given his autograph—according to Ertegun—"not only to all the waiters but to everyone in the kitchen, sixteen of them, and on banknotes, too." When the Cosmos went to China itself, they were not sure whether anyone would

know who or what they were, but they were met at Peking airport by a mass of soccer officials and soccer players who immediately surrounded Pelé.

It would have been difficult to think of anyone else in the world with a name so immediately recognizable. But while the Chinese crowds clamored for Pelé the Chinese coaches sought out Beckenbauer. Pelé was to be adored; Beckenbauer's was an exceptional talent to be analyzed. And the two men enjoyed the half season they played together for the Cosmos in 1977. Indeed, the idea of playing with Pelé was one of the lures used by Clive Toye, then the president of the Cosmos, to get Beckenbauer to play in America at all. "His eyes lit up like a little boy's when we told him that they would play together," says Toye, who is not unmoved by the memory of it. "Beckenbauer was the bow, and Pelé was the arrow."

Beckenbauer says he had been spoiled in Munich, and the deference he was used to took some time to emerge in America. ("Deference" is not the word he would use, of course, not only because his English does not extend that far but because it suggests

a degree of subservience that might contradict the concept of an eleven-man team. He prefers the analogy of architect and workers.) This year, he gets the ball when he wants it. Pelé has gone, after making only marginally fewer final appearances than Dame Nellie Melba. Beckenbauer is the undisputed master of the team, and, in a country where professional soccer is still in its infancy, his fame has a simple function: he is there to draw the crowds.

If Pelé was the midwife at the birth of American professional soccer, Beckenbauer is the wet nurse. Phil Woosnam, a neat little Welshman who is now the commissioner of the North American Soccer League, boosting the game in a mid-

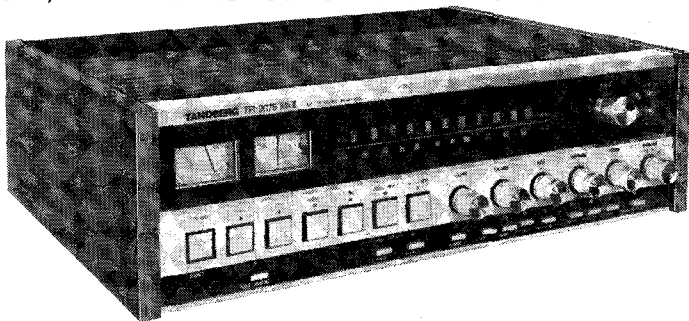


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TANDBERG

AN INTRODUCTION TO STEREO AT THE FINEST LEVEL

Atlantic accent, says, "I didn't dream that Pelé could do as much as he did. Sport here is dependent on Madison Avenue, and Pelé gave us exposure. The media became positive then, and when Beckenbauer arrived, that was it. We had the No. 1 and the No. 2 in the world." With Pelé retired, the suggestion is that the Cosmos now have just the No. 1.

UNTIL the Cosmos signed Pelé, in 1975, professional soccer in America was professional in the sense that the players were paid, but not in the sense that they were good. The most influential soccer immigrants were administrators, not players. Both Woosnam and Toye left Britain a dozen years ago, when they became dispirited by the unimaginative conservatism of the sport in their homeland, and they took over the direction of two American teams. Their zeal made few converts, however, and Toye recalls the days when he had difficulty persuading English fourth-division players—the equivalent of semi-professional or minor-league baseball players—to play for American teams. Even those innocent Americans who turned up at games in the early days of the North American Soccer League could sense that the goods they were being sold were shoddy. The core of the audience, usually immigrants from central Europe, was so loyal to the game that it would watch anything.

There were seven teams in the league besides the Cosmos (there are now twenty-four in all), and they were owned by men described by newspaper-caption writers as "well-to-do sportsmen." They had the kind of money that would enable them to fly anywhere to watch Pelé play, but not enough money to buy him. The difference between the Cosmos and the other teams was and is that the Cosmos are a subsidiary of a substantial corporation in the film and entertainment industry—Warner Communications. True, there are a couple of well-to-do sportsmen on the Cosmos board—the chairman, Nesuhi Ertegun, and his younger brother, Ahmet Ertegun, who is the president—but they are an unusually sophisticated variety of the breed. Sons of the Turkish Ambassador to Washington in the Second World War years, they went into the record business with a label called Atlantic; it was eventually bought for a large sum by Warner, for which Ahmet continues to run the record firm. Warner Communications was familiar enough with expensive gambles in the movie

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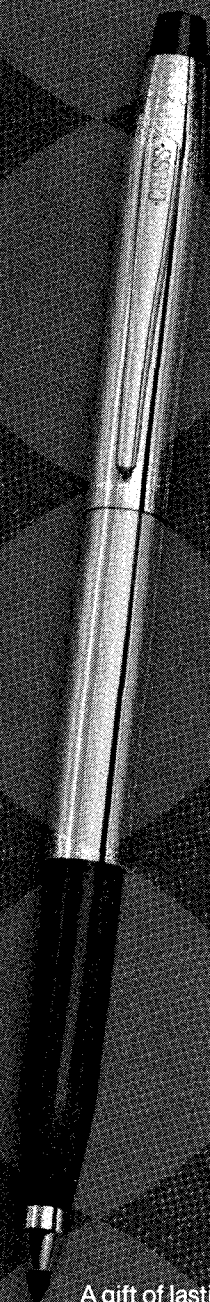


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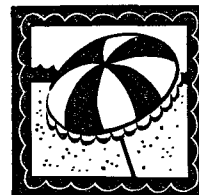
and record businesses to conceive of one in soccer.

The problem in recruiting Pelé was not the money: Warner had it and Pelé wanted it. The problem was that Pelé was a potent symbol of Brazilian nationhood. During Pelé's career, Brazil had dominated the World Cup, a tournament played every four years which every soccer-playing nation, including the United States, enters. Of some hundred nations, all but sixteen are eliminated in the two-year run-up to the finals, which Brazil had won in 1958, 1962, and 1970. Pelé had already retired once, but if he was to come back, surely it should be on the Brazilian team, to compete for the 1974 World Cup (won, in fact, by West Germany, captained by Beckenbauer), and not on an American team that nobody had heard of. Toye and Nesuhi Ertegun, looking for some way to realize their common wish that Pelé should come to America, were perhaps influenced by Ertegun's paternal heritage, for they decided to add a diplomatic dimension to the deal, and when they set about recruiting foreign-service assistance, they did not fool; they picked Henry Kissinger. Thanks to his European boyhood, Kissinger was the first Secretary of State to appreciate soccer, and he was given to breaking a shuttle-diplomacy trip to watch a game in Europe. The connection was made through the president of Rockefeller Center, Alton G. Marshall, who had been a colleague of Kissinger's on New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller's staff, and whose son Stephen is the Cosmos' travelling secretary. In one of his more fruitful interventions in South America, Kissinger sent a message to Brazil's Foreign Minister which persuaded the Brazilians that Pelé coming to America would vastly benefit relations between the two countries, and that Pelé would be more of an ambassador than a soccer player. The Brazilians bought that, and the Cosmos bought Pelé.

Pelé's act has turned out to be anything but an easy one to follow. Toye, who served as president of the Cosmos until last summer, when he had a falling-out with the corporate management, and who is now co-owner of the Chicago Sting, remembers the discussion of the problem, which started in 1976. "We began to ask ourselves, What happens after Pelé? We had believed he would make the game popular enough for us to survive his retirement, but then we realized that we would

have to sign a superstar replacement before he left. There were only two people in the world on his superstar level, and they were Franz Beckenbauer and Johan Cruyff, the Dutchman who played for Barcelona. Cruyff was a bit temperamental and difficult, and there were enough of that sort around without bringing another one in, whereas Beckenbauer is a first-class team man and a great professional."

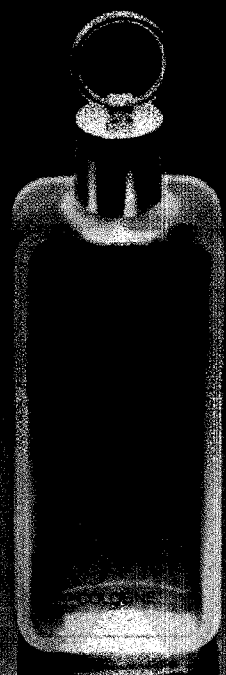
Toye decided to test his decision by means of a little industrial espionage. He sent the Cosmos' coach, Gordon



Bradley (who left shortly after Toye last summer), to Bayern's training camp for a refresher course. The object was to see if Beckenbauer was as pleasant a man as they thought, and to find out if he was interested in principle

in playing in America. Bradley reported that the answer to both questions was yes. The Erteguns didn't object to the cost—an estimated two million dollars for four years—but this was a different sort of gamble from the one on Pelé: a gamble not with a legend but with a thirty-one-year-old player deeply rooted in European football.

Toye's memory of the negotiations is primarily of secrecy—of changing names and hotels, and even of switching cars in the middle of the woods around Munich. It was important to keep things quiet, he thought, because otherwise it might look like a stunt. Alternatively, if his efforts were taken seriously, people in Germany would undoubtedly try to dissuade Beckenbauer from leaving. What happened when the news did leak out—in *Bild-Zeitung*, the popular German daily—was that it wasn't taken seriously; no one believed that the captain of the West German team could really be interested in playing in America. Not, at least, until Beckenbauer confirmed it himself. Early in 1977, when West Germany was playing France in Paris, he told the team manager and a few of his teammates. They were appalled: What about the 1978 World Cup? Beckenbauer weakened: he would ask Toye if he could join the Cosmos after the World Cup. It's now or never, Toye replied. Beckenbauer said he was sorry, but it looked like never. Yet the tone was not so uncompromising that the Cosmos didn't think one last effort worth making, and at Easter they asked Beckenbauer—who had never been to America—to come and have a look at New York. He was flown around in a helicopter, was taken very seriously by executives of Warner Communications,



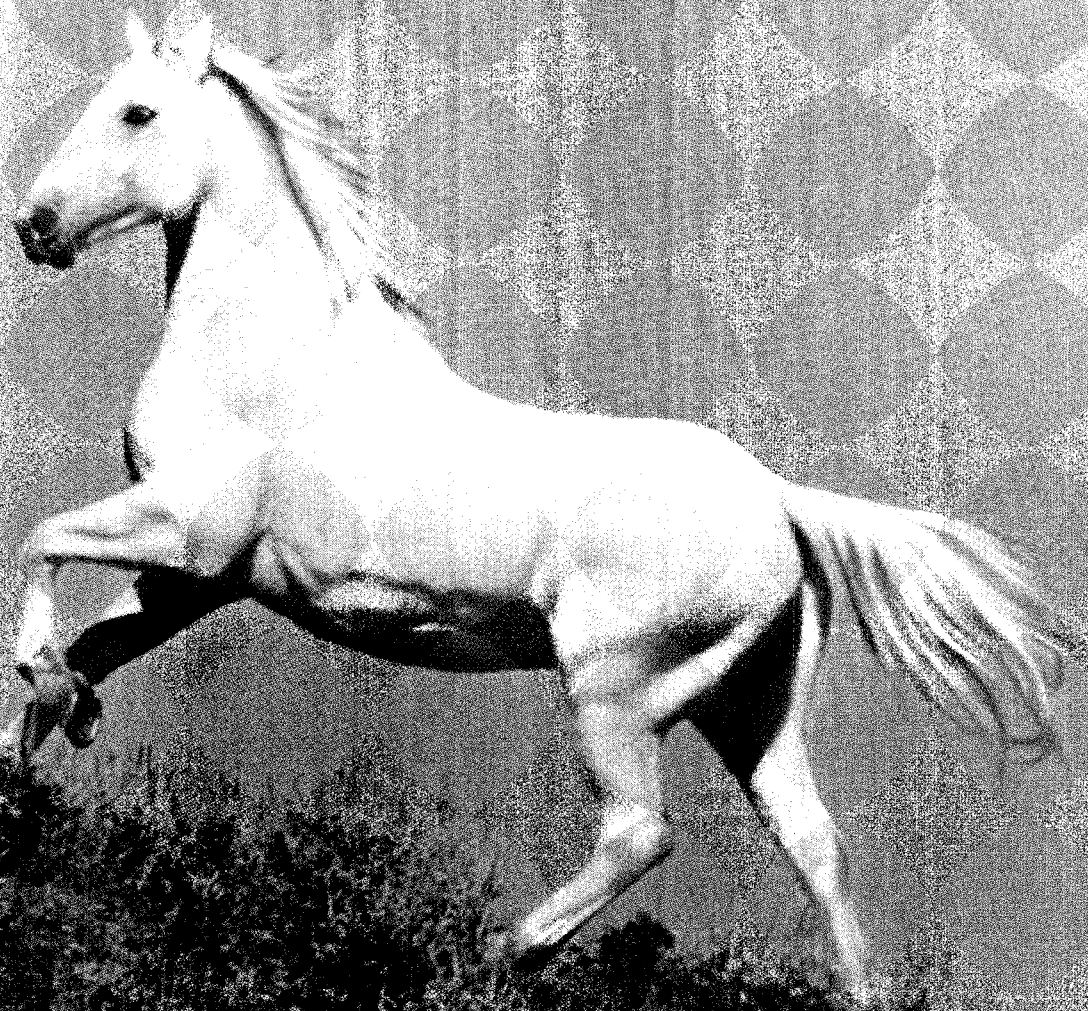
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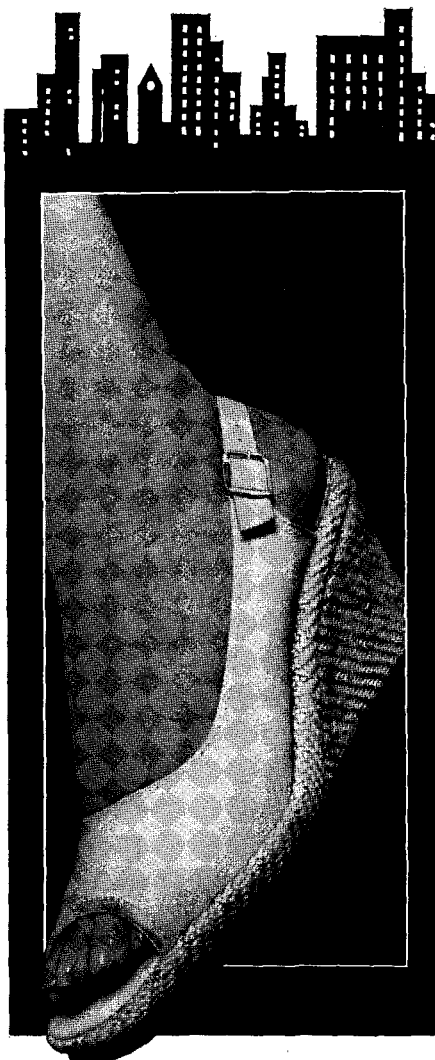
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and changed his mind. He signed formally on May 2nd, near the end of the German season.

I HAD a talk with Beckenbauer recently in his apartment on Central Park South, and I asked why he had changed his mind. He said that it wasn't because of the Empire State Building (though he had earlier demonstrated to me with pleasure that he can see it from his bedroom balcony). He speaks English with some anxiety; when he can't find the right word, lines of near anguish show on his clear face beneath his dark, curly hair, which is beginning to recede, though he is only thirty-two. Like other immensely skilled sportsmen, he tends to make you think he is older than he looks, because he is so accomplished at what he does. He stands an inch under six feet, weighs a hundred and sixty-five pounds, and on the field looks like most other fit young men, except for his thighs, which seem unusually powerful.

Nobody in Germany, he says, really believed that he would come to the States. "Lots of friends tried to persuade me not to. It is true, all my family and friends are in Germany. I am not a rich man, but I have a car, house, money. O.K., I thought, I've done everything in Germany. I've played a hundred and three times for the national team, won the European Championship, the World Cup. And everything was regimented in Germany. I wanted more freedom. Whenever I took a step in Germany, I felt watched. When I first came here, I stayed at the St. Regis, and I would ask to make a phone call to Germany, and they would ask me to spell out my name. B-e-c-k-e-n-b-a-u-e-r. I'd never had to do that before. Here I can do what I like. I can go to the theatre and to a restaurant, and nobody will ask me for my autograph. I feel that some people do know who I am now, but they don't talk to me. They are discreet; but in Germany I never felt by myself. The other night, I was in a restaurant, and at the table next to us were Woody Allen and Diane Keaton, and nobody interrupted any of us."

Later that day, Beckenbauer and I walked downtown to his daily English lesson at the Berlitz School, and, as if to confirm what he had said, our conversation was uninterrupted. Not a head turned. A passion for privacy is an interesting motivation for an unusual move like his, but, genuine though it is in his case, it is hardly the whole story. Beckenbauer's most conventional reason for joining the Cosmos was money,



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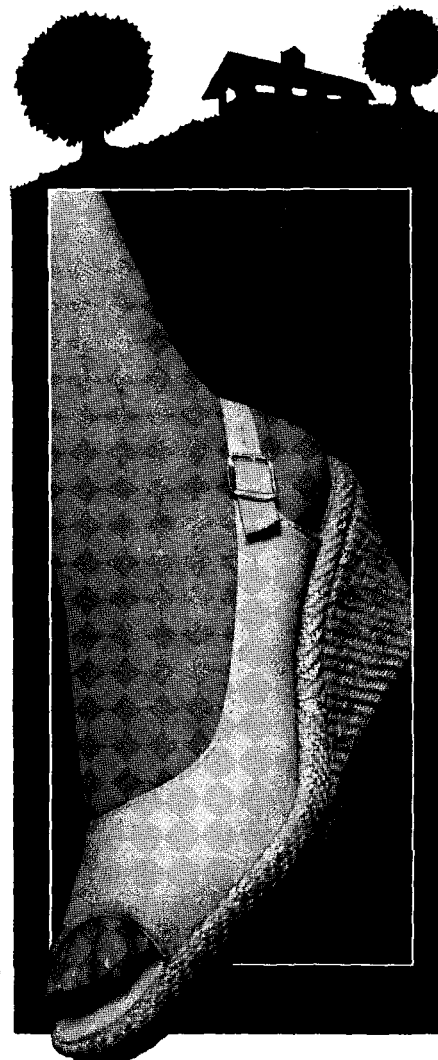
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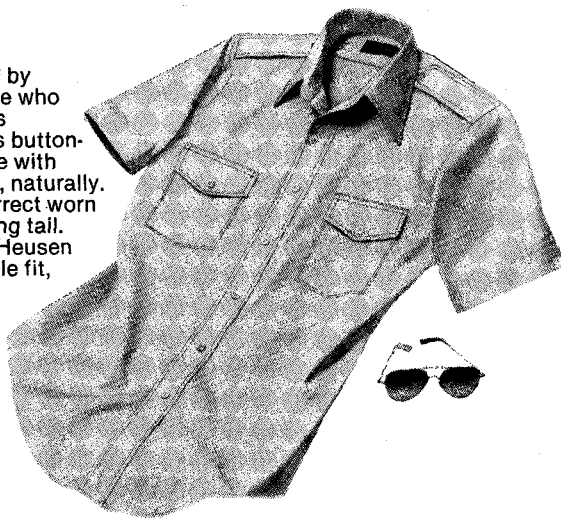
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on a scale that, though not uncommon in American sport, is larger than anything he could earn in Europe. Not that he was poorly paid in Munich. He earned four hundred thousand Deutsche marks a year there, and even before the mark reached two to the dollar, that was about as much as any professional sportsman was paid in Europe. A tennis player or a golfer can earn more, but not unless he does some of his playing on other continents. Beckenbauer coolly observed the effect high earnings had had on his European colleagues. I asked him what they had talked about in the locker room, and he replied that, among other things, they were all interested in politics. "I am in the center, but we had people of all beliefs, from outside right to outside left. One of our players was once a Maoist, but you cannot get two hundred thousand or three hundred thousand marks a year and stay a Communist."

I later asked Nesuhi Ertegun how many nationalities he had on the Cosmos team now, and he counted them on his fingers. "We've got a Turkish goalkeeper, two Brazilian defenders," he said. "Two Yugoslavs and a German in midfield. That's four. Then there are two Englishmen and an Italian in the attack. That's six. All we need now is a Greek, and I think it would be perfect." The politics of the polyglot Cosmos' dressing room remains a mystery: there is no common language in which to discuss it.

When Beckenbauer decided to come to New York, the Cosmos and Bayern began to quarrel over his transfer fee. Professional soccer players are not free agents. Bayern wanted a payment of 1.75 million marks (about seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars at that time); the Warner board told the Cosmos they could go no higher than 1.4 million marks (about six hundred thousand dollars). The impasse was broken by Beckenbauer, who said that if this was going to be a problem, he would handle it himself. He paid three hundred and fifty thousand marks (a hundred and fifty thousand dollars) of his own transfer fee—a unique sporting transaction, as far as I know. Nonetheless, it was a shrewd economic maneuver, because his earnings from playing for the Cosmos plus those from advertising products like men's cosmetics and Adidas sporting goods will amount to about two and a half million dollars (the exact sum is secret) over a four-year contract. Not even the decline of the dollar against the mark has seriously eroded the advantage of playing in America, where he earns roughly

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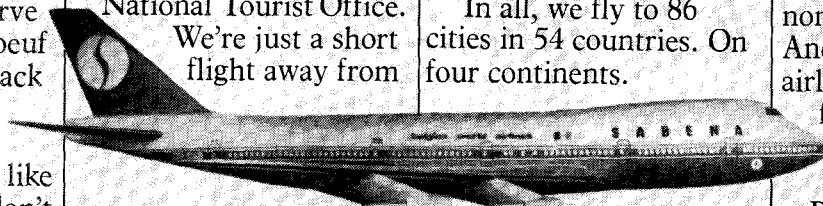
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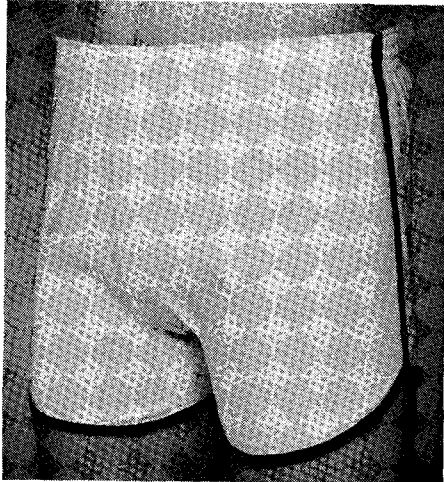


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twice as much as he would in Europe.

The Germans had hoped that he might still play in the World Cup this summer, and last January asked the Cosmos whether Beckenbauer could be released. The Erteguns agreed to let him go for the duration of the tournament, plus ten days' training—a total of five weeks in May and June. The Germans greedily asked for his release on April 1st. The Erteguns refused; that would amount to three-fifths of the April-to-August American season. In April, the Germans asked, What about releasing him in early May? But season tickets had already been sold by the Cosmos on the assumption that Beckenbauer would be the star, and the Cosmos refused a second time. Beckenbauer is philosophical about it, but it means that the last professional link with his origins has been severed.

He is now committed to American soccer. "Here I can help build soccer," he says. "Oh, I am not exactly a missionary, but it is such a challenge that I knew it would change my life." So it will, because he has deserted a continent where his reputation had evolved and matured, and has come to one in which, to some extent, it will have to be made all over again. And it puts his position as the best in the world at risk in more ways than one. Soccer is deeply ingrained in European culture; in America it has hardly touched the surface. Clive Toye believes that this situation is changing: "It's possible that the post-Vietnam generation are turned off by the violence and the discipline of American football," he says hopefully. "Besides, soccer has the advantage that, in contrast to American football, all eleven players are always involved in a game, and it's bloody cheap."

BUT virtually no American boys of Beckenbauer's generation kicked a tennis ball around the street, using a basement window as a goal, as Beckenbauer did from the age of six in a working-class quarter of Munich called Giesing, where he lived with his mother and his father, a postal worker. He was in a club team at ten, and, after leaving school at fourteen, played for regional and national teams while he was serving an apprenticeship with an insurance company. At first, Beckenbauer expected to earn no more than five hundred marks a month, to supplement his income, by playing in the German league, for it was then only semi-professional, and far from the big business it is now. But by the time he was twenty, when he was playing in the World Cup Final in 1966 (England

won), German soccer had become profitable, and Bayern could afford to hire full-time players. Before long, it could also pay them well.

In 1969, he was captain of Bayern; in 1971, captain of West Germany. And he settled into a position on the field known as sweeper, a defensive one controlling the middle of the field. Beckenbauer's contribution to it was his habit of breaking out of defense and becoming an unpredictable attacking player—a move that upsets carefully organized defensive strategies. By the time West Germany won the World Cup in 1974, beating a wonderfully imaginative team from the Netherlands, Beckenbauer was accepted as the dominant figure in European soccer, of whom only the finest play was expected. (I remember my son's expression of shocked disbelief as he watched Beckenbauer commit a professional foul against England in 1973—deliberately handling the ball to prevent an English player from scoring a goal. The hero, my son realized, was human.)

Beckenbauer's European reputation was, as much as possible, imported with him. The American crowd was told by the Cosmos' publicity men that the best player in the world was about to join the team, and the cash involved in the deal seemed to confirm the legend. His reputation appeared to survive the Atlantic crossing rather well, too, because two months after his arrival sixty-nine per cent of the spectators questioned at a game by pollsters from a Warner division called Warner Educational Services named him as one of their three favorite players. It is not difficult to see why. His virtues are exactly the ones that the crowd at Giants Stadium could be expected to admire. He is quiet, always correctly dressed. There is no chance of his being involved in an undignified punch-up in a hotel after a game; instead, he might well be on the phone talking about Swiss taxes with his business manager—for he has moved his home from Munich to Obwalden, a district near Lucerne. (His wife and three children remain in Europe.) The soccer spectators at Giants Stadium are predominantly white-collar workers (forty-seven per cent of the survey sample), college-educated (fifty-three per cent), and car-using (ninety-two per cent came by car), and more than half live in New Jersey. (When the New York Cosmos moved to Giants Stadium, they quietly dropped the New York and became just the Cosmos.) A visual survey by me showed that an overwhelming majority of the crowd consisted of



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white families. And nearly half the blacks I did encounter as I walked around the stadium in late April this year were speaking French, indicating that they were predominantly Haitian. In any event, the star is not yet identified to the complete satisfaction of the Cosmos marketing men. Last May 21st was proclaimed Franz Beckenbauer Day at the stadium, for two reasons: to pay tribute to him, and also to establish his image more firmly. I suspect that the proclaimers would like him to be more quickly recognized when he goes out to a restaurant.

For many years, soccer in the United States had the reputation for being an ethnic game. But all that is changing. It would have been useless to buy Beckenbauer to please German-born spectators, since on the day of the survey they amounted to only seven per cent of the crowd. But the survey also showed that just sixty per cent of the crowd was born in the United States, and thirty per cent in Europe, so the factor of national background remains one that no team management can ignore.

TO a player from Europe, the American crowds seem innocent. "I don't know if crowds in this country can compare good and bad playing," Beckenbauer explains. "In New York, possibly, but outside, I don't know. In one of my first games, a player shot the ball forty yards straight to the goalkeeper. A complete waste, but they applauded." The innocence will necessarily increase as the crowds grow. Clive Toye had told Beckenbauer that it would be four or five years before he would be playing in front of the crowds of forty or fifty thousand he was used to in Germany, but they have been that high in New Jersey all this spring. In 1977, the Cosmos had sold three thousand season tickets; the 1978 figure is twenty thousand. And Beckenbauer has also been spared the kind of culture shock that Pelé experienced on coming to America. Pelé told an incredulous Beckenbauer that when he arrived in New York not only was the quality of the play disappointing but some players actually drank beer at halftime. It was the ultimate unprofessionalism.

The atmosphere is different now, perhaps influenced by the discipline and composure of Beckenbauer, who gets up late on the day of a game, eats a big breakfast and then nothing more, and ninety minutes before the game has a massage. "I don't worry," he told me, "What's the word? Nervous?"

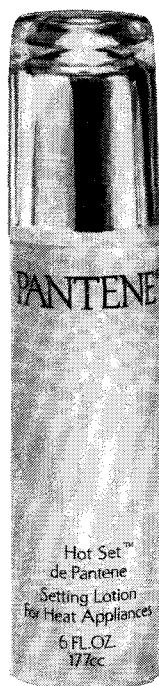
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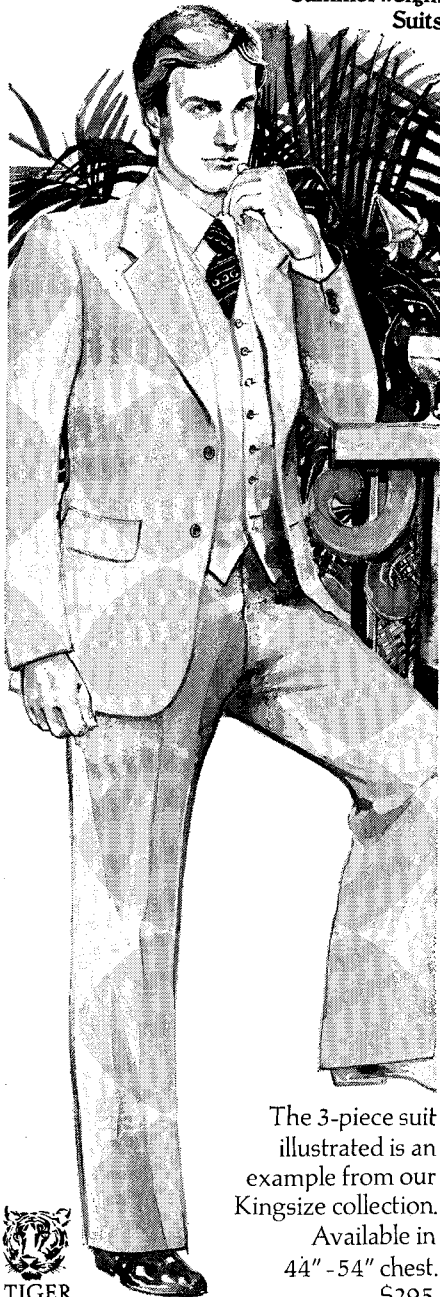
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I'm not nervous. But I don't want to give autographs or talk to journalists then. And I do wonder if I have done enough to prepare. It's not a question of knowing the opposing players, because they are strangers compared to Germany, where everybody knows the other team. I just want to concentrate."

Beckenbauer and the rest of the team run into the stadium between lines of Cosmos Girls, who are themselves a symbol of the different atmosphere—and also of the difference between soccer and American football. During a football game, there are enough breaks in the action for the cheerleaders to get through their routines, but a soccer game, once it has started, does not stop at all during the forty-five minutes that make up half a game. The Cosmos Girls flash their legs and wave their pom-poms about in a pleasingly amateurish manner. The corporate management states in the Official 1978 Yearbook, "Through their enthusiasm and very presence on the field, these young women will make an important contribution to our overall effort." That might be so if anyone watched them, but the fact is that they are competing for attention with the team itself. "They're a distraction," Beckenbauer says sternly. Probably, but during a poor game a study of the biographies of the Cosmos Girls in the Official Yearbook could provide a diversion. Lise Landes, for example, "cum laude grad from Harvard/studied ballet under auspices of the Royal Academy of Dancing, London, England." Kathleen Krikak is "working toward M.A. in Contemporary Civilization/has been speechwriter and press secretary for various local political candidates." Sandra Meade is "vice-president of a corporation that manufactures an orbiting room satellite, a novelty device." It's good after all this to discover that frivolity is not dead: the head Cosmo Girl, Robyn Whitney, is appearing as Wonder Woman in a road show for children called "The Bugs Bunny Follies."

The pace and continuity of the game also make a commercial vice out of a sporting virtue. The popularity of soccer, Commissioner Woosnam believes, depends on the establishment of a large television audience, but the television networks are faced with the problem that soccer does not provide conveniently for the customary six minutes of commercials within each forty-five minutes. The producer of the Cosmos' televised game against Tampa Bay late in April did the best he could by break-

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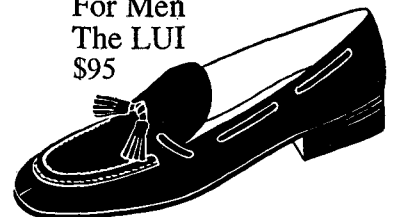
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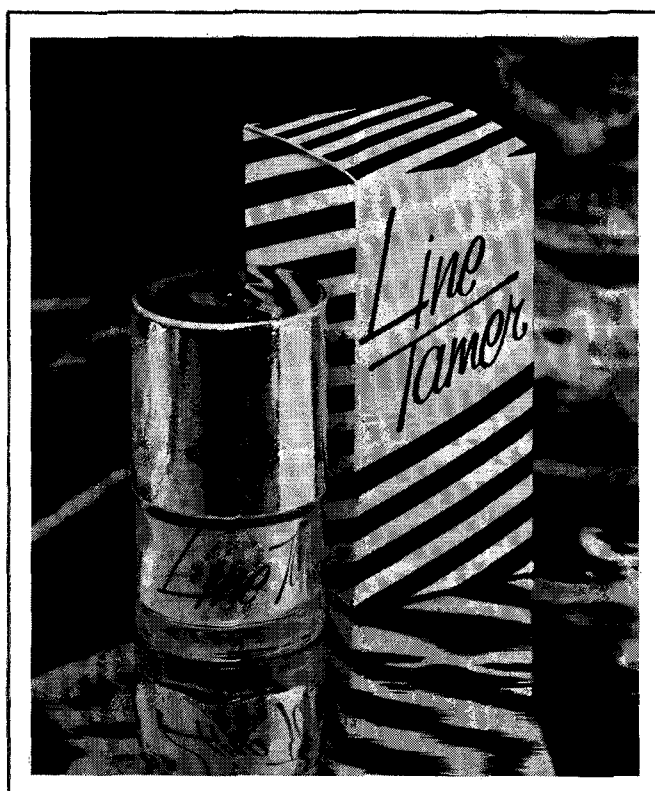
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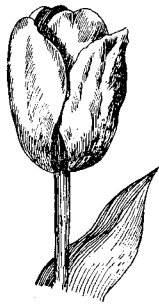
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ing for a commercial when the ball went out of play behind the goal. But in the minute between the goalkeeper's retrieving the ball and kicking it up-field and the end of the commercial the Cosmos scored a goal. It was as though Reggie Jackson had hit a home run during the Gillette ad. Fortunately, the Cosmos scored four more times that day.

This was the season's third game in which I had seen Beckenbauer, and I had noticed in an earlier game that he was no longer playing in the position that established his preëminence. With the Cosmos, instead of sweeper, leading the team from the back, he has moved to midfield, where he has to be continuously involved in both defense and attack. He must be available near his own goal to clear an opponent's attack; then he must be capable of developing a move in the middle of the field which will give one of his attacking teammates an opportunity to score; and he must also be available on the edge of his opponent's penalty area, some twenty yards from the goal, to take a pass or pick up a poor clearance. The Cosmos coach, Eddie Firmani, is very pleased with the change; it means that Beckenbauer is better exhibited.

That is not the only reason for the change, however. Another lies in the fact that the North American Soccer League is uninhibited about tinkering with the rules of the game. Phil Woosnam's conversion to the American way of sport has, one owner has said, "made him more of a royalist than the King." Woosnam himself says, "I've got no reservations about changing the rules. We're in the entertainment business—we're just like the theatre. This society is different from Europe. You have to give the creative player the edge." The league has changed the offside rule, so that an attacking player may lurk deeper in his opponents' half of the field without committing an infraction. Its intention is more goals, and its effect is to make the sweeper play a more defensive game, closer to his own goal, than he does in Europe—and that unglamorous role would hardly warrant a salary of nearly half a million dollars a year.

Beckenbauer is tolerant of most of the rule changes, accepting the idea that the sterile defensive play of some European and South American soccer would not arouse enthusiasm in America. But Woosnam's league goes to extraordinary lengths to make sure that each game provides a winner and a loser: there can be two sudden-death overtime periods—to be followed, if



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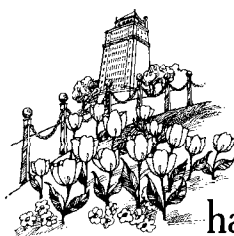
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necessary, by a "shootout" (the league's word), in which each team takes five kicks at a goal, the more successful scorer being credited with the winning point. It is unjust, Beckenbauer thinks, that a game must end with such a contrived finish. "You *can* have a good game that ends one-all," he says plaintively.

He is less tolerant of artificial turf. It makes the classic European defense of a so-called "sliding tackle"—an oblique assault on the ball—from the side of an attacking player virtually impossible, since no one likes leaving his skin on the carpet. And, because there is no give in the surface, as there is on grass, turning is difficult. Beckenbauer ended his first season lame from a sore Achilles tendon. He demonstrates an exercise he has devised to combat this: standing on one foot and going up on tiptoe and down again. He does that two hundred times a day. He has devised other exercises to strengthen the knees. And Beckenbauer suffers from more than the surface. Soccer in America is a summer game, played in a five-month season. It is, after all, difficult to imagine American spectators watching soccer out-of-doors from December to March, as Europeans do. "The worst shock was playing on the AstroTurf last August," Beckenbauer told me. "You could see the heat haze hovering a metre above the ground. It's impossible to run for ninety minutes in conditions like that."

On both real grass and on artificial surfaces, American soccer is a slower game. The leisurely pace is the first thing that anyone coming from Europe notices. It has made Beckenbauer's move to the more physically demanding midfield position easier, since he now feels, at thirty-two, that he is aging a bit for an athlete. The thoroughness of his massage when he returns to the stadium after a couple of days' absence makes him the last out of the locker room. He apologizes, explaining that his body is his livelihood. The leisurely pace of the game also means that he can display the skills that made him famous. He can, for example, kick a pass forward which appears to float through the air before falling in front of an attacking colleague with so much backspin on the ball that it bounces conveniently back toward him. Another famous pass is one hit hard and low across the field with the outside of the foot: it gives a remarkable impression of physical poise. I assumed that it must be a trick of technique that I knew nothing about. No, Becken-

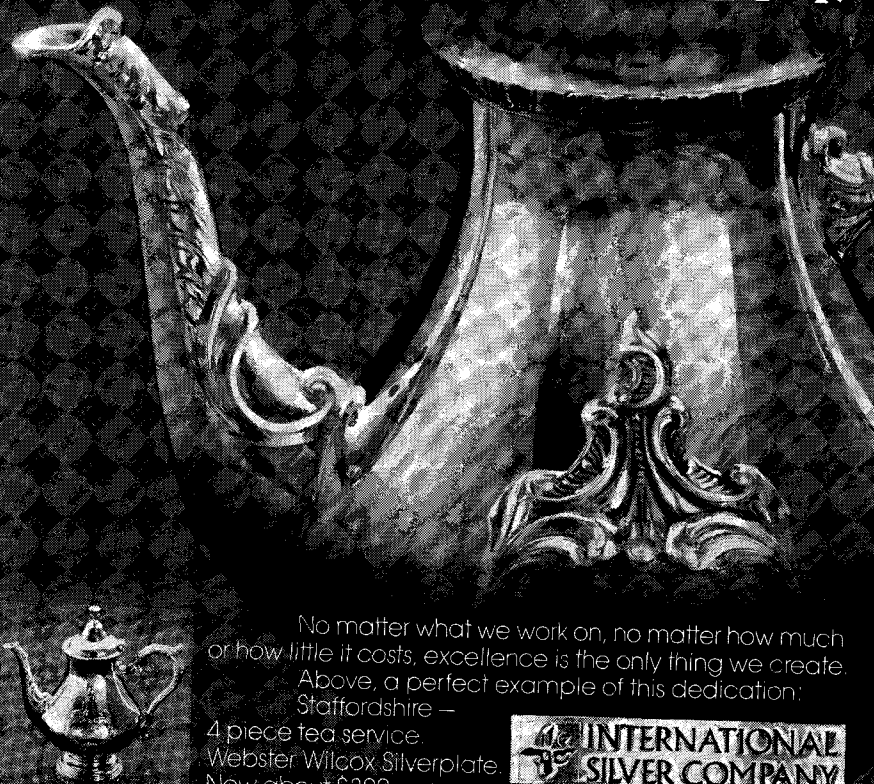


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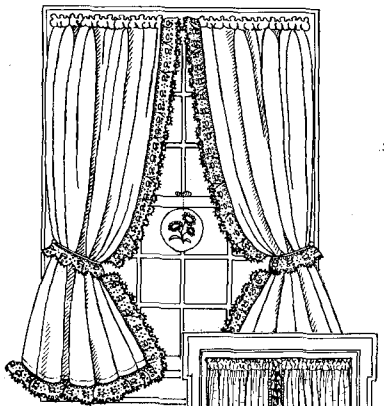
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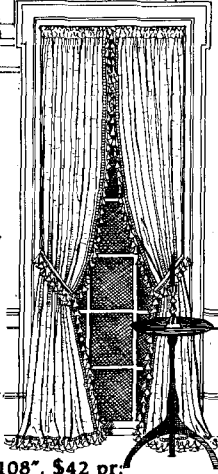
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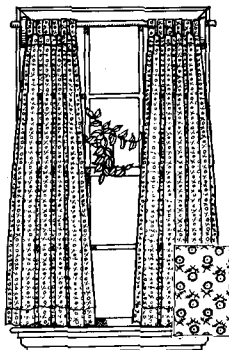
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bauer explained, it was just that he was pigeon-toed as a youth, and it came naturally.

There are some mysteries, all the same. Beckenbauer defines the qualities of a great player simply: you need speed, skill, and intelligence. The speed is not a flat-out hundred-metre speed but, rather, the sudden acceleration over twenty-five metres which will take the player with the ball clear of his opponents. And there is not much point in a player's being able to accelerate if he can't take the ball with him skillfully. One attribute of good ball control is the ability to evade the lunging tackles of opponents and so avoid injury. Beckenbauer has never been seriously injured. These qualities are obvious, but soccer intelligence is more troublesome to define. It is unrelated to academic intelligence, Beckenbauer explains. There are hardly any university-educated soccer players anywhere in the world. Few players can explain what they mean by soccer intelligence, but they do sometimes use a different word—"vision"—that affords a clue. Players with "vision" can see or visualize more of the game than ordinary professionals. Clive Toye explains it like this: "If you watch from the stand, you can see a move develop by watching the players shift into position. But imagine you are on the field. All you can see is a forest of bodies. In the stand, you can see the unmarked man. Vision belongs to the player who, through the forest of bodies, not only sees that the winger can make a run into an open space but sees where that space is going to be."

I explained the skills that Beckenbauer exemplifies to a friend who does not understand soccer. He thought for a while and said, "You mean he's the best quarterback in the game." So he is—or, at least was—because one meaning of his move to America is that he may cease to be the best soccer player in the world. The standard of skill is still so much lower here that he is probably exchanging the ultimate competitive stimulus of Europe for material rewards, for privacy, and finally, for the satisfactions of being a missionary. He would not be the first to do so.

—STEPHEN FAY

6:30-7 Ch. 9—OVER EASY—Actor Robert Stack, 59, discusses his new movie, "Check-Up," about a man who throws his dignity away in a feudal affair with a younger woman.—TV listing in the Savannah (Ga.) News-Press.

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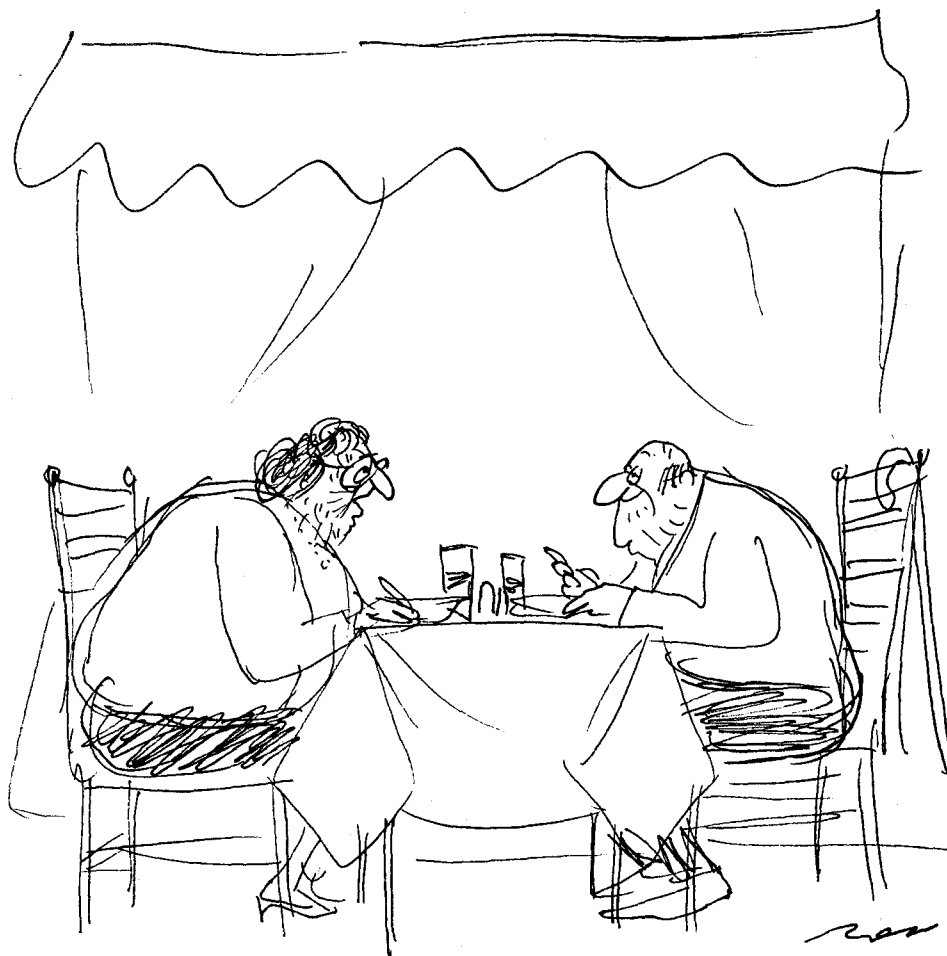
Master of All Music

BERNARD HAITINK, born in Amsterdam in 1929, did not come suddenly before the public as a glamorous young conductor with the full force of a record company's publicity machine behind him. After some years with the Netherlands Radio Philharmonic, first as a violinist and then as its conductor, he went to the Concertgebouw Orchestra in 1961. In 1967, he became, in addition, the conductor of the London Philharmonic—a post he has just relinquished—and took it to first place in the shifting hierarchy of London's five full-time symphony orchestras. Last year, he was appointed musical director of Glyndebourne, where he has been conducting since 1972; did his first Wagner opera (Covent Garden's new production of "Lohengrin"); and was knighted. Gradually, he has become the most solidly and consistently esteemed conductor of our day. Among his many recordings are the complete symphonies of Beethoven, Brahms, Bruckner, and Mahler, all of them on the Philips label. I remember well the occasion when I realized that Haitink was not just a thoroughly sound and satisfying conductor but a great one: it was during a performance of Bruckner's Seventh Symphony, ten years ago, in his first season with the London Philharmonic. It must be a common realization now; there have been standing ovations at his recent Carnegie Hall concerts with the Concertgebouw Orchestra. Haitink and the Amsterdam orchestra came to Carnegie last month to play six Beethoven programs—all the symphonies and, with Vladimir Ashkenazy as soloist, all the piano concertos. I went to four of the concerts and wished I could have gone to all six. Beethoven's even-numbered symphonies are not very often done now in New York, it seems; I have not been keeping exact statistics, but I have the impression that Bruckner's Fourth is played more often than Beethoven's Fourth, and Mahler's Sixth far more often than the Pastoral. (This season, the Philharmonic played Beethoven's First, Third, and Seventh Symphonies; in Carnegie, before the Concertgebouw visit, the First, Seventh, and Ninth had been done.) I had not heard the Second, Fourth, or Sixth Symphony for years. Nor for years had I heard *any* Beethoven symphonies, in live performances, quite so well performed.

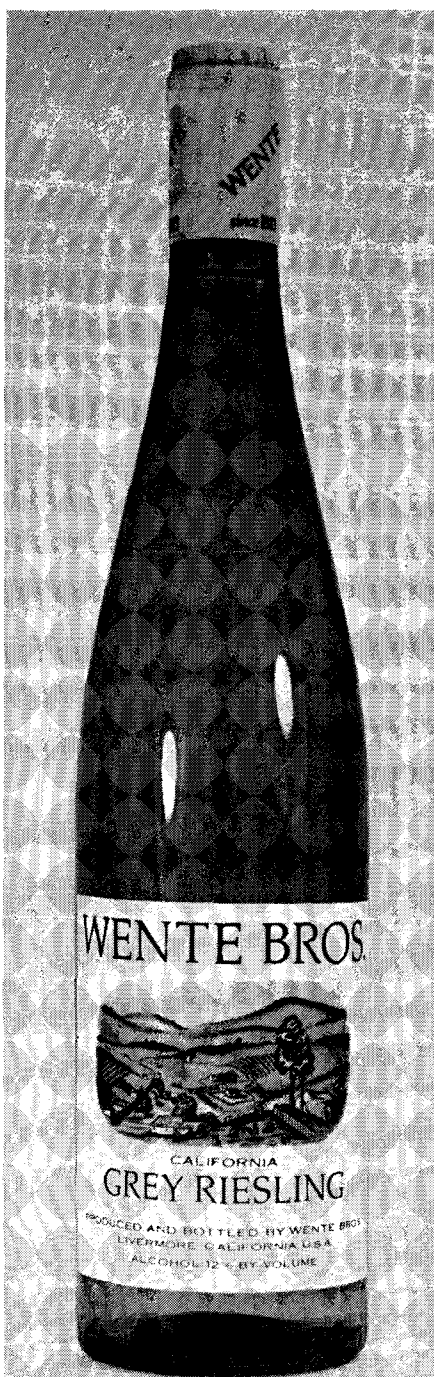
Haitink needs to be heard with an orchestra that he knows, and one that

plays as if it loved music. Earlier this season, in Avery Fisher Hall, he conducted some concerts in the Philharmonic subscription series which were respectable but unremarkable. There was a Haydn symphony, No. 96, the "Miracle," that was very agreeably turned; there was a substantial and coherent account of Shostakovich No. 15, that wry, disturbing, bitter testament, part cynical, part sentimental, and tragic in its final effect; and there was a Tchaikovsky "Pathétique" handled with passion and power. But in none of those performances did one feel that the conductor's intentions were fully realized by all the players, that their hearts were beating as one with his. In any case, Fisher Hall—a long, rectangular, gilded box—is not designed, as Carnegie Hall is, to catch up an audience in communal rapture. (The floor of Fisher Hall has forty-three rows of seats and that of Carnegie only twenty-nine. Fisher to Carnegie is roughly what Tully Hall is to Town Hall; in each case, the latter holds more people but seems more intimate.) The Philharmonic this season has been a characterless orchestra. (Next season, we

will hear what Zubin Mehta can make of it.) But the Concertgebouw has as marked, as instantly recognizable a character as the Philadelphia, the Chicago, or the Vienna Philharmonic, and, like those three orchestras, it seems to carry the sound of its home hall with it wherever it goes. It does not have the Philadelphians' velvet opulence, the Chicagoans' fierce virtuoso brilliance, or the deep, rich Viennese patina. Positively, it has full, well-balanced, well-blended, "active" sound. (The same can be said of the acoustics of the Concertgebouw building itself.) Middle-of-the-road epithets seem appropriate to it, as they do to Haitink; neither it nor he is extremely anything—except extremely good. *Auream mediocritatem diligit*, but "golden mediocrity" must be understood in its old sense—that ideal golden mean, in pursuit of which an interpreter may be required to follow a creator's most extravagant flights but must not exaggerate them. Haitink and the Concertgebouw *can* be hectic, impassioned, turbulent, violent, when the music calls on them to be so. Most London orchestras are protean; blindfold, one could tell more easily whether Solti, Abbado, Boult, Muti, or Haitink was conducting than whether the London Symphony, the London Philharmonic, the Royal Philharmonic, the



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Philharmonia, or the BBC Symphony was playing. But I feel I would recognize the sound of the Concertgebouw Orchestra after a few measures whoever held the baton. That may be because in its ninety-five-year history it has had only four permanent conductors: Willem Kes, Willem Mengelberg, Eduard van Beinum, and now Haitink. The continuity of its sonorous ideals is documented by the phonograph. In the early forties, Beethoven's nine symphonies conducted by Mengelberg were recorded live in the Concertgebouw. Of Mengelberg's orchestra, a colleague wrote:

Immaculately groomed and tuned, its playing . . . is always immensely accomplished, section luminously blended with section, from the strong but wonderfully malleable cellos and basses up to winds which can play with devilish accuracy yet in something like the Adagio of the Fourth Symphony conjure a heart-rending pathos. Time and again the ensemble playing is breathtaking in its ardour and beauty.

Exactly the same—with one small reservation to be mentioned later—could be written of Haitink's orchestra as we heard it last month. And, though he is a less grandly wayward, a steadier conductor than Mengelberg, he has a similar power of holding listeners rapt on every turn of the music and of building to a finish that crowns each opus.

The great performances I heard were of the Sixth, Seventh, and Fourth Symphonies. (The works were not played in chronological order.) Haitink's Pastoral is not quite as liltingly playful as was Beecham's—there is a stiller light in the bright sky—or as graciously charming as was Walter's, but in its unforced intensity, poetic beauty, cheerfulness, hushed happiness in the brookside scene, exuberance, and rainbow serenity in the final hymn it is a complete and wonderful performance. The Concertgebouw woodwinds are a special glory: clear, pure flutes untroubled by the throbbing and wobble that many American players affect; the first bassoon an artist of great sensibility who, like all Concertgebouw soloists, never forces his accomplishments upon the listener. In the Allegretto of the Seventh Symphony, these woodwinds were matchless. The first movement was filled with growing excitement. The finale—Tovey's "triumph of Bacchic fury"—brought a sense of physical exhilaration; the tempo was fast, but Haitink justified it. As the slow introduction of the Fourth (first bassoon again superb) yielded to the Allegro vivace, darkness was in-

vaded by light; that, of course, happens in every performance, but not always is it accompanied by such a leaping of the spirits, a feeling that a tangible weight has been removed. Nor is the finale always as thrilling as it was on this occasion.

When affixing a metronome marking to one of his songs, Beethoven added the note "100 according to Mälzel; but this must be held applicable to only the first measures, for feeling also has its tempo, and this cannot be entirely expressed by a figure." Beecham claimed that for a natural, affectionate reading of the first twelve measures of the Eighth Symphony four slightly different metronome markings were needed. Haitink's Beethoven has this naturalness; he knows that "feeling also has its tempo." His golden mean lies between metrical rigidity and metrical caprice. His account of the Eighth Symphony was a delight, and his performance of the Ninth the revelation that performances of the Ninth always should be. That reservation mentioned earlier concerns the woodwind intonation in the Adagio of the Ninth; it was not quite true. But this was the orchestra's third big concert in three days, and the last of a heavy tour that had taken it to Washington, Minneapolis, and Ames, Iowa, as well as New York. One sign of tiredness could be forgiven; there was no lack of energy, fervor, or jubilation in the playing.

The piano concertos were less remarkable. I wish Haitink had chosen instead to do some of the Beethoven music we hear too seldom: the "Prometheus" ballet, the "King Stephen," "Ruins of Athens," and "Consecration of the House" overtures, the 1790 cantatas. (One program did include the "Egmont" overture.) Haitink has recorded the piano concertos both with Arrau and with Brendel as soloist; Ashkenazy has recorded them with Solti as conductor. Haitink and Ashkenazy did not mate well. The pianist does not have the same command of Beethoven counterpoint, of large-scale structure, or of "molded" tempo; he was not metrically rigid, but the fluctuations seemed to be caused less by apt, beautiful feeling than by a tendency to scamper through runs. Haitink, after setting out expositions clearly, in a somewhat neutral fashion, remained content to accompany, yet occasionally pianist and orchestra got out of time.

The symphonies were memorable: a late and splendid climax to an orchestral season whose other high points for me have been Mahler's Fourth by the

Philadelphians under Abbado and Boulez's "Pli Selon Pli."

THE Juilliard Theatre Center has revived John Gay's "The Beggar's Opera," one of the hit works of all time, using an edition that Frederic Austin made for a famous production at the Lyric, Hammersmith, in 1920, which ran and ran. For the tenth-anniversary (and sixteen-hundred-and-eighty-fifth) performance, A. P. Herbert wrote a prologue:

Ah, Mr. Gay, I wonder, would you write
A different play, if you were here tonight?
Your admonitions have a modern touch,
And politicians have not altered much.

In the opening air of the piece, Peachum, who directs a band of thieves and occasionally peaches 'em, sings:

The Priest calls the Lawyer a cheat,
The Lawyer beknaves the Divine;
And the Statesman, because he's so great,
Thinks his trade as honest as mine.

On the day of the third Juilliard performance, one could read in the *Times* of a senator who admitted to lying under oath, of a representative sentenced to jail for using his influence improperly, of a priest who confessed to concealing two million two hundred thousand dollars in secret bank accounts while fund-raising for his order, of a broker who conspired to create a fraudulent twenty-seven-million-dollar tax loss. A gaming house was also front-page news. Call girls, corrupt lawyers, judges, and prison officials were missing from the columns that day, but there was still enough to show that Gay's "admonitions have a modern touch."

The Juilliard production, directed by Eve Shapiro, was not quite fierce or bitter enough. "The Beggar's Opera," according to Pope, owed its origin to a remark of Swift's: "What an odd pretty sort of thing a Newgate Pastoral might make." In modern revivals, there is always a temptation to stress the prettiness at the expense of the political and social content. (A Boston libretto of 1854, made for the Pyne and Harrison troupe, presents the text with "the objectionable matter expunged.") Use of the Austin twenties score abets this approach; the accompaniments are arranged in a deft but genteel fashion for a small ensemble in which the harpsichord plays no functional role but adds "quaint" touches of period color. For the original "Beggar's Opera," Gay wrote new words to sixty-nine well-known airs, and John Christopher Pepusch wrote basses to them. Later editions and "realizations" of their work have been numerous: Arne, Milhaud, Edward Dent, Bliss (for the 1953

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movie), and Britten are among those who have made them. Austin made two; his later, 1940 version (used in the Argo recording) is fresher and more stylish. Elliott Carter set the brothel chorus "Let's be gay" for the young ladies of the Wells College Glee Club. Kurt Weill's "Die Dreigroschenoper" and Duke Ellington's "Beggar's Holiday" are independent new compositions, not arrangements. By all accounts, the most stylish edition of all is Manfred Bukofzer's, which was performed at Columbia in 1954. Dent could not resist some learned contrapuntal elaborations. Bliss scored richly and added passages of *Fortspinnung*. Britten's version (which the Juilliard performed in 1950) is a delectable anthology of his cunning harmonic and instrumental devices, and a masterpiece in its way, but such things as the luscious, heavenly-choir treatment of two of the loveliest melodies, "O Polly, you might have toy'd and kist" and "Cease your funning," take it far from the original.

It was rather feeble of the Juilliard students not to make their own edition, choosing for themselves which airs to include and which to omit. (For Macheath's scena in the condemned hold, Gay ingeniously strung ten tunes together, running his rhyme scheme through them, and ending with "Greensleeves;" Austin retains only four of them.) It is my impression that "The Beggar's Opera" would be best served by an instrumentally plain accompaniment of eighteenth-century disposition (perhaps oboes and flutes in alternation, a bassoon, strings, and continuo; but with many airs accompanied by continuo only), which would throw all attention on the actors delivering the airs. The Britten score is one for "real musicians" to perform. At the Juilliard, the Austin version was played by music students, conducted by Ronald Braunstein, but enacted and sung by drama students. Their singing was less accomplished than that of the drama students who did Brecht's "Mann Ist Mann" last year, but it was confident and pretty well in tune. Michael Redgrave (who figured in an abridged recording of the opera) and Laurence Olivier (who stars in the film version) have provided precedent for actor Macheaths, but the Juilliard performance almost foundered on a miscasting of this role. The student who played him looked wrong. More important, his characterization was callow. But otherwise it was a trim, capably executed show. Denise Woods' Lucy was especially vivid. The move-

ment staff of the Theatre Center was listed in full, and deserved to be: Miss Shapiro had included plenty of rough-and-tumble in her staging—too much for the good of the piece—and it was carried out with gymnastic virtuosity.

THE New Opera Theatre at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, directed by Ian Strasfogel, produced this season an Offenbach double bill, his late, lyrical "Pomme d'Api" (wrongly claimed as an American première; it was done at the New York Academy of Music in 1880) and his early, hilarious "Ba-Ta-Clan." "Pomme d'Api," Englished as "Wild Rose," was attractively performed, even if Noelle Rogers in the title role tended to be kewpie-cute. Tonio DiPaolo sang with beautiful tone and clear, expressive words. Mr. Strasfogel turned the elegant, sparkling "Ba-Ta-Clan" into a buck-basketful of pratfall humors. In the Hortense Schneider role he had a star, Kate Hurney. He could have relied on her twinkling eyes, her witty timing, and her beguiling way with the music to carry the day; instead, she was set to compete with a pair of non-stop mimes, with a narrator who kept getting in the way, with "subtitles" in the form of bubbles held over her head to translate what she sang. (She sang in French, although there is published an admirable English translation of "Ba-Ta-Clan"—by one Ian Strasfogel.) The other singers fell in with the coarseness of the general presentation. It says much for Miss Hurney—and for Offenbach's genius—that one couldn't help enjoying "Ba-Ta-Clan" all the same. Richard Dufallo conducted a young orchestra, the St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble, which played with a smile in its tone and in its phrasing. And the Academy's Helen Carey Play-



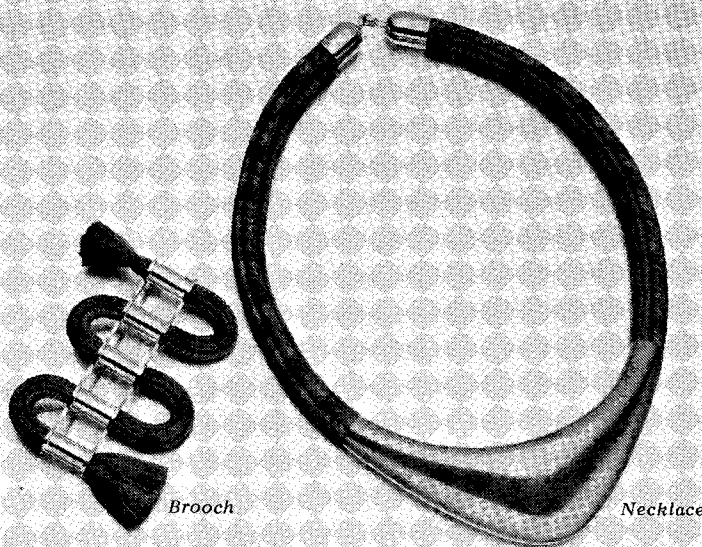
house, holding about eleven hundred, makes a good home for opera.

"THE TRIAL OF THE GYPSY," Gian Carlo Menotti's latest opera—more specifically, "a dramatic cantata for a boys choir," with piano accompaniment—composed for the Newark Boys Chorus and given its first performance as the centerpiece of the Chorus's concert in Tully Hall last month, is trashy music, and not even tuneful or tearjerking, the way that "Amahl" is. It is "singable"—skillfully laid out for the young voices. The four anonymous soloists (a large role for the gypsy, small parts for three judges) and the chorus were firm and clear. They deserved something better to exercise their talents on.

I WAS down South, at Spoleto-in-Charleston, when Philip Glass and his ensemble gave their first Carnegie concert, last week, but had been able to spend many hours of Memorial Day Monday listening to music by Glass and by Steve Reich. WKCR put out twenty hours of their works, starting at six in the morning and continuing until two the next morning. There were two hours of Glass's score for the opera "Einstein on the Beach" (which has been performed thirty-five times in Europe and twice at the Met)—part of a recording due to appear in the fall. There were both published recordings and private tapes lent by the composers. There was an advance hearing of Reich's "Music for Eighteen Musicians" in a recording due soon on the ECM/Polydor label, and I was glad to catch up with a composition that has achieved some fame. (It was first played in New York in 1976, and soon afterward was taken round Britain on the Arts Council's Contemporary Music Network.) "Music for Eighteen Musicians" has been well described as "an unbroken hour-long stretch of scintillating sounds in joyous patterns." The ensemble is violin, cello, two clarinets alternating with bass clarinets, four female voices that blend into the clarinet tone, and ten players with an array of marimbas, xylophones, pianos, maracas, and a metallophone. The colors are bright and surprising, the harmonies often rich. Both Glass and Reich call for patient listeners. Their works contain much repetition. There is no hurrying the slow shift of the rhythmic phases. The beat may remain steady for an hour on end. Glass's "Music in Twelve Parts" contains a plagal cadence repeated in various rhythms over an ostinato for about ten

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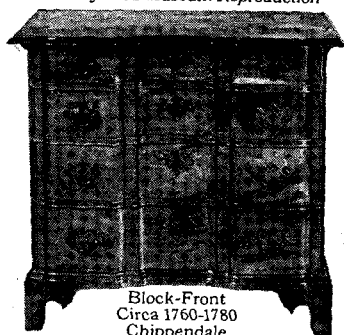
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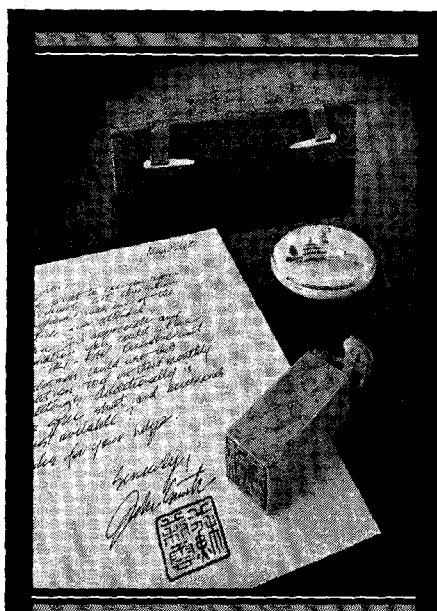
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minutes, and it doesn't ever reach a close; a new sound and a new chord suddenly break in, with an effect as if one wall of a room had suddenly disappeared, to reveal a completely new view.

The WKCR retrospective was well presented. Between the compositions, there were brief, focussed interviews with the composers, setting their pieces in context. It was interesting to hear Reich describe how his early tape piece "Melodica" (1966) was constructed from a brief musical pattern that he had dreamed; and how, after assembling it in the course of a day, he had felt it necessary to get back to work with live performers. Introducing "Music for Eighteen Musicians," he named Bach, Stravinsky, Charlie Parker, and Miles Davis as his main Western mentors, and he told how into that rich work are gathered the devices tried in some of his earlier compositions.

Both Glass and Reich are important, and internationally acclaimed. At the 1976 Paris Autumn Festival, where "Einstein" was performed, there were four full-scale Reich concerts in the Salle Wagram. In their own country, they have enthusiastic followers but not yet any central position; there has been little overlap, I imagine, between their audiences and those of the Philharmonic and the Met. The Met "Einstein"s, the Carnegie concert, and this ambitious WKCR broadcast may help to change that. —ANDREW PORTER

CONCERT RECORDS

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THERE is a traditional idea that Darius Milhaud was the first composer to introduce jazz into symphonic music. In fact, the honor belongs not to Milhaud but to the Chicago composer John Alden Carpenter, whose ballet "Krazy Kat," containing jazz elements, was written in 1921 and was promptly produced in that city. Interestingly, recordings of both Milhaud's "La Création du Monde," which is often cited as the pioneering work, and Carpenter's "Krazy Kat" have just appeared. The latter (along with Henry F. Gilbert's "The Dance in Place Congo," Adolph Weiss's "American Life," and John Powell's "Rhapsodie Nègre") is performed by the Los Angeles Philharmonic, Calvin Simmons and Lawrence Foster conducting, in a new album in the invaluable series devoted to American music produced by New World Records (NW 228; single disc). Milhaud's work, along with his "Le Bœuf sur le



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Toit" and four of his "Saudades do Brazil," has been recorded by the Orchestre National de France, under the baton of Leonard Bernstein (Angel S-37442; single). Milhaud's use of jazz is much more raucous than Carpenter's, whose ballet score is quite subtle; it should be performed more often.

New World Records has also recently come out with a miscellaneous American-music disc that contains Randall Thompson's "Americana," Seymour Shifrin's "The Odes of Shang," and Elliott Carter's "To Music" (NW 219). It would be difficult to find three more sharply contrasting works. Thompson's is a series of vignettes, some satirical, written expertly in a conservative style; Shifrin's is an effort at pseudo-Orientalism; and Carter's is, like most of Carter, atonal and not very expressive. The performers are the University of Michigan Chamber Choir and members of the University of Michigan Symphony Orchestra, Thomas Hilbish conductor.

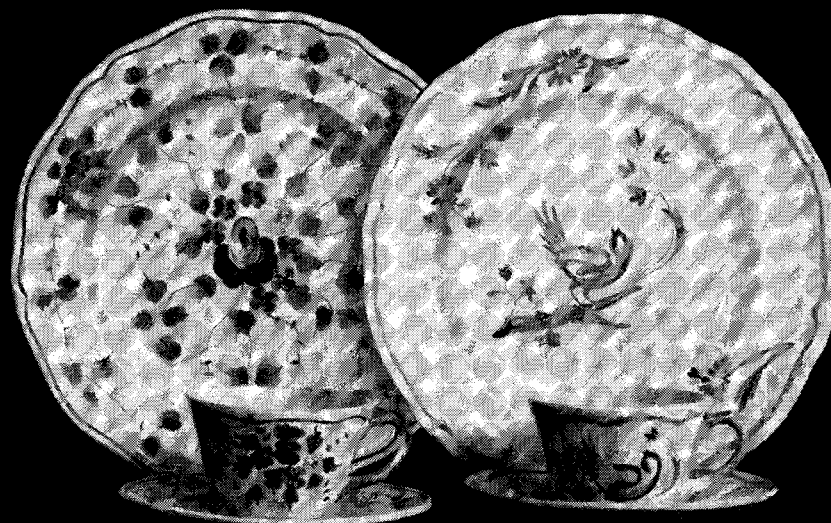
PERHAPS I have not said enough about the irrepressible Alexander Schneider, Lithuanian violinist, one-time member of the Budapest Quartet, and leader of many admirable crusades in the world of music—the most important of which was persuading Pablo Casals, in 1950, to come out of retirement (which he assumed when Franco came to power in Spain) and inaugurate the Prades Festival, in southern France. In any case, Schneider now appears as first violinist in a new album of Brahms' complete Piano Quartets (Vanguard VSD 71221/2; four sides). His associates are Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; and Stephanie Brown, piano. The performances are as fine as one could wish.

Nothing could be more brilliant, impulsive, and glamorous than Rachmaninoff's Third Piano Concerto as performed by Vladimir Horowitz, with the New York Philharmonic, under Eugene Ormandy—a recording made live at the Carnegie Hall concert, on January 8, 1978, that marked the pianist's fiftieth anniversary as a performer there (RCA CRL 1-2633; single). There are other fine performances of this work on records—one by Tamás Vásáry, which I reviewed recently. But for sheer dash and scintillating virtuosity, Horowitz's Carnegie Hall performance is the champion.

THERE are a large number of highly recommended recent single discs, which I shall list with a minimum

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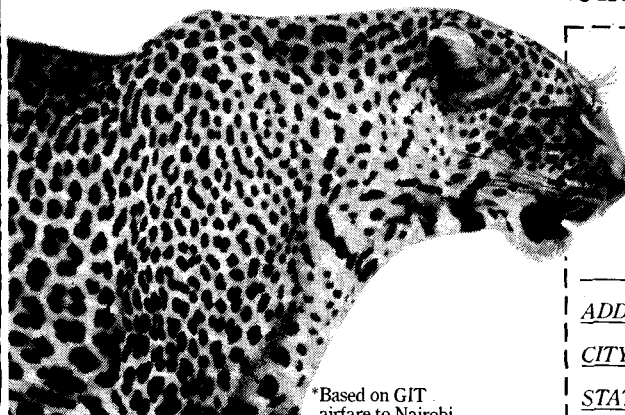
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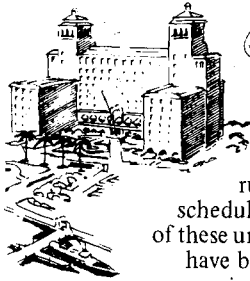
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of comment. They include Haydn's Symphonies No. 22, "The Philosopher," and No. 55, "The Schoolmaster," (Philips 9500.198); No. 44, "Mourning," and No. 49, "La Passione," the latter a vigorous work (Philips 9500.199); No. 48, "Maria Theresa," and No. 85, "La Reine," (Philips 9500.200)—all performed by the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, under Neville Marriner. Add to those the same composer's Symphonies No. 87 and No. 103 ("Drum Roll"), performed by the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, under Colin Davis (Philips 9500.303). No. 87 is a rarity, perhaps because it is a bit conventional. Richard Strauss's early tone poem "Aus Italien," Opus 16—a symphonic fantasy, and not the best Strauss but interesting as a document—is performed by the Dresden State Orchestra, under Rudolf Kempe (Seraaphim S-60301). Alfred Brendel performs Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 3 (Philips 9500.253) and Diabelli Variations (Philips 9500.381). His collaborators in the concerto are the London Philharmonic, under Bernard Haitink. Herbert von Karajan has recorded for the second time Sibelius's Fourth Symphony—once regarded as enigmatic but now generally considered his finest—and his much more accessible Fifth Symphony, both with the Berlin Philharmonic (Angel S-37462 and S-37490).

Misha Dichter, the excellent young Romantic pianist, performs Schumann's Fantasia in C, Opus 17, and Symphonic Études, Opus 13, and Beethoven's Sonatas Opus 27, No. 2 ("Moonlight"), and Opus 13 ("Pathétique")—all with great sensitivity (Philips 9500.318 and 9500.319). Dichter also appears on a record of Liszt selections, including the Mephisto Waltz No. 1 and the Hungarian Rhapsodies Nos. 11 and 14 (Philips 9500.401). His virtuosity is extraordinary. Claudio Arrau has recorded Chopin's Four Ballades, plus the Fantaisie in F Minor, Opus 49, with his customary nobility of style (Philips 9500.393). The young pianist Constance Keene has recorded all of Chopin's Preludes, Opus 28, for Laurel-Protone Records (LP-15). Miss Keene stands high among a score of pianists who have done these works. Emanuel Ax has recorded Ravel's "Gaspard de la Nuit," "Valse Nobles et Sentimentales," and "Ma Mère l'Oye" (RCA ARL 1-2530). The last-named composition requires the collaboration of a second pianist—in this case, Mr. Ax's wife, Yoko Nozaki—because it is for four hands.

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JUST back from Peking, where his anti-Soviet jokes and his recitation of some anti-Soviet verse by Mao Tse-tung delighted his hosts, Zbigniew Brzezinski, the White House Kremlinologist and national-security adviser, accused the Soviet Union of violating the "code of détente," which the Chinese, of course, want us to abandon. Last year, the President of France used roughly the same phrase in criticizing the diplomacy of the Carter Administration. But what M. Giscard d'Estaing had in mind was a series of misdemeanors—breaches of protocol, failures of tact and understanding—whereas Brzezinski is charging Moscow, abetted by its client in Havana, with a felonious assault on the peace in Africa and with seeking to upset the balance of military power in Europe. He has called for heightened vigilance in the West and for an "international response" in Africa. This reading of events, and the President's apparent endorsement of it, is a cause of some distress in the State Department, in our United Nations delegation, and in Western Europe, where Brzezinski is regarded as an alarmist and his geopolitics as an irritant and a distraction. The Secretary of State has formally protested the presence of Russian advisers and Cuban troops in Angola and elsewhere to the Soviet Foreign Minister but has let it be known that he does not think this should get in the way of negotiations with Moscow on other matters. Andrew Young, who has not been to China but who has had some experience in Africa, has said he does not attach much strategic importance to the recent conflict in Zaire and is untroubled by the propagation of Marxist doctrine elsewhere on the continent. He is no longer describing the Cubans as a stabilizing influence, but he doesn't think there is much they can destabilize. Our North Atlantic allies—particularly those who once had extensive holdings in Africa—tend to agree with Young, and in any case do not feel that they should once again be asked to dissipate their limited resources by patrolling the South Atlantic. The threat they perceive is from the East, and they are eager, on the one hand, to

tighten and coordinate their defenses and, on the other, to have us get on with the business of concluding an agreement on strategic arms.

Until recently, the President seemed closer to these views than to Brzezinski's. He seemed ready to shut down operations on the ideological front; he was trying to avoid being diverted from his quest for arms control by Soviet-American rivalries in other spheres. Last week, he said that this was still his position, and he was much annoyed when the *Washington Post* suggested that the Soviet involvement in Africa had lessened his enthusiasm for an early conclusion of an arms treaty. But that is the impression he has given; he is, at least for the present, siding with Brzezinski on Africa and promoting what appears to be a global hard line. He has told the Europeans that the Russians and the Cubans are threatening their security as well as ours, and he has told Congress that he is frustrated by the "very tight constraints" it has lately placed on Presidential power; he would like some of them removed and others loosened. He specifically wants Congress to lift its 1975 embargo on arms to Turkey. The Prime Minister of that country, Bulent Ecevit, was in Washington last month, explaining that he really had no fear of his Soviet neighbor, that he planned an early trip

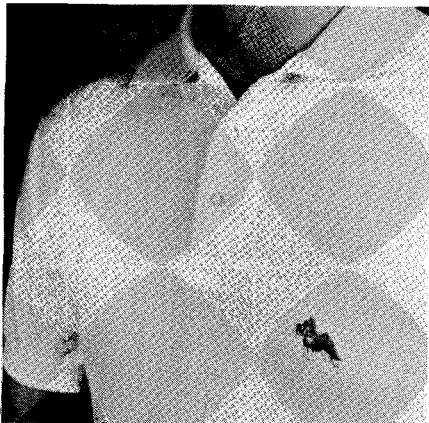
to Moscow to arrange a "good will" agreement, and that he was badly in need of weaponry, not to subdue Greeks on Cyprus or to repel invaders from Bulgaria or Iran but to deter aggression from some other source. Such talk makes an American President nervous; the Turks are the strong men on the "southeastern flank" of the Western alliance. White House sources say that getting Congress to agree to permit the sale of arms to Turkey is now a matter of the highest priority.

There are some familiar elements in all this. It is not the first time that the views of White House advisers, who have no statutory responsibilities and are seldom involved in negotiations, have prevailed over those of Secretaries of State. In the Kennedy-Johnson years, McGeorge Bundy had more influence on the substance of policy than Dean Rusk did. From the day Henry Kissinger came to Washington, he was more powerful by far than William Rogers. And it is not the first time that a President who is having difficulty establishing his authority in domestic affairs has become more assertive and more militant in foreign affairs, which, for all their danger and complexity, are often more manageable and so offer better opportunities for gaining public approval. (A Gallup Poll in late May showed a three-point rise in Carter's rating.) There are grave risks in doing anything that might antagonize Robert



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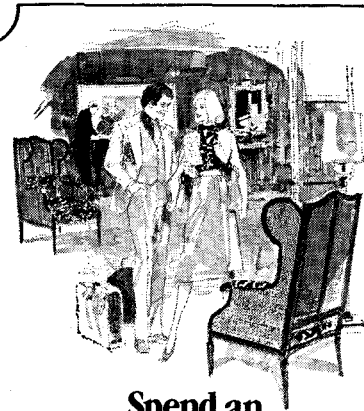
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Byrd, the Democratic leader in the Senate, but there is nothing to be lost in denouncing Fidel Castro. There are few to applaud stubbornness over the pricing of natural gas—an arcane and generally boring subject—but telling the British and the French to shape up is exercising American leadership. It has been suggested that Carter, in appearing to side with Brzezinski, is simply using Cold War rhetoric to put pressure on both the Russians and the Senate. He wants to persuade the Russians that the price of an arms treaty is restraint (and probably it is), and he wants the Senate to see him as a hard bargainer, a man with a sharp eye for Communist duplicity. There may be something to this, but another view of the matter is that he is damaging the prospects for an early agreement. In any case, in the last thirty years the tendency of Presidents has been to move from soft positions to hard ones, or from hard ones to harder. More often than not, this is a reaction to what appears to be a hardening of the Russian position, a bolder drive for influence. In the last two or three years, Moscow, with its buildup in Eastern Europe, its continued and unapologetic stifling of dissent, its meddling in Africa, has done little to encourage American acceptance of accommodation. Russia speaks in somewhat less strident tones than it used to; there is more tourism and more of what diplomats call "cultural exchange;" our astronauts and their cosmonauts have been in space together; trade has been slowly expanding. Otherwise, it is doing about what it has done for decades. Like us, it has always sought military superiority. Stalin shot dissidents; Brezhnev puts them in jail or psychiatric wards. What is new in Africa is the presence of Cuban troops, who are there, as Kenneth Kaunda, the President of Zambia, told Carter recently, not simply because the Russians decided to equip them and move them there but because they had been invited by African governments. Such developments become increasingly visible. We can monitor the building and launching of submarines, the missile inventories, the growth of ground forces. The trials of dissidents are closed, but the proceedings and verdicts are reported. The Cuban soldiers in Angola, Ethiopia, and elsewhere stand out, just as the Europeans once did.

WHETHER or not the threat to our national interest is in fact greater now than it was two or three years ago no one can really say. Few,



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even in those countries clamoring for more American protection, think it likely that Moscow plans an assault on Western Europe by Warsaw Pact armies. Unless one takes the view that the Russians are bent on world conquest and are willing to risk their own destruction in the process, it is hard to imagine what they think might be gained by moving through the Iron Curtain. What might be lost is what they already have (on which their hold is, as always, tenuous) in Eastern Europe. They want Western technology, and are getting quite a bit of it now; war in Europe would pulverize the technology and the technicians. But the troops are in place, in growing numbers, and no one can assume they are there to hold back an invasion from the West, which is unthinkable, except perhaps in the Kremlin, where paranoia is chronic. In Africa, the situation is in some ways less complicated, in other ways more so. The prize there is not technology but raw materials and control of the shipping lanes on which they move. It is doubtful, though, whether this is what Brezhnev and Castro are after; if it is, they have been going about it in a most peculiar way. The attack on Shaba Province, which Carter insists, on the basis of evidence not yet made public, was planned by the Cubans and supplied by the Russians, was carried out by about four thousand Lunda tribesmen, mostly former residents of the province, and was easily routed by smaller French and Belgian forces. (The Zairean troops were mostly engaged in looting as they retreated.) It is said that the rebels' aim was the overthrow of the government in Kinshasa, and it probably was; many of the same people were once followers of Moïse Tshombe, who was the boss of the province when it was called Katanga, was later the Prime Minister of the country, and was widely regarded as an agent of Belgian mining interests, particularly of the Union Minière. But invaders who were unable to hold Shaba for more than a few days would have been swallowed up in the vastness of Zaire—even if all of Castro's armed forces, a third of which are now said to be in Africa, had been committed to the operation. Without help from Europe and this country, President Mobutu Sese Seko's government is likely to fall of its own dead weight, leaving the country in hundreds of tribal and regional pieces. There is no reason to think it could be put back together by



Communists from anywhere; historically, the Communist failure to understand Africa can best be compared to our failure to understand Southeast Asia.

Still, the fact that thousands of Castro's troops are on the other side of the ocean, deployed in countries thousands of miles apart and in the company of Russian "advisers," does signal a change, at least in the appearance of things. It has been clear for thirty years—ever since Marshal Tito dared to defy Stalin—that Communist power

is not monolithic. But recent events in Africa have made it look more nearly so; it is once more seen as an "international" movement active on several continents. And this has helped bring about a change in American

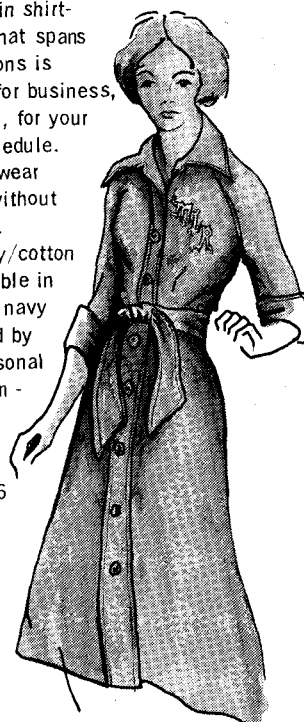
perceptions of the realities of Communist power—a kind of reversion to the nineteen-fifties. When everything turned sour in Vietnam, there was a widespread feeling that we had been sucked into that disaster by a mad preoccupation with ideology. Then we lost the war, and all Indo-China was ruled by Communists, or people who called themselves Communists. This may have been hard on the natives—particularly the Cambodians—but the effects on us, putting aside the psychological ones, were hardly noticeable. The dominoes did not fall. None of our allies lost confidence in us; most of them thought we were well out of a militarily, politically, and morally indefensible position. Few Americans objected to Richard Nixon's cultivation of the Chinese Communists or to détente as a way of avoiding confrontation with the Soviet Union. In Western Europe, the Communists seemed to be cutting their ties with Moscow and renouncing armed revolution, which meant renouncing an important article of faith, or ideology. At Notre Dame last year, Carter spoke approvingly of our shaking our "inordinate fear of Communism;" he made it sound as if we had recovered from a debilitating disease, mental in origin. Now, however, the ideological war seems to be reviving. The battle cries are trumpeted in the White House and on Capitol Hill. The intellectual hard-liners have regrouped as the Committee on the Present Danger, and the danger they foresee is not just power in hostile hands but powerful ideas in hostile minds. An eloquent, impassioned statement of this view was published in the *Times* last month in a brief, angry polemic by Norman Podhoretz titled, with no more than a trace of irony,

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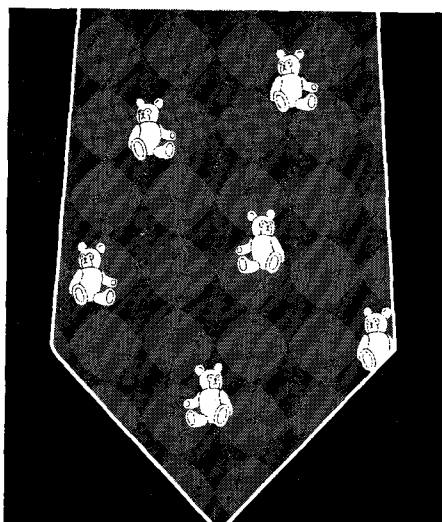
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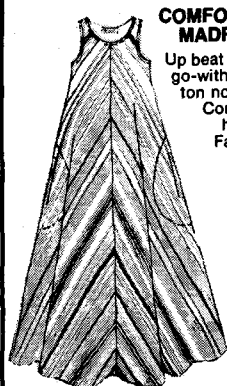


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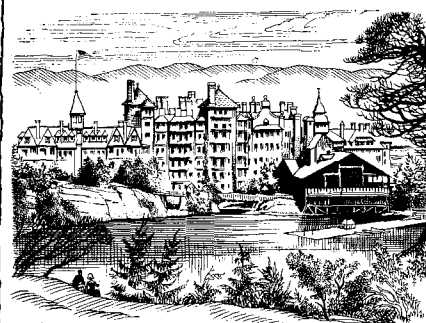


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"The Red Menace." The menace, Podhoretz wrote, is not only military; Communism "continues to pose an insidious ideological challenge to our own political culture." He does not mean that American Communists—all ten thousand or so of them—are a clear and present danger to our democracy. Nor does he mean that what used to be called "creeping Socialism" is slowly paralyzing the system. He means that we have lost the will to resist—that by failing, in the years since Vietnam, to respond to the dangers of Communism beyond our borders we have manifested "an inflamed sense of our own weaknesses and a correlatively impoverished idea of our power to contain a resurgent Communist threat." And that threat comes from just about every quarter of the globe—from the Soviet Union and Cuba, of course, and also from "such relatively mild Communist regimes as the one in Yugoslavia;" from China, where Communism has meant the "barbarization of one of the highest civilizations on earth;" from Cambodia, that "genocidal Communist hell called Kampuchea;" from Angola, to the "loss" of which we react with an "assault on the C.I.A. for having tried to prevent a Communist takeover there;" from Afghanistan, the latest victim of a "Communist coup;" from the Communists in France and Italy; and also, no doubt (though he does not mention them), from the Moscow-backed regimes and guerrilla camps in the Middle East.

Podhoretz wrote before Brzezinski spoke and was echoed by Carter. As policymakers, they could not embrace so sweeping a view, no matter how much consistency and moral nobility they might find in it. They know, as Podhoretz and everyone else knows, that there are repression and brutality in every Communist regime. The doctrine doesn't call for them, but the system doesn't seem to work without them. And it is in the nature of international life that nations in danger seek allies and do not ask too many questions about where their governments stand on human rights or what their social and economic arrangements are. Anyone who can bear alignment with anti-Communist Iran is in no position to disparage Communist China or Yugoslavia. But even if we had the power and the will to resist all Communist tyrannies, we would be misleading ourselves if we used Podhoretz's ideological brackets. What, besides their tyranny, those powers have in common is their professed adherence to Marxism, which they all dishonor in different ways. "Genocidal" doesn't seem to be

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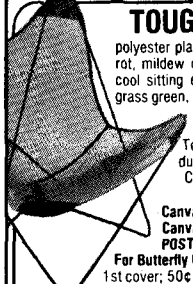
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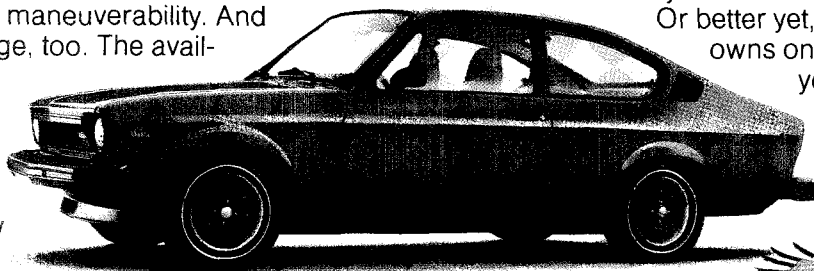
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quite the word for what is reported to be going on in Cambodia, but the little we know of the reality is just as bad, and it has nothing to do with Marxism, which in application may lead to butchery and slavery, but which no more calls for either than Christianity does. Racists may call themselves Marxists, as they do in China and the Soviet Union, but Marxism does not call for racism. The doctrine is anti-imperialist, but the Russians have a huge empire, and Communist Ethiopia wants help from the Russians and the Cubans in holding on to Eritrea, which Emperor Haile Selassie picked up in 1952. When Somalia was Communist, it wanted chunks of Ethiopia and Kenya, not to build a new social order—it has never really had a social order—but to bring ethnic Somalis under one flag. Communist Vietnam and Communist Cambodia have had some bloody border skirmishes, as have China and the Soviet Union, and as East Germany and Poland might have had if the Russians had allowed it. Communist leaders do terrible things to their bourgeoisie, often with firing squads, but when Communist Vietnam began pushing around Chinese merchants and traders in Cholon, the Chinese section of what used to be Saigon and is now Ho Chi Minh City, Peking was outraged and wanted them repatriated.

The idea that Marxism or any other ism threatens our "political culture"—if that is the term for the institutions we have fashioned—seems simplistic and a misunderstanding of the role of ideology in the life of a nation. In recent years, the largest threat we have had to face has come not from any ideology, foreign or domestic, but from our own history—from slavery and its aftermath, and from the malfunctioning of our industrial society, which can provide abundance and opportunity but seems unable to distribute them without creating alienation. And the threats to our security come not from theories but from arsenals, among them our own.

—RICHARD ROVERE

PAIGNTON, England—W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan would have been horrified by it—a nonstop marathon "sing-through" of their most famous work by performers being paid simply for their endurance.

But there they were, a comic-opera band of amateur Savoyards who at precisely 6 o'clock on a recent morning warbled the opening lines of "Trial by Jury":

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—*The Times*.

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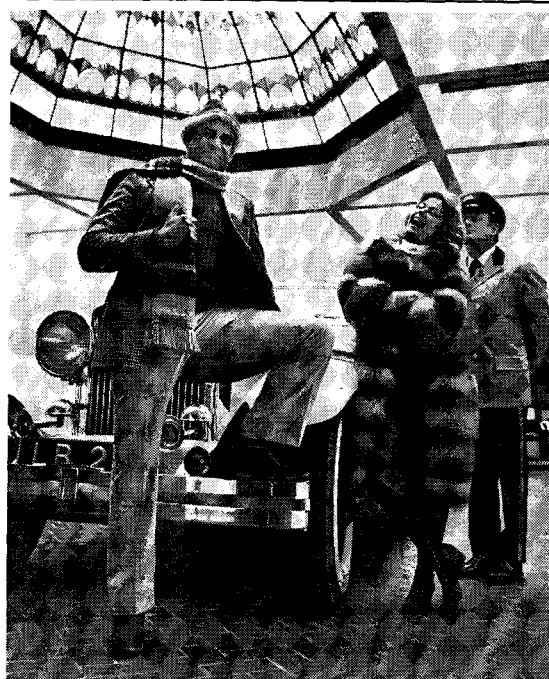
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

A Mind Pressed Against the Window

FINALITY is not the language of politics," said Disraeli. "A Woman at Her Window" leans its thought against the pane of the future, as if to cool its forehead, just as it cools ours. This most intelligently written political film is made in a tense that might be called the future indefinite—as, indeed, political dramas of any truth are bound to be. It is set mostly in Greece in 1936, the year after a coup d'état has set King George II back on the throne; in another coup, General Metaxas has established a military dictatorship in the name of the King. Margot (Romy Schneider), the selfish estranged wife of the secretary to the Italian ambassador, toys with a staid, rather likable right-wing French industrialist named Malfosse, who is played by Philippe Noiret with his usual snuffling humor, like a boar hunting for truffles in the woods with oddly hell-bent porcine intent. She is also allured, in her parodic woman's way—I assume the filmmakers to be making a point here—by a Communist named Michel Boutros, who is played with glinting mind by Victor Lanoux. The film has a certain amount of picture-postcard stuff of Delphi and Epidaurus, but the dialogue—by Jorge Semprun, the Spanish novelist and poet who wrote, among other scripts, "The Confession" and "Z" for Costa-Gavras and "La Guerre Est Finie" for Resnais—has stature enough to match the landscape. One doesn't often hear political talk of this sort in a movie. We might be wandering in the agora at dusk discussing the possibility of democracy, except that everyone knows that this is 1936 and that we are soon to be in an unlit world darker than any night that has ever dropped.

This is no primitive left-wing tract. Boutros, the political militant, thinks that it is as insane to love the Parthenon as to love a dead woman, but the reason is partly that life has gone stale on his tongue, like the taste of

cheap cigarettes after a night of driving across frontiers. The industrialist says, in the mode that seems uniquely European—discursive, with time to spare—that he is sure that Russia has nothing like the Parthenon. Long ago, Boutros answers, men built temples to house what they valued most: their gods. What men build today is not comparable. But it is not for lack of architects; it is for lack of gods. So? So we shall have to build for men. In that, we are so far very inexpressive, very clumsy.

The industrialist speaks of Oedipus. At the exact moment when Oedipus realized he was guilty of incest, the sunset vanished and the light turned gray. As might be anticipated, Boutros prefers the "Antigone." Malfosse had expected that Boutros would side with Creon and the ethic of the State. Stalin's trials are underway: against Kamenov, Zinoviev, others. What if they're guilty? Well, what is guilt? The implication in the talk is that revolution requires guilt, and on both sides—that Stalin required the guilt of absolute power in the same way as the tyrants in Sophocles and Shakespeare. But where, says Boutros in effect, did a small, rich middle class win its right to impose an orderly, tolerant culture on a

mass of disorderly men raging for change? Robespierre and Napoleon come up, and the truism that revolutions possibly have to devour their children to calm them. But this is not to say that truisms are always untrue. The choice confronting revolutionists, we have learned, often lies between the better course with the greater bloodshed and the repressive course with the lesser. One thinks of India, of Ireland. The fallacy is that the longer the oppressive measures go on, the greater is the bloodshed in the end.

The talk in this film is succinct. There is mention of a man who always pretends that inevitable events are his choice; the remark calls up a character in a sentence. The Romy Schneider figure is a beauty, beautifully dressed, with a beautifully witty turn of mind as long as it is turned to her own beautiful sexual advantage. She is a clinger with the dismaying appearance of self-reliance which often goes with great good looks. She has done with her husband. She uses every device of a Mata Hari to help the left-wing Boutros, whom she has now fallen in love with: she exploits for him her grace, her title (she is a marchesa), her husband's friends, to go with him in the guise of a tourist to Corfu and then to Ragusa to slip the knot closing around him. The staid industrialist, who is almost the husband figure in the story, sees his affair with

her disappearing as if he were watching a boat leaving the shore. Thirty years later, long after Margot has disappeared, there is a "surprise" ending: an ending entirely necessary, life on course.

No doubt this film will be promoted as a love duel between two men for the heart of a great beauty. It is something much more unusual than that, and something we are more than ready for: a sophisticated picture about war, politics, power plays, people with a contemplative turn of mind. It is also about cause and effect, and the blind eye that most of us choose to turn to them. There are splendid ironic scenes of golf matches and champagne-drinking and



shady hats, with dialogue such as we hardly ever hear in English-language films going on above the velvety lawns. A disagreeable Austrian named von Pahlen (Carl Mohner) has an argument with Malfosse. But the French won the war, Malfosse says to Mr. von Pahlen, who responds triumphantly: And France has lost the peace, by sitting on the Versailles powder keg. Politesse: Are you interested in the Versailles Treaty? Anger: I have to be; my country is a result of it.

The director of this admirable French film is Pierre Granier-Deferre, who made Simenon's "Le Chat," with Simone Signoret. Semprun, who adapted Drieu La Rochelle's novel "Une Femme à Sa Fenêtre," has a political mind that is unique in films in being so closely allied to sensibility about character. No drums are banged to force a point. Moderation has seldom been so painstakingly put forward: one thinks of E. M. Forster. The gradations of élitism in the film are clearly visible. The Communist is not altogether sure that he likes his disguise as a chauffeur. There is something noble in the mixture here of grand political scale and attention to human minutiae, and rarely have epic subjects like the growth of a police state and the burgeoning of a world war been treated on film with such powerful thoughtfulness. These are the sorts of topic that are generally left to novelists. It takes filmmakers with an exceptional sense of both scope and detail to bring off a picture of the calibre of "A Woman at Her Window." In every story of true endeavor, perhaps there is a particular character who signifies courage: in this film, I am not sure that it is not the Romy Schneider figure, who risks her life and eventually loses it not only because she loves a man but because she sees injustice being done and noxious fog gathering in people's minds. Will there be the final crisis of the world's populace? No, there will be only politics.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

CLEAR DAYS IN BETHANY, CONN.

[From the New Haven Register]

BETHANY—Five- and six-year-old children watch television an average of four hours a day and have seen 13,000 killings by age 15. By 18 the only activity consuming more of their time is sleep. These statistics were presented to the Board of Education Thursday by Carl Rennie, audiovisual coordinator and sixth grade teacher at the Community School, in explaining how and why television has a place in the Bethany classroom.

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JAZZ

Fat Girl

FOR a time, the line of descent from the brilliant trumpeter Fats Navarro, who died in 1950, at twenty-six, kept breaking down. Navarro's banner was picked up almost immediately by Clifford Brown, another dazzling player, but Brown was killed in an automobile accident in 1956, also at twenty-six. Two years later, Booker Little appeared, but he died suddenly in 1961, when he was twenty-three. By the mid-sixties, Navarro seemed forgotten. But now his legacy, streamlined and brought up to date, has reappeared in Woody Shaw, who, at thirty-four, is a trumpeter of startling invention and intensity.

Navarro, who was of Cuban, Chinese, and black extraction, worked his way up through the bands of Snookum Russell, Andy Kirk, Billy Eckstine, and Lionel Hampton. Here is how Charles Mingus introduces him in his bad-boy autobiography, "Beneath the Underdog": "There was a man named Fats Navarro who was born in Key West, Florida, in 1923. He was a jazz trumpet player, one of the best in the world. He and my boy [Mingus, that is] met for the first time on a cold winter night in 1947 in Grand Central Station in New York City. Lionel Hampton's band had just got off the train from Chicago and [the trumpeter] Benny Bailey gaily said good-bye and split: he was leaving for Paris, France. The guys all stood around in their overcoats by the clock, waiting for the new man joining the band. A big, fat

fellow walked up carrying a trumpet case and asked in the oddest high squeaky voice 'This the Hampton crew?' and [the trombonist] Britt Woodman introduced Fats Navarro." Mingus adored Navarro, and he makes him into a self-destroying angel (Navarro died of tuberculosis and heroin addiction) as well as a Mingus mouth-piece who detests white men, bookers, managers, club owners, audiences, and all the impedimenta that weigh down black jazz musicians. Navarro is given several Mingus diatribes. One goes:

Mingus, I still ain't as scared to die as I am to go home to see my mother and family in Florida. You should see all the churches we got out in Key West. The white man's got 'em too. I heard 'em praying once when I was little in some kind of weird tongue. I later found out it was Latin. Imagine! Nigger-hating Southern white man that can't hardly read or write English sitting up in a church looking holy with his big red turkey neck, speaking in Latin!

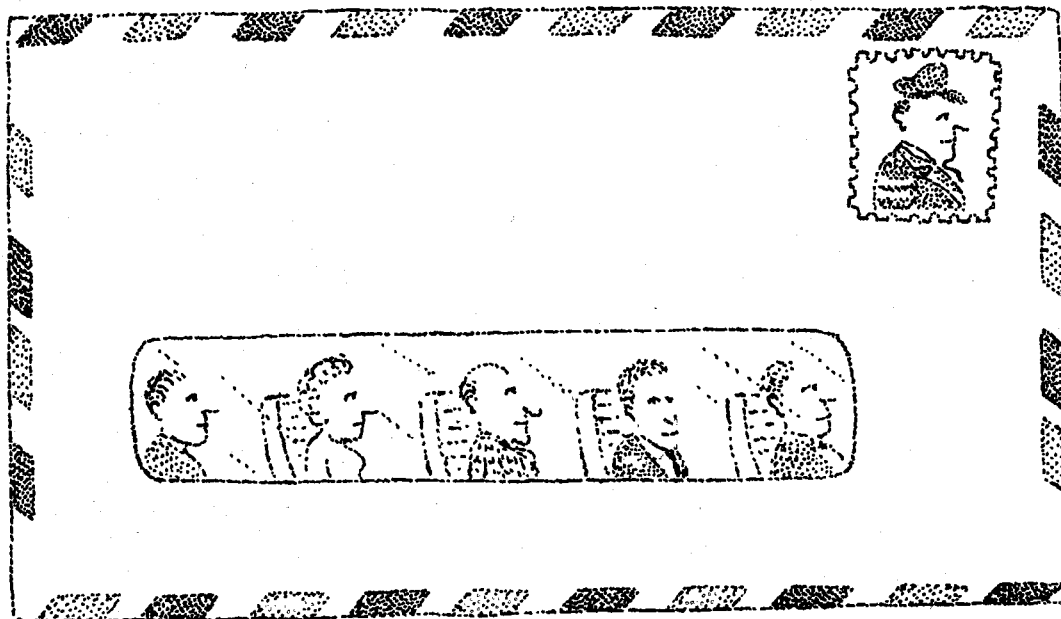
Navarro was a gentle, becoming man who apparently brought out the perverse in his celebrators, most of whom imbued him with evil spirits. Ross Russell, the Charlie Parker hagiographer and bebop critic, converts Navarro into a Sydney Greenstreet figure in his novel "The Sound." The hero of the book, based closely on Parker, is a benighted, drug-ridden trumpet player named Red Travers, and Navarro, who is given his real nickname, Fat Girl, is an unnervingly

omniscient record collector who also happens to be a pusher:

Red was accompanied by a great butterball of a man with drooping mustaches and a Charlie Chan face called Fat Girl . . . Fat Girl had large, liquid eyes that swam under beautifully modeled lids and lashes. They reminded Bernie of the eyes in an eastern idol . . . His dress, manners and speech were the quintessence of hip, up-to-the-minute Harlem. "Gassed!" Fat Girl said. "Big eyes to hear you blow, man!"

The origins of Navarro's trumpet playing are not altogether clear. He is said to have idolized Charlie Shavers (who was a cousin), and perhaps this accounts for his fondness for eighth notes, delivered in non-stop hill-and-dale patterns. If he listened to Shavers, he must have heard Buster Bailey and Billy Kyle, who were in John Kirby's band with Shavers and were equally baroque and multi-noted. And Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie surely turned Navarro from improvising on standard chords to improvising on augmented ones. But after wandering among these masters Navarro sought his own way. Bebop had a harum-scarum quality, a fondness for odd notes, broken rhythms, and jet speeds. Its soloists started and stopped in strange places; rushes of notes would be followed by silence or half-speed phrases; blasts would subside into whispers, and whispers would suddenly become shouts; solos would last far longer than their players' invention warranted; tempos would be so fast they'd freeze the soloist or make him gibber. None of this perturbed Navarro. He understood that the frenetic quality of much bebop derived partly from the

ineptness of some of its players and partly from the sheer exuberance its superior players felt at having new chords and freer rhythms to ride around in. So in his solos he clothed the genuine departures from swing inherent in bebop with elegance and logic and beauty. Set against the background of his often dishevelled peers, a Navarro solo was like an immaculate fairway flanked by ankle-deep rough. His solos compare extremely well with Dizzy Gillespie's most famous effusions of the time, but they got less attention from



MANKOFF

the public, because they lacked the italics and bold face that Gillespie always set himself up in. Gillespie liked to clown and blare and do the fandango up and down his registers. He liked to blow the grass flat and divide the waters. But the truth is that Navarro was the better trumpet player. He concentrated on his tone, which was generous and even; on his chops, which were almost perfect (he rarely split or dropped notes, the way most bebop trumpeters did, Gillespie included); and on his classic sense of order, which gave his solos a Churchillian ring and flow. He stayed largely in the middle register, but his occasional ascensions were consummate. The notes, though high, were big and smooth, and there was none of Gillespie's occasional pinched quality. Sometimes Navarro's phrases lasted ten or twelve bars: they crossed meadows and stiles and copses before finally landing. But every so often he would insert a clump of whole notes that would have the effect of briefly throwing his solo into slow motion. He would punctuate these serene juxtapositions with silence, and shift back into his handsome parade of eighth notes. At first, Navarro's solos seemed as cluttered as most bebop players', but there was no hot air in them; his loquacity had content and purpose and grace.

Navarro can be profitably studied on "Fats Navarro: Fat Girl" (Savoy SJL 2216). There are twenty-eight tracks, made in 1946 and 1947, and the best are those with the pianist Tadd Dameron, a gifted and largely unsung bebop arranger and composer who brought light and inspiration to the recording sessions he participated in. Of interest as well is "Charlie Parker: One Night in Birdland" (Columbia 34808)—a radio broadcast Navarro did at Birdland with Parker and others, supposedly a week before his death. But this seems hard to believe, for he is in sparkling, driving condition. The sound, be warned, is barely acceptable.

CLIFFORD BROWN, who was seven years younger than Navarro, rose quickly after Navarro's death. (In the year before he died, Navarro dwindled to about a hundred pounds. Dan Morgenstern tells, in his good liner notes for the Savoy album, of running into him in the subway in the summer of 1950 and finding him so depleted as to be almost unrecognizable.) By 1955, Brown, who was from Wilmington, Delaware, had become the most applauded young player in jazz. He had color and fire and great forward mo-



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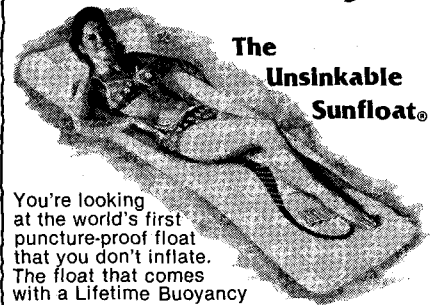
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tion. His solos in outline resembled Navarro's, but they were delivered with greater intensity and they were more prolix. Brown raced and swam around his horn, as if he had intimations of his limited time and had to get as much said as possible. When he was killed, there was an uncommon rush of sentiment in the jazz world. (The tenor saxophonist and composer Benny Golson wrote a resonant dirge-ballad called "I Remember Clifford," which was widely recorded and continues to be played today.) Then Booker Little, out of Memphis and barely twenty, began to move to the fore, and Navarro and Brown were with us again. (Two of Little's best albums have recently been reissued—"Booker Little: Out Front," on Barnaby Candid BR-5019, and "Booker Little: Victory and Sorrow," on Bethlehem BCP-6034.) Little belonged somewhere between Navarro and Brown. He was a thoughtful player who seemed to release his notes unwillingly, as if he feared he would never find their like again, and he had a certain moroseness of tone and attack which suggested he had also studied Miles Davis. (Davis has long been more of a tonal and rhythmic actor than a trumpet player. He likes in his music to display private emotions, which run to melancholy and self-pity. He has also forwarded certain new modal improvisational approaches and a sometimes outrageously elastic rhythmic attack.) But Little had clarity and warmth and invention, and a distinct flair for composing and arranging.

Woody Shaw appeared in the mid-sixties. He worked with Eric Dolphy (as had Little), Horace Silver, Art Blakey, McCoy Tyner, Gil Evans, and the drummer Louis Hayes, and lately he has led his own group. He lists as influences Gillespie, Navarro, Brown, and Little, together with Freddie Hubbard, Lee Morgan, and Donald Byrd. Also audible are Ornette Coleman and Don Cherry. Shaw was a rococo player at first. But, with the help of the unique Dolphy, he began to realize that ceaselessly running the chords of a tune was a form of imprisonment, that chords were commands as well as signposts. He also realized that Dizzy Gillespie runs had become clichés, and another form of bondage. He expanded his sense of invention. He began using sizable intervals (all trumpeters should study Ruby Braff's, which resemble air pockets) and nests of legato notes where one could pause and rest. He started shying away from the chord structure, throwing in bursts of notes that had little to do with their environment but fit-

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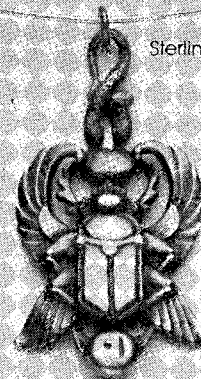


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ted anyway. And he mixed everything up ingeniously. He would open a chorus with a turning, half-time phrase, its notes played in a soft, almost impressionistic way, pause, leap into his high register for two quick, jabbing notes, the second broken off purposely, sail into a fine up-and-down Navarro-Brown cascade, which ended in an old-fashioned, waving vibrato reminiscent of Frankie Newton's in the mid-thirties, and close out the solo with a couple of blistering, descending arpeggios and a final group of calm, legato what's-next notes. (Shaw played to excellent advantage for a week at the Village Vanguard in May, and he'll be back the first week in August. He has also made his first album for Columbia, a sturdy effort called "Rosewood." "Rahsaan's Run" and "Theme for Maxine" are done by Shaw's current group, which includes Carter Jefferson on reeds, Onaje Allan Gumbs on piano, Clint Houston on bass, and Victor Lewis on drums. The four other titles are with an augmented and not necessarily superior band.)

For all his originality and energy, Shaw suffers two shortcomings that have afflicted almost every trumpeter since Fats Navarro and Clifford Brown. One is a sharp, shallow tone (compare the rich brassiness of Thad Jones, the velvet musings of Braff, and the impeccable, almost octagonal sound of Joe Wilder), and the other is a tendency to make everything he plays seem difficult to execute. When audiences are reminded of the effort it takes to please them, they grow restive, and even surly. Audiences are interested only in being entertained, a state of euphoria that should appear as effortlessly given as it is received.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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[From the Beaufort (S.C.) Gazette]

Dr. Walter Kucaba, who is stationed at the Naval Regional Dental Center, Parris Island, will travel to London April 3-4 to a conference sponsored by the British Society of Periodontology to give a paper on the "Treatment of Advanced Periodontology." He researched his subject while a student at the University of North Carolina while writing a thesis on the incidence and distribution of hematopoietic marrow in the human maxillary tubersity or why we have the space behind our back teeth.

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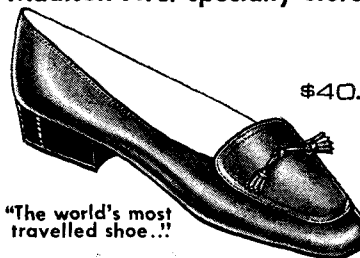
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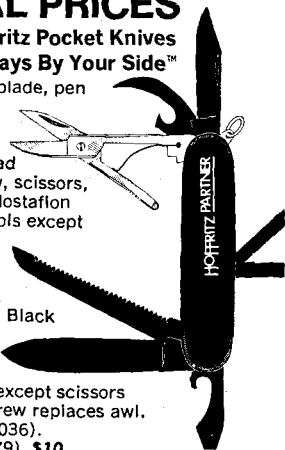
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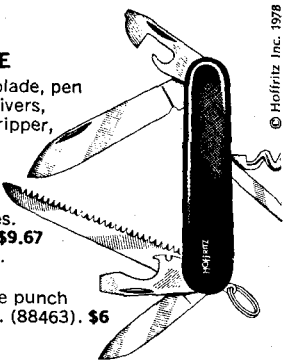


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Belmont Opens



BELMONT PARK, beautiful as ever, even in the rain—for it had no luck, as usual, with the weather—opened on May 24th for fifty-eight days of top racing that will bring the best horses in the country to Long Island. On hand was a crowd of 12,390 damp devotees who would have been there in any weather. The main event of the afternoon was the \$53,050 Shuvee Handicap, for fillies and mares, at a mile and a sixteenth. The race is named for a fast young lady who, carrying the colors of Mrs. Whitney Stone, beat the boys in the 1970 and 1971 Jockey Club Gold Cup Stakes. This year, it went to Charles T. Wilson, Jr.'s One Sum, who splashed her way through the downpour to win comfortably by three and a half lengths from Sparkling Topaz, with Charming Story third.

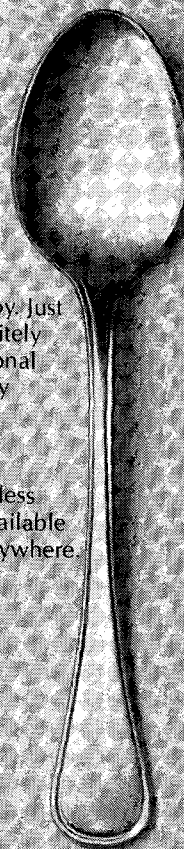
Attendance picked up the following Saturday, when thirty-four thousand came out to see the Acorn Stakes, over a mile—the first race of the Triple Crown for fillies. They got a surprise. Newstead Farm's White Star Line, the winner of this year's Kentucky Oaks at Churchill Downs, could finish no better than third to Tempest Queen and Lakeville Miss, which bore out the advice of an old Milesian horseplayer I used to know: "Never trust the fillies." Next up in the fillies' triple is the Mother Goose, at a mile and an eighth, on June 11th; and on July 1st the series will end with the Coaching Club American Oaks, at a mile and a half.

Seattle Slew did not start in the \$100,000 Metropolitan Handicap, at a mile, which headed Belmont's Memorial Day holiday card. During the week before the race, he developed a slight filling in his right hind leg and was scratched. Dr. Jim Hill, the Long Island veterinarian who owns a piece of the colt and looks after his well-being, said that it wasn't a serious ailment, and that he'd known lots of horses who had recovered from such things and gone on to win plenty of purses. Slew will continue to race, trained by Doug Peterson, and his next appearance will be decided by the stable. A crowd of 41,956 was naturally disappointed by Slew's non-appearance, but the Loblolly Stable's Cox's Ridge put on a smashing show for them. Carry-

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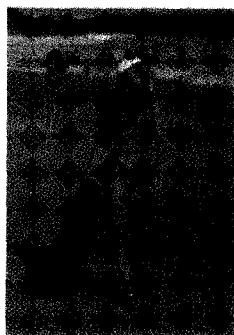
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ing top weight of 130 pounds, he ran the mile in 1:34 $\frac{3}{8}$, to win by three-quarters of a length from Buckfinder. Quiet Little Table was third. Cox's Ridge is an old favorite with Long Island racegoers.

EXCELLER celebrated Memorial Day at Hollywood Park by coming home two and a half lengths ahead of Bowl Game to win the \$200,000 Hollywood Invitational Turf Handicap for Belair and Nelson Bunker Hunt, his co-owners. Noble Dancer II, who was leading halfway down the homestretch, fell back to third. A crowd of 42,140 bet \$5,763,080 for the day.

AFTER her triumph in the Shuvee, One Sum had many supporters as she went to the post for the \$53,400 Hempstead Handicap at Belmont last Saturday. But carrying top weight of 123 pounds proved a bit too much to ask of her, and she came home two lengths back of Dottie's Doll, to whom she gave eight pounds. Water Malone was third.

In the \$56,600 Edgemere Handicap on Sunday, Tiller, whom Jeffrey Fell had cannily held off the pace for most of the race, made his charge a furlong from the post and won going away from True Colors, who had led almost the entire distance. Tacitus made a charge of his own, coming from last place down the backstretch to finish third. Tiller's time for the nine furlongs was 2:00 $\frac{1}{5}$ —a stakes record.

There will not be a large field for the hundred-and-tenth running of the Belmont Stakes, the Blue Ribbon of American racing, on June 10th. Louis Wolfson's Affirmed will be the favorite, of course, after his brilliant showings in the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness. Alydar will run again, though I almost wish he wouldn't. He's a nice colt, but Affirmed has beaten him six times in eight races now. Horses know when they are beaten and who beats them, and eventually they get bored and don't try. Affirmed and Steve Cauthen are odds-on in my book to win the Triple Crown for Harbor View Farm.

—AUDAX MINOR

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[From the *Wausau-Merrill (Wis.) Daily Herald*]

Twelve members of the Evening Circle of the Ebenezer United Church of Christ toured places of interest in Wausau recently. Stops included the Marathon County Jail and Courthouse, the Marathon County Public Library and an ice cream parlor.



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BOOKS

The Colonial Family

MANY middle-class Americans no doubt regard themselves as more child-centered than their ancestors were—more aware of what children require if they are to grow up healthy, and more interested in the opinions of various “experts.” Yet as Philip Greven, a Rutgers historian, makes clear in a recent book, “*The Protestant Temperament*” (Knopf; \$15), in the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, before our nation was born, children were very much on the minds of their parents, not only as would naturally be the case—in response to the daily events of family life—but (as now) out of larger ideological preoccupations: even then child-rearing was a symbol, a means of stating one’s values, beliefs, prejudices.

Today, some rail against “permissiveness” with respect to the young, while others see the excessive pressures, demands, and restrictions placed upon children in schools and elsewhere as evidence of an outdated and harmful Victorian mentality. Still others are caught in between; they renounce the strict, punitive habits of their parents or grandparents but are not at all ready to welcome wholeheartedly at home or in the schools a philosophy of “progressive” education, with its faith in the child’s good “instincts,” or in the advice of child psychologists. In the seventeenth century, American parents were similarly divided and, apparently, no less inclined to strong convictions about what was “right” and “wrong” for children. And, as in this century, there were some mothers and fathers who felt caught in the middle—full of love for their children, and willing to discipline them, too, but not at all inclined to be strict.

Greven cannot develop his own ideas about our Colonial history and, specifically, the nature of family life during that period without coming to terms with the ideas of the late Perry Miller, whose “*The New England Mind*” the author calls in an early chapter “one of the truly great historical creations of this century”—lavish but deserved praise for a literary scholar, social historian, and expert student of American Protestant theology. Miller argued strenuously that history had to be rescued from the fact-monsters—those interested predominantly in dates, numbers, percentages, and

ratios, and in the battles waged by generals, kings, dictators, and presidents. He was an intellectual historian; he wanted to know about the ideas others had, and to show his readers a few of his own. He was interested in the ordinary people of the American Colonies as well as in the charismatic leaders, and he believed (perhaps a little too strongly) that “the mind of man is the basic factor in human history.” He did not entirely underestimate the emotional side of human life—he was much interested in various religious doctrines, and declared them “not embraced for their logic, but out of a hunger of the human spirit and an anxiety of the



soul”—but Greven insists that on the whole Miller and other Colonial historians have emphasized thought over feeling and theology over piety in their evocations of early-American life. And he proposes to right the balance by paying attention to the letters, diaries, speeches, and autobiographical accounts that give us some idea of the more personal side of the faiths of this nation’s early settlers.

By no means were all Colonial families in accord spiritually. The author claims that the various communities of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century America need to be studied psychologically as well as socially, economically, and ideologically. He is interested in “temperament,” by which he means “patterns of feeling, thought, and sensibility”—in sum, a particular manner of regarding oneself, one’s family, one’s situation, and one’s fate in God’s scheme of things. We are offered three fairly distinct categories of temperament. The most extreme of them, in its demands upon the self, was the “evangelical” temperament, a view of the world that stressed man’s depravity and offered hope only to those utterly in submission to God—and even then only by his grace, which is beyond any human comprehension. The evangelicals were stern, demanding mothers and fathers, who had no compunctions about the use of verbal and physical discipline, yet they were not, by and large, mean or cruel people. William Caton, born about 1636, looked back on his childhood with these words: “When I was a child I was nurtured and tutored with such fatherly care and motherly affection, as my parents at that day were endued with.” The Reverend Thomas Shep-

ard, who was one of the first Puritan preachers in New England, remembered the “great love” his mother gave him. Still, for him and others it was a love accompanied by a watchful eye and a strict hand.

The evangelicals tended to live solitary, brooding lives. They feared God’s will and tried to appease it by abasing themselves and thwarting any perceived unruliness or tendency toward independence on the part of their children. Their view of early childhood, ironically, seems rather modern and secular in certain respects. They were hardly sentimental about the nature of the human mind. Evangelical parents like Jonathan Edwards would not have been surprised at the contemporary psychoanalytic view of childhood: the struggles; the envies, rivalries, and lusts; and the continuing egoism, at best only gradually modified by the demands of reality. Freud saw the child as shrewd, calculating, out for his or her own interests, and passionate indeed. Greven’s evangelicals knew that each child was potentially a tough, demanding adversary who would have to learn through bitter experience that severe limitations must be set on human behavior if this world is to be a prelude to a Heavenly rest. He refers to an “imagery of warfare” in describing the struggles between these deeply religious parents and the children they obviously loved but wanted to tame. It is an imagery by no means absent from the literature of child psychoanalysis—for example, the theory of the Oedipus complex.

The author calls the documents he studied “a literature of advice and injunction.” A few personal narratives furnish grim, harsh accounts of children isolated, threatened, and ultimately brought to the point of abject surrender. From the time boys and girls could walk and use language, “their outward lives were subject to daily discipline in diet, dress, and manner.” The enemy was pride—even as narcissism is a major obstacle in our time to what we call “healthy ego development.” The Puritans had no intention of achieving their own genocide. Their children grew up to be men and women of exacting conscience—possessed of, in the language of the time, a “reprover,” which kept lookout for wayward impulses in danger of becoming expressed in word or deed. But there was, thank God, a constant struggle. Greven tells us that Eros was never banished,



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and was often rather sturdily able to take care of itself: "Memories of the later years of childhood and youth were painful and embarrassing for evangelicals to recall, since they catalogued the sins of disobedience and rebelliousness, of playfulness, worldliness, and sensuality, of pride and self-confidence."

At some point in life (early adulthood, usually), a fortunate few received a reward for much psychological and spiritual anguish—a second birth, a declaration of surrender and commitment to God. The "old Adam" in each person "born again" may still survive, but an important transformation has taken place; a person beset by conflict, uncertainty, and the skeptical observation of others now enters the fold of those ready to stand up and say without hesitation or qualification exactly who they are (God's children) and precisely where they hope to go: by His side until the end of time. Such a moment might be considered a rite of passage—a preparation for marriage and parenthood. Before taking on the awesome responsibility of challenging Satan for possession of a young soul, a prior victory was won and then confirmed in a public announcement. One was then free, having been "born" a second time, to wage a new battle, as a parent. The author remarks on the considerable energy and vitality of many evangelical parents—even those who were not born again—

who were, after all, engaged in a war for high stakes. They may have experienced "a profound alienation . . . from their own bodies," as Greven puts it at one point, and they may have been obsessed with ideas of depravity, but they also became vigorous, inspired, convincing preachers, in the home as well as in the pulpit.

Their letters are charming, thoughtful, shrewd, and animated. They fed, it can be said, off their various self-imposed rebukes. "I think I find myself much more sprightly and healthy, both in body and mind," Jonathan Edwards observed in January, 1723. Why? He had practiced "self-denial in eating, drinking and sleeping." He goes on to say, as if he were one of John Bunyan's pilgrims, that "great instances of mortification are deep wounds given to the body of sin, hard blows which make him stagger and reel," but he immediately adds, "We thereby get strong ground and footing against him, he is the weaker ever after, and we have easier work with him the next time." And, of course, to this day people curb their appetites, do their exercises, jog long and hard, and for it all feel much the better—able to resist the next day's inevitable temptations to a life of self-indulgent indolence.

Parents who belonged to another Colonial tradition—the author calls it "authoritative"—were more moderate in their manner of bringing up chil-

dren. They had no doubt that sin threatens us all, but they placed a higher value on the power of reason. They believed it possible to teach the young good judgment and control over their darker side. They did not evoke the flames of Hell when imposing discipline. Love carried its own persuasiveness; if necessary, a raised voice, a threat or two helped matters along. For John Winthrop and for members of the illustrious Adams family, it was desirable to negotiate with children. Had not many of the early settlers negotiated with God Almighty himself? The Covenant, entered into by members of many communities, was not meant to be a statement of group affiliation (as some of us twentieth-century Americans might put it) but an arrangement with the Divine Law: we consecrate ourselves to a new life on this side of the ocean; in return we expect confidently, though without presumption, a divine blessing upon us.

Greven's moderates did not see infants as cursed by sin but, rather, as innocent, and therefore deserving of love and a gentle but firm surveillance. These families were religious, but in a relatively relaxed way. Their ideas of childhood resemble Rousseau's: the baby is a *tabula rasa*, with an inclination toward goodness, if given half a chance. These families were integrated into the community's life and were extended; many relatives lived near-



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by—some nothing but kindly, and others attentive to instruction in obligations and responsibilities. Moderates saw virtue as each child's inheritance, vice as the world's bequest to everyone, and a favorable balance of the two as the best that anyone could hope to manage this side of Heaven. They exhorted their children, persuaded them, cajoled them, worried about spoiling them, brought them into line, but were themselves cheerful and hopeful—without inclination to prophesy doom and damnation. They used guidance in order to bring children closer in touch with their community's standards of behavior. As one reads about these parents—optimistic one minute, a bit tentative and guarded the next, anxious to integrate themselves and their young ones into a certain world and convinced that such a successful membership would pay off handsomely in the respect and esteem of others and in a corresponding sense of high self-regard, one is reminded of today's parents, who believe that if only they practice the particular virtues recommended by the various men and women anointed as experts, life will turn out well for their children.

The author tells of a third, and contrasting, group—the “genteel,” who have their counterparts in our time in people sure enough of themselves, independent enough socially, economically, or culturally, to bring up children without constant worries of who thinks what next door—or, for that matter, in a church or up in the sky. Greven describes the genteel this way: “The emergence of a native American gentry throughout the colonies, which began in the mid-seventeenth century and continued unabated throughout the eighteenth century, coincided with the development of distinctive patterns of family life that set many families of wealth, eminence, and power apart from their contemporaries of both evangelical and moderate persuasions.” In such families, children were taught to be decorous, pleased with themselves, and aware of what set them apart from others. They were showered with attention and “fond affection.” Many of them became identified as Tories as the Revolution approached—the family of Governor Thomas Hutchinson of Massachusetts, for instance. These families were close-knit but were aloof from the world. Their children were dearly loved one minute and turned over to servants the next, given enormous leeway sometimes and, on occasion, asked abruptly to respond to a particular situation's re-



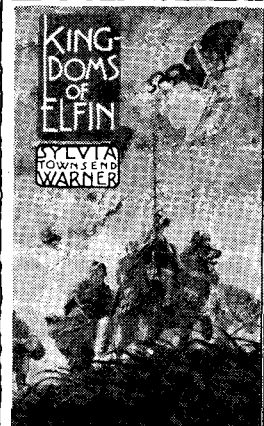
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quirements. There was in such families "a presumption of superiority and of leadership" that received constant emphasis by parents anxious to make sure that their own standards possessed the nearest thing on earth to a "life everlasting"—generational transmission.

This particular group of people, alternately easygoing and driven by self-importance to hard work, is clearly defined by class, wealth, and political power. The two other groups are defined by religious faith, though one meets more townspeople and well-to-do individuals among the moderates, whereas the evangelicals seem comparatively isolated and economically marginal. The author tells us in an interesting and important footnote:

To some extent, these distinctive modes of temperament may have corresponded to particular levels of economic or social rank, with the genteel ordinarily being the wealthiest, most prominent, and most prestigious, the moderates often among the middling ranks, and the evangelicals among the lower-middle ranks. But no one has yet demonstrated such clear socioeconomic distinctions in relation to these particular types of temperament, nor have I sought to do so in this study.

Greven's book is a sound one, but it might be a good idea if someone tried to make the kind of further investigation he mentions in that footnote, because psychology does not operate on its own in any period of history, nor do parents bring up their children in a social or economic vacuum. Someone with a long historical view might even wonder why it is that after so much has been written about sixteenth- and seventeenth-century America such an astonishing gap of knowledge has to be remarked upon—and in a footnote rather than in a long, long chapter which might have postulated that, for some reason, scholars (themselves not poor, and maybe, on occasion, quite taken with the important, well-off, influential historical figures they write about) tend to ignore what is most obviously in need of investigation. We are asked, instead, to settle for less controversial issues: religious faith and its connection with family life, rather than class-consciousness and its influence upon all of us—parents and children—including those of us who read and who write books of history and psychology.

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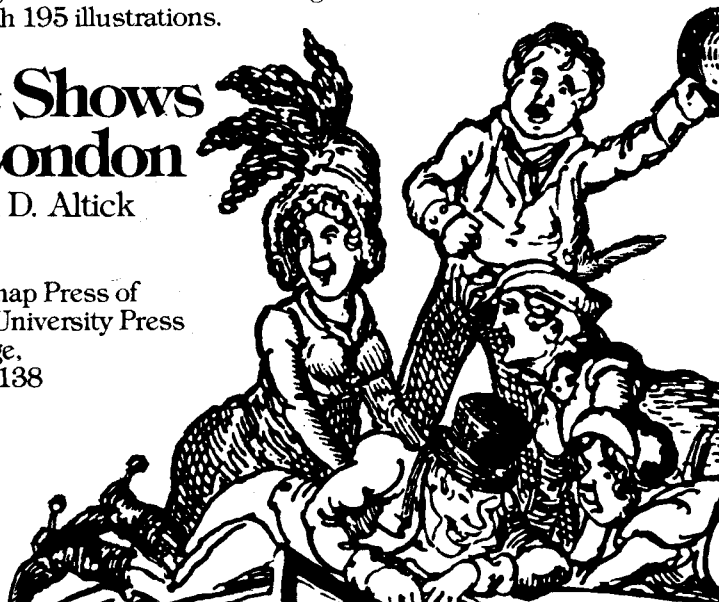
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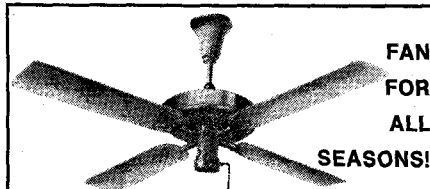
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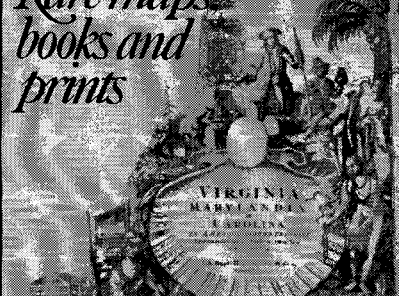
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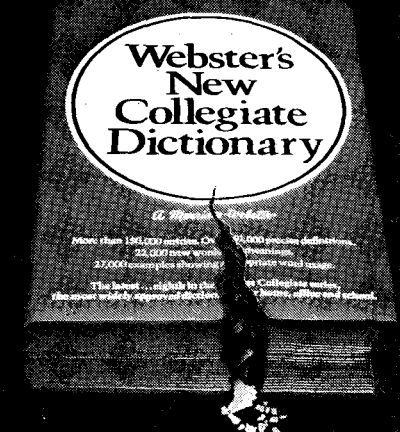
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is a wealthy Jewish cotton merchant in Alexandria in the latter half of the nineteenth century, and his folly is the notion that his son, Albert, will be the savior of the Jewish community in Egypt, once again oppressed by anti-Semitism. And, indeed, at the end of the book Albert gets control of the last two ships of his father's merchant fleet (though he is aware that one of them, the Aboukir, is a leaky hulk), and loads them with Jews for a second Flight from Egypt. The Aboukir explodes and sinks, with Solomon on board. Between Solomon's foolish hope and its ultimate ironic resolution at the hands of Albert lies an impressive first novel. In choosing Alexandria as the setting for his story, Mr. Croxford invites comparison with E. M. Forster and Lawrence Durrell. Although he owes them something, he has a style and vision all his own, and has created a complex tragedy about difficult people ruined by their own hopes and fears.

MONTGOMERY STREET, by Mark Dintenfass (Harper & Row; \$8.95). Stephen Mandreg, who keeps the journal that makes up this novel, is a young and successful moviemaker determined to create a work of art, not just another award-winning blockbuster. He hits on the idea of a day (September 2, 1960; semi-autobiographical) in the life of a fourteen-year-old native of Montgomery Street, Brooklyn. Thinking up and pushing around bits of dialogue, action, and scenery, Stephen roughs out a colorful screenplay. But Mr. Dintenfass runs into trouble when he frames this plot within another: journal in hand, Stephen flies from southern France (where the idea came to him) to London; meets with his producer, Z; flies to New York; telephones his former wife, E; dates his leading lady, J; and complains of insomnia. Intermittently, he writes (for his eyes alone?) high-flown pomposities about the relation between art and reality: "Art is metaphor, and therefore interesting, not because of the truth the metaphor implies (always, in the end, a banality) but because of the infinite charm of the allusions themselves." Stephen's art is more interesting than his life; if this is Mr. Dintenfass's point, he should have made it with more of the screenplay and less of the rest.

THE TRACK TO BRALGU, by B. Wongar, with a foreword by Alan Paton (Little, Brown; \$7.95). Twelve

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short stories. Bralgu is the Elysium of the Australian aborigines, and the track there takes them through the cities, into the prisons and mines, and across the recently acquired property of the white settlers. In each of these stories, an imprisoned or enslaved aborigine, near to (in one case, just after) an untimely death, temporarily foils his white master's ambitions with the help of divine spirits, who unleash thunderstorms, whirlwinds, landslides, and floods, or who turn the aborigine into a dingo, a fly, or an anteater, to ease (and yet dramatize) his inhuman suffering. Sad and defiant, each of the stories (the pseudonymous author is an Australian aborigine himself) seems both an elegy and a curse; the contrast between the invading bulldozers and helicopters and the once sacred stones and sky is their common theme. But in describing the aborigines' repeated failures and fantasies is B. Wongar setting forth history or trying to expose and correct a tragic flaw? It is unclear whether he shares his characters' belief that there will be a happy ending when all the aborigines meet in Bralgu.

GENERAL

RUSKIN, by Quentin Bell (Braziller; \$8.95). It is difficult not to stare at John Ruskin (1819-1900) in exasperated disbelief—for his attacks on Michelangelo, on Constable, on Goya ("fit only to be burned"), on Whistler, on Darwin, for his enthusiasm for Kate Greenaway, for his belief in "the past felicity and future perfectibility of man"—and Mr. Bell looks squarely at these aberrations and rigidities in this short critical biography. He also, however, looks beyond (and through) them to the larger perceptions and perspicacities that distinguished Ruskin's mind (his definitive championship of Turner, his early understanding that "a photograph is no more true than an echo," his instant appreciation of the dehumanization of the industrial revolution), to the absolute achievements ("He was the first art critic to create one masterpiece in praising another"), to the durable prose style ("a model which all those of us who are learning to write should study, imitate and learn to love"), even to his generousities ("On one occasion, finding a little girl who had nowhere to play, he promptly bought her a field") and his charm. Ruskin comes alive here as an artist, and, in

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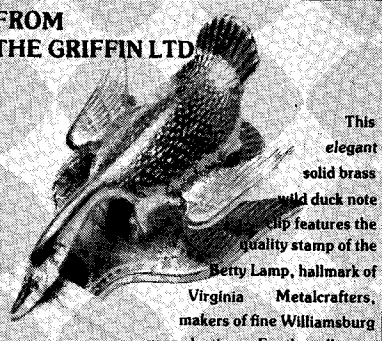
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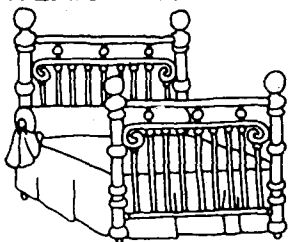
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Mr. Bell's abundance of example, a brilliant one.

THE BRENDAN VOYAGE, by Tim Severin (McGraw-Hill; \$12.95). An account of a voyage across the North Atlantic in a leather boat in 1976-77. The author's idea was to prove that the narratives in the famous medieval manuscript "Navigatio Sancti Brendani Abbatis" were based on truth—that the sixth-century abbot St. Brendan actually journeyed to the New World long before the Norsemen and, naturally, centuries before Columbus. Mr. Severin built his sailboat following instructions given in the "Navigatio;" it was thirty-six feet long, with a frame of ash covered by some fifty oxhides. The Brendan sailed from County Kerry in May, 1976, made her way to Iceland, and, from there, after a layover of some months, went on to Greenland, crossed through the Arctic ice pack off Labrador, and made a landfall near Musgrave Harbor, Newfoundland—much as St. Brendan's narrator said *he* did. The story of the days at sea is less monotonous than most accounts of this kind—storms and encounters with killer whales, who seemed to think that the heavily greased leather-covered craft was something to eat, liven things up—but the book's real interest lies in the description of the manufacture of a boat which contained nothing that was not available to men of the Middle Ages.

CONCESSION TO THE IMPROBABLE, by George Gaylord Simpson (Yale; \$15). George Gaylord Simpson is one of our more notable scientists—part paleontologist, part biologist, and part geologist. He was born in 1902, and this book is his autobiography—sort of. It is a mixture of travel stories (interesting and not so interesting), facts about flora and fauna from here and there, and at least a partial account of his long and full life. He also uses it as an opportunity to settle a few old scores. Nothing is duller than academic quibbling except reading about it, but fortunately these messages do not occupy a great deal of the book, and the rest is fascinating.

Still, it meant a lot to Gordon-Cumming. Though sensibly refraining from shooting himself, marrying an attractive American wife, and living to the age of 80, he took it hard.—*Norman Shrapnel in the Manchester Guardian.*

After all, that's a lot of refraining.



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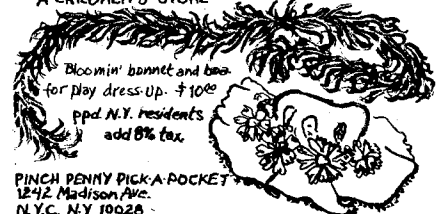
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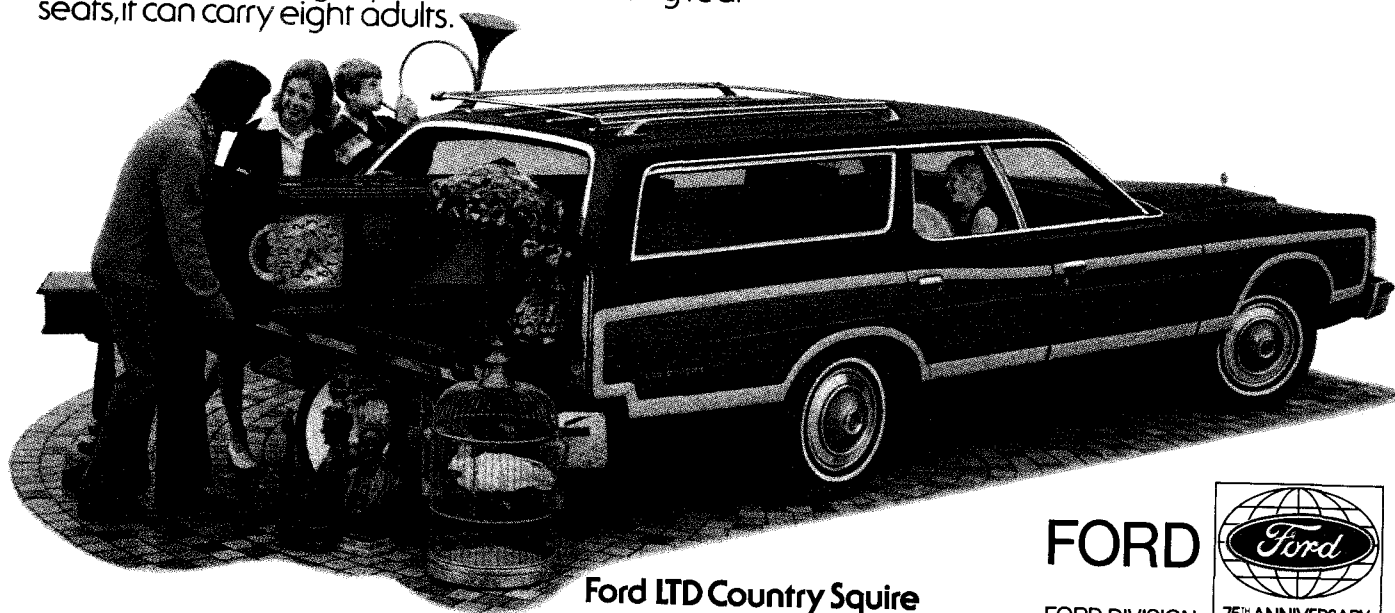
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